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VOL. XVIII.—NO. 11. BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC;

—OR—

The Strange Adventures of a Schoolboy Crew.

By JULES VERNE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A 100-ton schooner manned by schoolboys only, in a furious gale, is wrecked off an unknown coast in the Pacific. She lies in the boiling surf, near shore.

Briant, one of the oldest and most experienced of the boys, with a life line about him, plunges into the surf toward the shore, is caught in a whirlpool and disappears.

He is pulled back, unconscious, but recovers. The chapter explains that these boys were inmates of a boarding school, in Auckland, New Zealand, about to go on a holiday cruise of two months around the island. The schooner on the night of Feb. 15 lay at the wharf with the boys on board waiting for her crew and captain. Accidentally or on purpose her moorings were loosened and she drifted out to sea, where she was caught in the gale. Drifting out she was grazed by a passing schooner, which, without knowing it, carried away her name board. Steamers were sent out in search, but picked up only the nameboard, and the schooner is supposed to have sunk with all on board. Briant has taken command.

The schooner is thrown on shore and the boys begin to explore. The schooner's supplies furnish them with arms, ammunition, food and a complete set of household utensils, etc. The place teems with animal life.

CHAPTER X.

THE RAFT.

The reception the explorers met with can be imagined. Gordon, Cross, Baxter, Garnett and Webb clasped them in their arms, while the little ones threw their arms around their necks and shouted for joy. Fan took part in the rejoicing, and barked as loudly as the youngsters cheered. It seemed so long since Briant and his companions had gone away.

"Were they lost? Had they fallen among savages? Had they been attacked by cannibals? Such were the questions those who remained behind had asked themselves.

But Briant, Donagan, Wilcox and Service had come back again to tell them the story of their exploration. As, however, they were very tired after their long day's work, the story was postponed until the morning.

"We are on an island."

That was all Briant said, and that was enough to reveal the troubles in store for them, although Gordon received the news without betraying much discouragement.

"Good! I'll wait," he seemed to say to himself, "and not trouble myself about it till it comes."

Next morning—the 5th of April—Gordon, Briant, Donagan, Baxter, Cross, Wilcox, Service, Webb, Garnet, and also Moko, whose advice was always valuable, gathered together in the bow of the yacht while the others were still asleep. In turns Briant and Donagan told their comrades all that had happened.

The story was told in full, neither Briant nor Donagan omitting the smallest detail; and now all who looked at the map understood only too well that help could come to them but from the sea.

However, if the future presented itself in the gloomiest colors, and the boys could only place their help in God, there was one who felt much less alarmed than the others, and that was Gordon. The young American had no relatives in New Zealand.

"The best thing to do," said Briant, "is to move into the cave near the lake. It would make a capital place to live in."

"And in the meantime where shall we live?" asked Donagan.

"In a tent," answered Gordon. "In a tent under the trees by the riverside."

"That is the best thing," said Briant, "and let us begin without losing an hour."

The demolition of the yacht, the unloading of the material and provisions, the construction of a raft for the transport of the cargo, would take at least a month of hard work, and before leaving the bay it would be the first week of May, which corresponds to the first week in November in the northern hemisphere, that is to say, the beginning of winter.

The days that followed were employed in arranging the camp at the side of the river. The lower branches of two beeches were united by long spars with the branches of a third, and were used to hold up the yacht's spare mainsail, which fell down on each side to the ground. Into this tent, which was firmly stayed and strutted, the boys transported the bedding and furniture, the weapons and ammunition and the bales of provisions. As the raft was to be built of the timbers of the yacht, they had to wait till they had demolished the wreck before they began to build it.

By the 15th of April there only remained on the schooner such things as were too heavy to move until she had broken up, among them the pigs of lead used for ballast, the water tanks in the hold, the windlass and the galley, which were too heavy to be taken away without apparatus. The spars and rigging, shrouds and stays, chains, anchors, ropes, hawsers, lines, yarns and such things, of which there was a great quantity on the yacht, were gradually removed to the ground near the tent.

When the schooner had been emptied of all it contained the hull, which had broken apart in many places, was attacked. The sheets of copper sheathing were taken off very carefully. Then the pincers and crowbars and hammers were brought into play to rip off the planks which the nails and trenails fastened to the frame. This was a troublesome task for inexperienced hands, and not very vigorous arms. And the breaking up went on very slowly, until on the 25th of April a storm came to help.

During the night, although they were already in the cold season, a thunder storm occurred. The lightning played across the sky, and the rolling of the thunder lasted from midnight to sunrise, to the great terror of the little ones. It did not rain, fortunately, but twice or thrice it was necessary to support the tent against the fury of the wind. Owing to its being fixed to the trees it remained undamaged; not so the yacht, which lay directly exposed to the gusts from the offing and the full force of the waves. The demolition was complete. The planks were torn off, the frame broken up, the keel smashed, and the whole thing reduced to wreckage. And there was nothing to complain of in the way it was done, for the waves as they retired carried off but a small portion of the wreck, which for the most part was kept back by the reef. The iron work was easily picked up out of the sand, and all the boys set to work during the next day or so to collect it. The beams, planks, water tanks and other things, which had not been swept away, lay scattered on the beach, and all that had to be done was to transport them to the right bank of the stream, a few yards from the tent.

In short, on the evening of the 28th, all that remained of the schooner had been taken to the place of embarkation; and without doubt the worst of the enterprise was over, for the river was to take the material up to French Den.

"Tomorrow," said Gordon, "we will begin to build the raft."

"Yes," said Baxter, "and to save any trouble in launching it, I propose to build it in the river."

"That will not be easy," said Donagan.

"Never mind," said Gordon, "we will try. If it gives us more trouble to get together it will not trouble us to get it afloat."

There could be no doubt this was the best way; and next morning they began the framework of the raft, which was to be of sufficiently large dimensions to receive a heavy and crowded cargo.

The beams from the schooner, the keel broken in two pieces, the foremast, what remained of the mainmast broken three feet above the deck, the rails and the midship beam the bowsprit the foreyard, the mainboom and the gaff had been taken to a part of the river beach which the water only covered at high tide. The boys waited till the tide rose, and then the wood was brought out into the stream. There the largest pieces were placed side by side, and bound together, with the others placed crossways.

In this way a solid framework was obtained, measuring about 30 feet long and 15 feet wide. All day long the boys worked hard at the raft, and by nightfall the framework was complete. Briant then took care to moor it to the trees on the bank, so that the rising tide could not carry it up stream, or the ebb take it out to sea. Then every one, thoroughly tired out after such a laborious day, sat down to supper with a formidable appetite, and slept soundly until the morning.

At dawn they again set to work. A platform had now to be built on the framework. The deck planks and streaks of the schooner's hull soon came into use. Nails driven in with heavy hammer strokes and ropes passed over and under fastened everything firmly together.

Working at the hardest, this took three days, although there was not an hour to lose. A little ice had already appeared on the surface of the pools among the reefs and along the edge of the stream. The shelter of the tent became insufficient in spite of the fire. Sleeping close to each other, covered with the thickest wraps, Gordon and his companions found it difficult to put up with the cold. Hence the necessity of pushing on with the work for taking up their quarters in the cave, where they hoped to defy the winter, which in these latitudes is very severe.

The deck had been fixed on as firmly as possible, so that it should not be displaced on the voyage; for that meant the swallowing up of the cargo in the bed of the stream; and to save such a catastrophe it was better to delay the departure for a day.

"However," said Briant, "we must not delay our departure beyond the 6th of May."

"Why not?" asked Gordon.

"Because the day after tomorrow is new moon, and the tides will be higher for a few days after that. The higher they are, the easier we shall get up the river. Just think what a fix we shall be in if we have to tow this heavy raft or pole it up! We could never do it against the current!"

"You are right," said Gordon. "We must be off in three days at least."

On the 3d of May they began to load the raft, being careful to trim it so as to keep it level. Every one was occupied in this work according to his strength. Jenkins, Iverson, Dole and Costar took charge of the lighter things, the utensils, tools and instruments, and laid them on the deck, where Briant and Baxter stored them under Gordon's directions. The bigger boys busied themselves about the heavier things, such as the stove, the water tanks, the windlass, the ironwork, the sheathing, etc., the rest of the timbers of the schooner, the ribs, the planking, the deck rails, etc. In the same way were brought on board the bales of provisions, the casks of wine, etc., not forgetting several sacks of salt that had been found among the rocks. To assist in the loading, Baxter had erected two spars, which were kept in position by means of four stays. To the end of this crab was fastened a tackle working round one of the yacht's winches, so that the things could be lifted off the ground and laid on the deck gently and quietly.

All went on with so much prudence and zeal that in the afternoon of the 5th of May everything was in its place on board, and nothing remained but to cast off the raft's moorings. That would be done next morning about 8 o'clock when the tide began to rise at the mouth of the stream.

The boys doubtless imagined that their task being over they were to spend the rest of the day in taking things easy. They were destined to be disappointed, for Gordon made a proposition which gave them something else to do.

"My comrades," he said, "we are now going away from this bay, and will no more be able to look out over the sea, and if any ship comes in sight of the island we shall not be able to signal to her. It will therefore be best, I think, to rig up a mast on the cliff, and hoist one of our flags and keep it flying. That will probably be enough to attract the attention of any ship that may pass within sight of it."

Next morning at sunrise all were astir. The tent was taken down and the bedding carried on board the raft, with the sail put over it to protect it from the weather, which, however, promised to be favorable enough, although a change in the direction of the wind had brought a good deal of mist in from the sea.

By 7 o'clock everything was ready. The raft had been so loaded that it gave accommodation for the company for two or three days, and Moko had cooked enough food to last, so that a fire would not be needed.

At 8.30 the boys all gathered on the raft. The bigger ones, armed with poles and spars, took up their places ready to steer it, for a rudder would have been no use in going with the stream.

A little before 9 o'clock the tide began to make itself felt, and the framework began to creak and groan.

"Attention!" shouted Briant.

"Ready!" said Baxter.

These were at the hawsers which moored the raft fore and aft by the river bank.

"We are all ready?" said Donagan, who with Wilcox was in front of the raft.

Soon the raft was afloat.

"Cast off!" said Briant.

Away went the hawsers, and the heavily-loaded mass began to drift up stream, towing the yawl astern.

Everyone was pleased when the raft began to move. If the boys had built a seagoing ship they could not have been more satisfied with themselves. And their little sentiment of vanity may be forgiven them.

The right bank of the river, as we know, was bordered with trees, and higher than the left, which ran along by the marsh. Briant, Baxter, Donagan, Wilcox and Moko used every effort to keep the raft away from the banks, for it would never do to run aground, but at the same time they did not cross the stream, for the tide was stronger along the right bank, and the height of the bank gave better holding to their poles.

Two hours after their departure they had floated about a mile. They had not grounded once or run ashore. But according to Briant's estimate the river was quite six miles long, and as they could not hope to advance more than two miles with each tide it would take them several tides to reach their destination.

In fact, about 11 o'clock the ebb began to declare itself, and the boys had to bestir themselves to get the raft moored so that it did not drift back to the sea.

Evidently the raft would make a fresh start in the evening, but to venture with it then would be dangerous.

"I think it would be unwise," said Gordon. "We should expose the raft to the chances of collision or grounding, and the shock might smash it up. I think we had better wait till tomorrow, and go on with the day tide."

The proposition was too sensible not to meet with general approval. They might have to wait 24 hours, but the delay was preferable to risking the safety of the valuable cargo.

Half a day and the whole of the night were thus passed in this place.

Donagan and his sporting friends, accompanied by Fan, were soon ashore on the river bank.

Gordon advised them not to get far away, and they adopted his advice; and as they brought back two brace of fat bustards and a string of tinamous, their vanity was satisfied. Moko took charge of the game to keep it for the first meal—breakfast, dinner, or supper—after reaching French Den.

During the night Baxter, Webb and Cross were on the lookout, ready, if necessary, to double the hawsers, or give them a little slack when the tide turned. All went well. Next morning at 9.45 the tide had risen high enough for the navigation to be resumed. The night had been cold so was the day. The sooner the raft reached its destination the better. What would the boys do if the river froze, or if an iceberg came down from the lake to enter the bay?

At length, in the afternoon of the next day, with the aid of the tide, which lasted till 5.30 in the afternoon, the raft arrived in sight of the lake, and was run aground in front of the entrance to French Den.

CHAPTER XI.

A CAPTURE.

The landing took place amid shouts of joy from the youngsters. To them any change from the ordinary life was as good as a new game. Dole capered about on the bank; Iverson and Jenkins ran to the side of the lake; while Costar took Moko aside and said:

"Didn't you promise us a good dinner?"

"Yes, but you will have to do without that," said Moko.

"And why?"

"Because I shall have no time to get dinner today."

"What! No dinner?"

"No, but there will be supper. And the bustards will be just as good for supper."

And Moko grinned and showed his white teeth.

The youngster gave him a punch in token of good will, and ran off to join his friends, whom Briant had warned not to get out of sight.

"Are you not gone with them?" he asked his brother.

"No, I would rather stop here!" answered Jack.

"You had much better take a little exercise," said Briant. "I am not at all easy about you, Jack. You have something you are hiding from me. Are you ill?"

"No! There is nothing the matter with me."

Always the same reply, which never satisfied Briant, who was resolved to have the matter cleared up some day, even at the cost of a scene with the obstinate boy.

But there was no time to lose if the night was to be spent in French Den.

At the outset the cave had to be visited by those who did not know it. And as soon as the raft was securely moored to the bank in a backwater away from the current, Briant asked his friends to accompany him. Moko had provided himself with one of the ship's lamps, in which the flame, greatly increased by the power of the lenses, gave a remarkably bright light.

At first the boys had to clear away the entrance. As the branches had been placed by Briant and Donagan so were they found; and consequently no human being, no animal had tried to enter the cave.

After the boughs were cleared away the boys glided through the narrow entrance. In the glare of the lantern the cave was much better lighted than by the resinous torches of the shipwrecked man's candles.

"Eh! we shall find this a tight fit," said Baxter, who had begun to measure the cave.

"Bah!" exclaimed Garnett. "If we put the beds one over the other like they do on board ship—"

"Why?" asked Wilcox. "We have only got to put them side by side on the ground—"

"And then," said Webb, "we shall have no room to move about."

"Well," said Briant, "you won't move about, that is all. Have you a better place to offer us, Webb?"

"No—but—"

"But," said Service, "the important thing is to have a place to shelter us. I did not suppose that Webb imagined he would find a complete mansion—with drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, bathroom—"

"No, of course not," said Cross. "But is there any place where you can cook?"

"Yes; outside," said Moko.

"That will be very inconvenient in bad weather," said Briant. "I thought we should bring the stove inside tomorrow."

"The cooking stove in the cave, where we sleep!" exclaimed Donagan, in a tone of unmistakable disgust.

"Well, you can use your smelling salts, Lord Donagan," exclaimed Service, laughing loudly.

"If I like, I will, Mr. Cook's Mate," responded Donagan, with a frown.

"All right! all right!" said Gordon.

"Whether the thing is nice or not, we shall have to decide about it at once. If the stove is used for cooking, it will also do to keep us warm. As to getting some room by digging out chambers in the rock, we shall have all the winter for the work, if it can be done. But now let us take French Den as it is, and get into it as soon as possible."

The beds were then brought in and laid in order on the sand. Close as they were, the boys, accustomed to the small cabin of the schooner, did not find them any too close.

This occupied the rest of the day. The large table of the yacht was then placed in the middle of the cave and Garnett and the youngsters laid the cloth.

Moko and Service had done their work well. A fireplace had been made between two large stones at the foot of the cliff, the fire being fed with dry wood gathered by Webb and Wilcox under the trees. About 6 o'clock the soup—that is to say, the meat biscuit which had to be boiled only for a few minutes—was giving forth a pleasing fragrance; a dozen tinamous, spitted on an iron bar, were roasting before a brisk fire over a dripping-pan, in which Costar would very much have liked to put his fingers; and while Dole and Iverson acted as turnspits, Fan followed their movements with significant interest.

Before 7 o'clock the boys were gathered round the table in the cave, which was their refectory and their dormitory. The benches, folding seats, and wicker chairs of the schooner had been brought in.

The day had been a tiring one. When hunger was satisfied the boys thought of little but going to sleep. But Gordon proposed that they should visit the tomb of Baudoin, whose dwelling they now occupied. Night was darkening the horizon of the lake, and its waters were reflecting the last rays of the sun as they found the little mound and stood by the wooden cross.

At 9 o'clock the beds were occupied, and all were asleep except Donagan and Wilcox, whose turn it was to watch, and who kept up a large fire at the mouth of the cave to scare away dangerous visitors.

The next day, the 9th of May, and the three days that followed, were spent by all hands in unloading the raft. Already the mist piling up with the west wind announced a period of rain or snow. The temperature scarcely rose above freezing; and it was important that everything should be got into the cave as soon as possible.

During the following week Donagan, Webb, Wilcox, and Cross, together with Garnett and Service, had quite enough shooting to satisfy them. One day they had penetrated into the forest of birches and beeches by the side of the lake about half a mile from the cave. Here and there traces of the work of man were very evident. There were ditches dug in the ground, covered with a network of branches, and too deep for animals falling into them to escape. But the state of these ditches showed that they dated from years ago, and one of them contained the remains of an animal which they failed to identify.

"Anyhow, they are the bones of a good-sized animal," said Wilcox, who had slipped down into the ditch and picked up the bones that had been bleached by time.

"And it was a quadruped for here are the bones of the four paws," added Webb.

"It must have been a strong one," said Donagan. "Look at the size of its head, and its jaw and teeth."

"Do you think," asked Webb of Donagan, "it was a carnivore?"

"Yes, there is no doubt of it."

"A lion? a tiger?" asked Cross, who did not seem at all easy.

"If not a tiger or a lion," answered Donagan, "at least a jaguar or a cougar."

"We must be on our guard," said Webb.

"And not venture too far away," said Cross.

"Do you hear, Fan?" said Service, turning towards the dog. "There are big beasts here."

Fan gave a cheery bark, which certainly betrayed no anxiety.

The boys turned back to go to the cave.

"An idea," said Wilcox. "If you cover this ditch with new brushwood we might catch something!"

"As you please, Wilcox," said Donagan, "though I would rather shoot a thing in the open than massacre it at the bottom of a pit."

Thus spoke the sportsman. But Wilcox, with his natural aptitude for trapping, showed himself more practical than Donagan, and began to put his idea into execution. His companions helped him to cut some twigs from the neighboring trees, and these were placed across the mouth of the pit so as to hide it completely. It was a rudimentary snare, no doubt, but such a one is often used with success by trappers of the Pampas.

To recognize the position of the pit Wilcox broke off a few branches from the trees at the edge of the forest. And then they all returned to the cave.

These expeditions were not unproductive. Feathered game abounded. Besides the bustards and tinamous, there were a number of those martinetts whose feathers, dotted with white give them the look of guinea fowl. Wood pigeons there were in flocks. Antarctic geese, making passable eating when cooking has got rid of their oily flavor. Furred game was represented by tucutucos, a kind of rodent as good as rabbit in a stew; maras, russet-grey hares with a black moon on the tail and having all the edible qualities of agouti; pichis, with scaly coats, a kind of tatou, whose flesh is delicious; peccaries, a kind of small hog and guaculis, animals like deer and just as active.

Donagan tried to stalk some of these, but as they were difficult to get at the consumption of powder and shot was not in proportion to the results obtained, much to the disgust of the sportsman. And this waste of ammunition evoked a few remarks from Gordon, which were received by Donagan's partisans with as ill a grace as by himself.

During one of these excursions a supply was collected of two precious plants discovered by Briant on the first expedition to the lake. These were the wild celery, which grew in great abundance on the wet soil, and a cress, whose young shoots formed an excellent anti corbutic. These two vegetables figured at all the meals, being eaten for the sake of health.

As the cold had not yet frozen the surface of the lake and stream, a few trout were taken with the hook, besides a species of pike, very pleasant eating, providing the eater was not choked with the numerous bones. One day Iverson returned triumphant, carrying a good-sized salmon which had nearly broken his line.

Meanwhile many visits had been paid to the pit, branched over by Wilcox, but no animal was taken, although a big piece of meat had been laid on it as a bait.

On May 17, however, something did happen. On that day Briant and a few others had gone off into the forest near the cliff. Their object was to see if there was any other cave close to French den which might do as a storehouse.

As they were approaching the pit, they heard a loud noise proceeding from it. Briant struck off into the wood, and was soon joined by Donagan, who did not care to be behindhand. The others followed a few yards in the rear, with their guns at the ready, while Fan marched with her ears cocked and her tail stiff.

They were about 20 yards from the pit when the noise began. In the middle of the branches was a hole through which some animal had fallen.

What the animal was was not apparent. In any case the boys thought it best to be ready to defend themselves.

"Seize it, Fan, seize it!" said Donagan, and the dog ran off, barking, without any signs of fear.

Briant and Donagan ran toward the pit, and as soon as they reached it they shouted:

"Come! Come!"

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"It is not a jaguar?" asked Webb.

"Nor a cougar?" said Cross.

"No," said Donagan; "it is an ostrich."

It was indeed an ostrich, and the boys congratulated themselves that such birds frequented the forest, for their flesh is excellent—particularly in the fat part of the breast.

Although there was no doubt it was an ostrich, yet its small size, its head like a goose's head, the coat of small plumes which enveloped its body like a grayish white fleece showed that it belonged to the species of nandu, so numerous on the Pampas of South America. The nandu cannot be compared with the African ostrich, but it was an honor to the island fauna.

"We ought to take it alive!" said Wilcox.

"Rather!" said Service.

"That will not be easy," said Cross.

"We'll try," said Briant.

The bird could not escape, because its wings did not allow it to rise to the level of the ground, and its legs could not get a footing on the vertical walls. Wilcox was consequently obliged to slip down into the pit at the risk of receiving a few blows from the bird's beak, which might wound him severely. However, as he managed to throw his coat over the bird, so as to muffle its head, he escaped unharmed; and it was easy for him to tie its legs, with two or three pockethandkerchiefs tied end to end, and then with a strong pull all together the ostrich was hauled up to the bank.

"Now we have got it," said Webb.

"And what shall we do with it?" asked Cross.

"That is simple enough," said Service, who was never at a loss. "We will take it to the cave, we will tame it, and we'll use it to ride upon. I'll look after it, like my friend Jack in the Swiss Family Robinson."

That it was possible to use the ostrich in this fashion was doubtful, notwithstanding the precedent cited by Service; but as there was no difficulty in taking it to the cave, this was done.

When Gordon saw the nandu arrive he was a little alarmed at having another mouth to feed, but bethinking himself that the bird was a vegetarian he gave it a cordial welcome. As to the youngsters, they were delighted to be near the bird—not too near, however—after it had been tied up with a long line. And when they heard that Service intended to train it for riding, the made him promise to give them a mount.

"Yes, if you are very good, babies," said Service, whom the youngsters already looked upon as a hero.

"We are sure to be that," said Costar.

"What, you, Costar!" said Service; "you daring to ride this terrible animal!"

"Behind you—and holding on to you. Yes!"

"Do you remember how you felt when you were on the back of the turtle?"

"That is not the same thing," said Costar. "This thing doesn't go into the water."

"But it goes into the air!" said Dole.

And the two little fellows walked off to think about this.

As may be imagined, as soon as they got things in order at the cave, Gordon and his comrades had organized the daily life in a regular way, giving every one something to do, and taking particular care that the little ones were not left to themselves. They, of course, asked for nothing better than to be set to work as far as their strength permitted, but why should they not continue the lessons they had begun at Charman's school?

"We have the books to help us go on with the work," said Gordon. "And what we have learned we can teach, and it is only right we should give our little friends the benefit of it."

"Yes," answered Briant, "and if we leave the island and get back to our friends we can show them that we have not wasted any time."

It was agreed that a scheme of work should be drawn up, and that, after it had been submitted for general approval, it should be scrupulously adhered to. During the winter there would be many days when some of the boys would not be able to go out, and it was desirable that they should be profitably employed. But the smallness of the cave was a great inconvenience, and it was resolved to set to work forthwith to increase its dimensions.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COLONY ACROSS THE LAKE.

The boys had often looked along the cliffs in the hope of finding another cave. If they had discovered one they would have used it as a general store for what had now to be left out in the open air. But the search had been in vain, and they had to return to the scheme of enlarging their dwelling-place by digging into the walls.

The bad weather had set in a week before. Violent storms had swept across the island, but the cave had not had to face them, owing to its lying north and south. The rain and snow passed away over the crest of the cliff. The sportsmen had to leave the game alone in the vicinity of the lake and the ducks, snipe, lapwing, rail, coot and pigeon remained undisturbed. The lake and the river had not yet been frozen, but it only required a quiet night when the first dry cold would succeed the storm for them to be covered with ice.

The work of enlarging the cave could thus be conveniently begun, and a start was made on the 27th of May.

The right wall was first attacked.

"If we dig on the slant," said Briant, "we may come out by the lake side, and so get a second entrance. That would give us a better lookout, and if the bad weather kept us in on one side we might get out on the other."

For three days, from the 27th to the 30th of May, the work went on favorably. The friable limestone could be cut with a knife; woodwork had to be used to support the roof of the gallery, but that was easily managed. The rubbish was taken outside so as not to encumber the floor of the cave.

The work of boring advanced gradually and not without many a stoppage to sound and make sure that progress was safe. Four or five feet had been excavated when, in the afternoon of the 30th, something very unexpected happened.

Briant, on his knees in the hole like a hewer in a coal mine, thought he heard a slight noise in the interior of the rock.

He stopped his picking and listened. Again the sound reached his ear.

To get out of the hole and tell Gordon and Baxter, who were standing at the entrance, was the work of an instant.

"It is an illusion," said Gordon. "You imagined you heard it."

"Take my place, then; put your ear to the wall and listen."

Gordon got into the hole and stayed there a few minutes.

"You are right," said he, "I hear a sort of distant growling."

Baxter went in and confirmed this.

"What can it be?" he asked.

"I cannot think," said Gordon. "We must tell Donagan and the others."

"Not the youngsters," said Briant; "it would give them a scare."

But as they all came into dinner at the moment, the secret could not be kept.

Donagan, Wilcox, Webb and Garnett, one after the other, went into the cavity and listened. But the sound had ceased probably for they heard nothing, and concluded that their comrades had been mistaken.

Mistake or no mistake, it was resolved to continue the work, and as soon as the meal was over the digging recommenced. During the afternoon no noise was heard, but about 9 o'clock in the evening the growling was distinctly heard through the rock.

Fan ran into the hole, and immediately came out again with unmistakable signs of irritation her coat bristling, her lips showing her teeth, and barking loudly, as if in reply to the growling in the rock.

And then the alarm, mingled with surprise, that the smaller boys had hitherto felt, gave place to gentle fear. In vain Briant tried to soothe Dole, Costar, and even Jenkins and Iverson, until he at last got them to bed and to sleep.

Gordon and the others continued to discuss this strange phenomenon. Every now and then the growling would be heard, and Fan would reply to it with a loud bark. Fatigue at last overcame them, and they went to bed, leaving Briant and Moko to watch; and till daylight profound silence reigned in French Den.

All were up early next morning. Baxter and Donagan crawled to the end of the hole. No sound could be heard. The dog ran to and fro without showing any uneasiness, and made no attempt to dash herself against the wall as she had done the night before.

"Let us resume work," said Briant.

"Yes," replied Baxter. "There will always be time to leave off if we hear any suspicious noise."

"Is it not possible," said Donagan, "that the growling was simply a spring in the rock?"

"Then we should hear it now," said Wilcox, "and we don't."

"That is so," said Gordon. "I think it more likely to have come from the wind in some fissure leading down from the top of the cliff."

"Let us go up on the top and see," said Service.

The proposition was agreed to.

About 50 yards away there was a winding path, giving easy access to the summit of the hill. In a few minutes Baxter and two or three others were walking up it over French Den. Their journey was useless. The ridge was clothed with short, close herbage, and no fissure was discoverable by which a current of air or a stream of water could find its way in. And when the boys got down again they knew no more about the strange phenomenon than the youngsters, who were explaining it to themselves as being supernatural.

The work of digging the hole was resumed and continued to the end of the day. There was no repetition of the noise of the evening before, but Baxter examined the wall, and found that it sounded hollow. Was the tunnel going to end in a cave? Was it in this cave that the mysterious sound had arisen? There was nothing inadmissible in the hypothesis of a second excavation contiguous to the cavern in which they were working, and it was to be hoped that such a thing existed, as it would greatly reduce the labor of enlargement. As may be imagined, the boys worked with extraordinary ardor, and the day was one of the most tiring they had yet experienced. Nevertheless, it would have passed without adventure had not Gordon noticed that the dog had disappeared.

Generally at meal times Fan was to be found near her master's seat, but now her place was empty.

They called Fan. Fan did not answer.

Gordon went to the door. He called her again. Complete silence.

Donagan and Wilcox went out, one along the bank of the stream, the other along the shore of the lake—but they found no trace of the dog.

In vain was the search extended for a few hundred yards round French Den. Fan was not to be found.

It was evident that the dog was not within call, for if she had been, she would have answered. Had she strayed away? That was unlikely. Had she perished in the jaws of some wild beast? That was possible, and it was the best explanation of her disappearance that was offered.

It was 9 o'clock at night. Thick darkness enveloped the cliff and the lake. The search had to be given up.

The boys went back to the cave. They were uneasy, and not only uneasy but grieved to think that the dog had vanished, perhaps forever.

Some stretched themselves on their beds, other sat round the table, not thinking of sleep. It seemed that they were more alone than ever, more forsaken, more removed from the country and their friends.

Suddenly in the silence the noise broke out afresh. This time there was a long howl, and a cry of pain lasting for nearly a minute.

"It is from over there, over there, that it comes," exclaimed Briant, rushing to the tunnel.

They all rose as if waiting for an apparition. Terror had seized upon the little ones, who hid themselves under the bedclothes.

When Briant came back he said:

"There must be a cavern beyond, the entrance to which is at the foot of the cliff."

"And in which it is probable that animals take shelter during the night," added Gordon.

"That is it," said Donagan. "And tomorrow we must try and find it."

At this moment a bark was heard, and then a howling. The sound came from the interior of the rock.

"Can Fan be there?" asks Wilcox, "and fighting with some animal?"

Briant went back into the tunnel and listened with his ear against the wall. But there was nothing more. Whether Fan was there or not, it was evident that there must be a second excavation which ought to communicate with the exterior, probably by some gap in the thicket of brushwood.

The night passed without either barking or howling being again heard.

Next morning the search was begun at break of day, but with no more result than the day before. Fan, sought for and shouted for all over the neighborhood, did not come back.

Briant and Baxter took turns at the digging. Pickaxe and shovel were kept constantly at work. During the morning the tunnel was made two feet longer. From time to time the boys stopped to listen, but nothing could they hear.

After dinner the digging began again. Precautions were taken in case a blow of the pickaxe knocked through the wall and gave passage to an animal. The younger boys were taken out to the bank of the river. Gun in hand, Donagan, Wilcox and Webb stood ready for anything that might happen.

About 2 o'clock Briant suddenly exclaimed. His pickaxe had gone through the limestone, which had fallen in and left a good-sized hole.

Immediately he returned to his comrades, who could only think—

But before they had time to open their mouths an animal rushed down the tunnel and leaped into the cave.

It was Fan!

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Yes, Fan, whose first action was to rush to a bowl of water and drink greedily. Then she wagged her tail without showing the least anger, and began to jump about in front of Gordon. Evidently there was no danger.

Briant then took a lantern and entered the tunnel. Gordon, Donagan, Wilcox, Baxter and Moko followed him. Soon they were through the hole and in the middle of the gloomy excavation, to which no light from the outside penetrated.

It was a second cave, of the same height and width as French Den, but longer, and the floor was covered with fine sand for an area of about 50 square yards.

As the cavity seemed to have no communication with the exterior, it was to be feared that the air was not fit to breathe. But, as the lamp in the lantern burned clearly, there must be some opening to admit the air. If not, how could Fan have got in?

Wilcox suddenly kicked his foot against a body, which, feeling with his hand, he found to be cold and motionless.

Briant approached with a light.

"It is the corpse of a jackal," said Baxter.

"Yes! A jackal that our brave Fan has killed," said Briant.

"And that explains our difficulty," said Gordon.

But if one or many jackals had made this their haunt, how had they got in? The entrance could not be found.

Briant then returned into French Den, and came out and ran along the cliff by the side of the lake. As he ran he shouted, and the boys in the cave replied. In this way he found a narrow entrance among the bushes and level with the ground, through which the jackal had found admission. But since Fan had followed them a fall had taken place and shut up the opening. This was soon found out and everything was explained, the howling of the jackal and the barking of the dog, who for 24 hours had found it impossible to get out.

Vigorously they set to work to make the tunnel a practicable gangway. To the second excavation they gave the name of the "hall," and its dimensions justified them in doing so. It would do for the dormitory and workroom, while the first cave would serve as kitchen and refectory; but as they intended to make it a general magazine, Gordan proposed to call it the "storeroom," and his suggestion was adopted.

Soon they set to work to shift the beds and arrange them symmetrically on the sand of the hall, where there was plenty of room for them. Then the furniture of the schooner, the couches, arm-chairs, tables, cupboards, etc., etc., and—what was very important—the stoves from the yacht's day and night saloons were put in position. At the same time the entrance on the lake side was cleared out and enlarged so as to fit one of the schooner's doors—a job which cost Baxter a good deal of trouble. On each side of the door two new openings were made so as to give light until the evening, when a lamp hung from the centre illuminated the cave.

To do all this took a fortnight, and it was not finished any too soon. The weather had begun to change. It was not as yet very cold, but the weather had become so violent that outdoor excursions were not to be thought of.

In fact, such was the force of the wind that the waters of the lake were lashed into waves as if it were a sea. The waves broke angrily on the beach, and assuredly a fishing boat or wild man's pirogue would have sought to cross it in vain. The yawl had been dragged ashore to save its being washed away. At times the waters of the stream were held back by the wind and overflowed the banks. Fortunately neither the storeroom nor the hall was directly exposed to the fury of the gale, which blew from the west, and the stoves and cooking apparatus worked admirably, being fed with dry wood, of which ample provision had been gathered.

When things were fairly in order Gordon proposed drawing up a programme, to which all would have to submit when it had been approved by all. How long was their stay to be on this island? When they came to leave it, would it not be a satisfaction to think that the time had not been wasted? With the books from the schooner's library the bigger boys could increase their knowledge at the same time as they taught the younger ones. An excellent task, which would usefully and agreeably occupy the long hours of winter.

However, before the programme was finished another measure was adopted, under the following circumstances:

On the night of June 10, after supper, all were in the hall, seated round the stove, when the conversation turned on the chance that offered to give names to the chief geographical portions of the island.

"That would be very useful," said Briant.

"Yes, let's have names," said Iverson, "and let us have good ones."

"Let us do the same as has been done by other Crusoes, real or imaginary," said Webb.

"And in reality," said Gordon, "we are nothing more than—"

"A Crusoe school!" interrupted Service.

"Besides," continued Gordon, "with names given to the bay, the stream, the forest, the lake, the cliff, the marshes and capes, we shall find it easier to identify them."

The motion was consequently adopted at once, and there was nothing left to do but to think of suitable designations.

"We have Schooner bay, on which the yacht was wrecked," said Donagan, "and I think we might as well keep up the name we are used to."

"Right you are," said Cross.

"And in the same way we'll keep up the name of French Den for our cave, in memory of poor Baudoin, whose place we have taken."

There was no objection to this proposal, even from Donagan, although the suggestion came from Briant.

"And now," said Wilcox, "what shall we call the river which flows into Schooner bay?"

"Zealand river," said Baxter; "the name will remind us of our country."

"Agreed! Agreed!"

Carried unanimously.

"And the lake?" asked Garnett.

"As you gave the name of Zealand to the river in memory of your country," said Donagan, you might as well call the lake Family lake, in memory of your relatives."

This was also agreed to without a dissentient; and in the same way the name of Auckland hill was given to the cliff. The cape at the end whence Briant thought he had seen the sea to the eastward was called at his suggestion False Point.

The other names adopted, one after the other, were: Trap woods for the part of the forest where the trap had been found; Bog woods, for the other part between Schooner Bay and the cliffs; South Moors for the marsh covering the whole of the south of the island; Dike creek for the brook in which they had found the causeway; Wreck coast for the coast on which the yacht had come ashore; Game Terrace, for the space between the banks of the river and lake where the games on the programme were to take place.

But what of the island? The island wanted naming in its turn—

"Here! Here! I know what to call it," said Costar.

"You know, do you?" said Donagan.

"You are getting on, little Costar," said Garnett.

"Of course you'll call it Baby Island?" said Service.

"Come, don't chaff him," said Briant, "let us hear what he has to say."

The little fellow did not speak.

"Speak up, Costar," said Briant, "I'm sure your idea is a good one. What is it?"

"Well," said Costar, "as we all came from Charman's school, we ought to call it Charman Island!"

Than this they could not do better, and the name was received with general applause—which made Costar feel quite important.

Charman island! Really the name had the true geographical ring about it, and would not disgrace any atlas!

The ceremony being at an end—to the general satisfaction—the time had come to go to bed, when Briant begged to be allowed to speak.

"My friends," he said, "now that we have named our island, is it not fitting that we should choose a chief to rule it?"

"A chief?" asked Donagan.

"Yes. It seems to me that things would go better," continued Briant, "if one of us had authority over the others. What is done in every other country ought we not so do in Charman island?"

"Yes. A chief! Let us have a chief!" said the little and big together.

"Let us have a chief," said Donagan, "but on condition that it is only for a stated time—a year, for example—"

"And one who can be re-elected," added Briant.

"Agreed! Who is it to be?" asked Donagan, in an anxious tone.

And it seemed that the jealous lad had only one fear, that in spite of him the choice of his companions would fall on Briant. He was quickly undeceived.

"Who is it to be?" replied Briant. "Why the wisest of us, to be sure—our friend Gordon!"

"Yes! Yes! Hurrah for Gordon!"

And that is how Gordon was proclaimed chief of the little colony of Charman Island.

It was now nearly 10 months since the boys had been wrecked and thrown on this island, 1800 leagues away from New Zealand. During this time their position had gradually improved, and it seemed as though now they were at least secure of the necessaries of life.

But an exploring expedition was urgently called for: not to explore the whole of the unknown territories of Charman island, but those only to the east of Family lake. Did these consist of forest, marsh or sand hills? Had they any new resources which might be utilized?

One day Briant had a talk with Gordon on

Continued on the Seventh Page.

LOVE MATCHES.

Marriages of Several Public Men.

Mr. Cleveland Proposed Five Times Before He was Accepted.

A Borrowed Suit of Clothes Cost Gen. Alger a Bride.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1890.



THE greatest of our men are made by their wives, and there are few great statesmen in public life whose careers are not closely connected with the women they marry. Senator Ingalls never makes a great speech unless Mrs. Ingalls is in the gallery, and the greater part of Sam Randall's congressional work has been done in his study at home with his wife's sewing machine along beside his library desk. Mrs. Reagan is her husband's private secretary, and Mrs. Springer advises the honorable William as to every act of his political career. It is perhaps due to Mrs. Ingalls that Senator Ingalls has his seat in that chamber today. She kept him out of public life until he was a big enough man to represent the whole State of Kansas, and he might have gone into the House if it had not been for her. It was many years ago that he was offered a congressional nomination. He telegraphed his wife of the fact, and she wired a reply: "Don't accept." He took this advice, though his friends and hers said he was foolish for doing so, and he held off until that remarkable senatorial election occurred in which Subsidy Pomeroy was charged with having bribed the Legislature and a big man was needed to jump into his place. Ingalls was then ready, and he got the position which he has held for three terms and which he can have again if he wishes.

Senator Ingalls' Romance.

The romance of Senator Ingalls was one of love at first sight. He was a struggling young lawyer of Kansas, and had hung out his shingle in a little town above Atchison. He paid no attention to the women, and the flowers of the frontier wasted their sweetness upon other nostrils than his. One day he was asked to be groomsman at a friend's wedding, and while so acting he saw that one of the bridesmaids was exceedingly fair. She was introduced to him as Miss Anna Cheeseborough, and he learned that she was the daughter of a New York merchant who had come to Atchison to live. In company with her he journeyed for a day with the new bride and groom, and Cupid got in his work to such an extent that the two separated, each in love with the other. Ingalls made arrangements to call, and after a short courtship he popped the question and received an acceptable answer. He was a candidate for State senator at that time, and it was a curious thing that his prospective father-in-law was running for the same office. Miss Cheeseborough had to stand the fires of the friends of her lover and her father, but young Ingalls won, and as Mrs. Ingalls says, "My sins were forgiven and my father consented to my marrying his political rival."

How Senator Evarts Courted.

Senator Evarts married the daughter of Gov. Wardner of Vermont. He courted her as a schoolboy, and he became engaged at 16 among the hills of her father's farm. He did not marry until he had a good start in life, and he was 25 before his wedding took place. Senator Edmunds married the niece of Hon. George P. Marsh, who was one of our ministers to Italy. Senator Dawes met his wife while he was teaching school. She was one of his pupils, and he married her after her graduation. Senator Teller married a girl who lived in the same town in which he was brought up in New York and Frank Hiscock got the money which enabled him to engage in a political career by his marriage with pretty Cornelia King, who now presides over his Washington establishment. Senator Payne is largely indebted to his wife for his millions. She was the daughter of an old farmer who had a large amount of land near Cleveland, O. Payne was a poor lawyer when he married her. The city grew, and Mrs. Payne's father's farm included the lands which now make up the most fashionable part of Euclid avenue.

Loves of Sherman and Don Cameron.

Senator Sherman was married when he was 25. His wife has lived with him during his 35 years' residence at Washington, and she is one of the finest-looking women at the capital. Tall, straight and brown-haired, she has rosy cheeks and bright brown eyes and a graceful and stately form. She was the daughter of Judge Stewart of Mansfield, O., and Hon. Thomas Bartley, who afterwards became the governor of the State, was one of John Sherman's rivals. There is a story told at Mansfield of how the two went to see Miss Stewart at the same time while she was attending a Pennsylvania female seminary, and how they narrowly escaped meeting. Sherman, however, won the maiden, and Bartley, I think, married Senator Sherman's sister.

Speaking of Sherman calls attention to the fact that Don Cameron married John Sherman's niece. Mrs. Cameron is one of the prettiest and most accomplished women of Washington. She must be about 33 years of age, but she does not look over 25. She is a great favorite in diplomatic circles, and likes to go into society as much as her husband likes to stay out of it. She was the daughter of Judge Sherman of Cleveland. Don Cameron met her here while she was visiting her Uncle John. He proposed and she accepted, notwithstanding the senator has some daughters nearly as old as she is. The wedding took place at Cleveland, O., and was one of the most brilliant ever held in that city of millionaires.

Senator Bruce, who has just been appointed recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, was married at about the same time at Cleveland to the pretty octoroon who presides over his Washington household. Bruce got the best part of his education at Oberlin, O., and I think that Mrs. Bruce was attending school there at the same time. After she finished her education she came to Cleveland to teach school, and she was acting as a school teacher almost up to the time of her marriage. She is a woman of more than ordinary attainments and her complexion is no darker than that of many of the white ladies of Washington.

One of the finest residences of Washington is now being erected on the corner of 16th and K streets. It will cost in the neighborhood of $100,000 and it will belong to Mrs. Zach Chandler. Senator Eugene Hale will be one of the inmates of it, for Hale is Mrs. Chandler's son-in-law and he gets his great fortune with his wife.

What Lost Gen. Alger a Wife.

Gen. Alger of Michigan was here the other day. His pocket-book is now heavy, his check is good for millions, his face looks happy and his heart seems whole. It wears, however, the scars of a youthful romance, and he will never forget the troubles of his boyhood love.

He was a law student at Akron, O., and he fell in love before he had finished Blackstone. He had only money enough to live on, and his lady love was the daughter of a rich but hard-hearted old chap of a father. This man had a slight opinion of Russell Alger, and he had no better opinion of the law. He was wont to say that Russ Alger would never amount to anything, and every morning he said to his daughter that she had better drop Alger for he would never earn his salt.

It was when things were in this condition that the girl gave a party. She invited Alger. His clothes were poor, however, and there were no suits for rent in Akron. Alger did not dare go to the party with poor clothes, and he finally borrowed a suit from a brother lawyer. He wore it to the house and danced until morning in it.

It happened that his friend had left the town for a visit and Alger strutted around for a full week in his borrowed clothes. The old man, however, learned the story, and he went home and gave his daughter to understand that she must give up Alger at once. He made such a face about the matter that she dropped him at once, and a year later married one of his friends.

Alger, however, was soon comforted. He married a friend of his old sweetheart and moved with her to a little town in Michigan, where he built a log house for $50 and set out his shingle. He lived in this log house for 14 years, but soon turned from law to lumber, and although during the first year of his career as a lumberman he was obliged to borrow 50 cents to help get his raft of lumber into the river, he is now worth his millions, and it is said that he made $3,000,000 at one turn last year.

A Michigan Romance.

Another Michigan romance is that of ex-Senator Conger. Conger was also a young Ohio lawyer and he was practising at the town of Ravenna, not far from Akron, when he fell in love with Miss Stella Humphreys, the daughter of the Judge Humphreys who presided over the court at that time. He was poor and Miss Humphreys was rich and the success of his suit was by no means assured. One of his first cases was a breach of promise suit, and he was trying it before Judge Humphreys. He made a stirring, spread-eagle speech, denouncing the claims of the girl to the hand of his client and ridiculing the maiden in no moderate terms.

When he had finished his speech the opposing lawyer arose and turned his shafts of ridicule upon Mr. Conger. He referred to his unsuccessful suit with Miss Stella Humphreys and made so much fun of him that the future senator laid his arm down on the table and bent his head upon it and cried. He left the court room without completing the trial and went off to Michigan to make his fortune.

In time, however, his heart healed over and he married a Michigan girl and had a family by her. He was elected to Congress and finally came to the Senate. His wife died and he was here as a "bachelor senator." Miss Stella Humphreys also married and her husband moved out to the West, made something of a fortune and died.

The widow, to drown her grief, took a trip through the East and, among other places, visited Washington. Going into the Senate gallery out of idle curiosity she saw sitting below her a man whom she thought she knew. It was Senator Conger. She sent her card to him. He came up to the gallery. The two chatted over old times and after an hour's conversation the old flames of love began again to burn. Senator Conger asked permission to call, and after a short time another engagement was made which was fulfilled. The two now live very nicely at Washington, and they are one of the most loving couples at the capital.

Voters Elect a Husband.

Senator Matt Ransom got his first start as a politician through his courtship with Miss Hattie Exum, who was a noted belle of the Roanake valley. The senator was then a Whig and a candidate for the attorney-generalship of the State. He had many friends, and the story was noised about that his sweetheart had said she would marry him if he was elected. His friends then came gallantly to his support, and this story got him enough votes to make him attorney-general of North Carolina.

Ben Butler and His Rose.

I saw Ben Butler here the other day. He had a rose in his buttonhole and this rose was one of the remains of his romance. His wife was an actress and she was playing "As You Like It" when Gen. Butler saw her and fell in love with her. He married her and she made him an excellent wife. She was the mother of his two sons and one daughter, and was highly esteemed by all. She was especially fond of flowers and she pinned a rose on her husband's coat every morning as he came down to breakfast. Since her death Gen. Butler has, I am told, kept up the custom, and this is the reason why he is seldom seen without his boutonniere.

A curious romance of the last Congress was that of ex-Gov. Long of Massachusetts. He went away from the House one day and a short time later a telegram appeared in the newspapers saying that he had married a school teacher who had been instructing two of his children. She was pretty and accomplished, and Washington society highly approved the match when its members came to know her.

Mr. Cleveland Proposed Five Times.

I am able to give some inside information about ex-President Cleveland's romance. At the time of the wedding the mouths of the president and his wife were as tight as those of clams concerning their love affair. None of their friends knew much about their courtship, and they went on the principle of the great German proverb, that "Speech is silver, but silence is golden." The wedding is still gossiped about here, and the women pronounce it a love match while the men invariably take the ground that the White House had a good deal to do with Mrs. Cleveland's acceptance.

A lady who lately returned from a wedding trip to the continent gives one of my friends a conversation which she had with Mrs. Cleveland not long ago. The story as it comes to me is quite spicy, and I do not vouch that the report of the talk is verbatim. I give it as I hear it. This lady said:

"I met Mrs. Cleveland shortly after I landed in New York, and one of the first questions she asked me was to pray tell her how long I was engaged before I was married. I answered her and told her the story of our courtship. She listened with interest, and when I was through I concluded that I would learn something from her in return. I asked:

"'Mrs. Cleveland, I have seen a great many stories about your marriage, and the most I have seen have been contradicted by you or your friends. I have told you my story, and now I want you to tell me yours. How long were you engaged to the president before you were married?'

"Mrs. Cleveland laughed and blushed and said:

"'Oh, there are the most ridiculous stories told about us, but, honestly, they are hardly as funny as it really was. Uncle Grover proposed to me five times before I accepted him. First, when I was 14, and I just laughed at the idea, for he seemed so much older. Then again two years later, when I went to college, and the third time when he was elected governor of New York. I was by no means ready to marry any one, and he let things go for a year, or until he was nominated for the presidency. Then he asked me again, and I again refused. At last he was elected and I promised to marry him in a year. Of course, I always liked him better than any one else, and I always meant to marry him some day.'"

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

A DOG IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

It Tried to Join in the Singing, but Created a Panic.

[Pittsburg Press.]

Park Avenue, East End, Presbyterian church was the scene of an unusual musical event on last Sunday evening. It caused no little commotion and amusement among the members of the church choir.

The innocent cause of the disturbance was a little Scotch terrier belonging to the family of a young lady who acts as the church organist. He had slyly contrived to follow his young mistress, unknown to her, from home to the organ loft, and, after securely ensconcing himself in a comfortable corner, waited patiently for the evening service.

The organist was very much surprised, shortly after commencing the voluntary, to hear a succession of sepulchral groans from the corner. On investigating, she was completely taken aback on discovering the little Scotchy, which jumped and frisked about, exhibiting its great delight. It was evident the canine soul was thrilled with joy, but nevertheless it was out of the question for him to remain a member of the choir, and he was promptly ejected.

This incident over, the choir proceeded to sing an anthem, but they had not sung through the first verse when from the outside was heard the unmistakable howling of the undaunted terrier. It had returned to the attack, and seemed bent on joining in the singing by hook or crook. This caused a suspension of music by the choir, as between the mild panic and laughter created by the renewed attempts of the faithful animal it was impossible to go on. The musical prodigy was again ingloriously ejected, this time with more force than affection and again the service proceeded.

But it was evident that the canine meant to stay on till the termination. Still, as the next hymn was being sung, the far off echo of a now familiar voice was heard from the back hallway, where he had been banished. The young people were almost exploding. Finally the canine musician was dragged outside and sent home under escort to prevent his return.

Practice Doesn't Go with Precept.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

From the wallet of a murderer, robber and burglar recently captured in New York was taken a slip of paper on which was written:

"Keep good company or none."
"Honesty is the best policy."
"Drink leads to ruin."
"Honor thy father and thy mother."
"Civility costs nothing."
"Do not mock at sacred things."

A Long Wait.

[New York Weekly.]

Mrs. De Rumpus (with glittering eye)—I've just found out that you bought an expensive dress pattern at Silk & Co.'s a few days before Christmas.

Mr. De R.—Y-e-s, m' dear. It was for you, but I didn't want to be sent back to exchange it for some other shade, or weight, or width, or something, and I've been waiting to find you in good humor before presenting it.



LOST RACES.

Huge Beasts and Mammoth Birds that Once Lived.

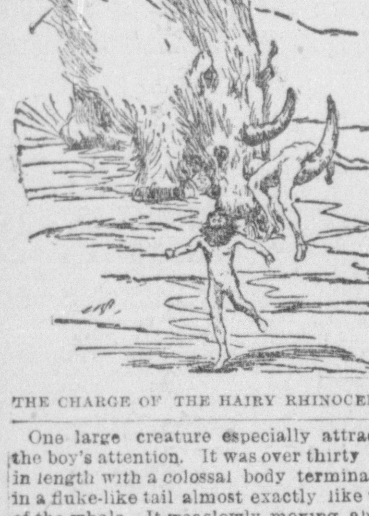
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One morning about 300 years ago, a fisherman living upon the shores of the Behring sea, swung his little boy into his fur hood upon his back, took a long, stout spear in his hands, and, calling to his pack of wolf-like dogs, strode away up the beach.

The child, looking out of his resting place, saw that his father was going hunting, and, as they passed through the village, several canoes put off; the men calling to each other, and arranging to meet some way up the coast at the sea-cow rookery. The little fellow had often been on fishing trips, and now, to make him reliant and fearless, his father was going to show him how big game was captured.

Up the beach they went for a mile or more, then inland over a neck of land, and as they approached a rocky ridge the hunter spoke to the dogs, warning them to keep quiet, and looked carefully over. The boy, being high up, had the first view, and this is what he saw: 'Away to the right, reaching out for several acres, was a level tract made up of green rushes growing in the water. In the midst of these were a number of animals so very large that the little observer said to himself, "Whales!"

But they were not whales, though it must be confessed they were almost as large. They looked like gigantic seals, and their slow, cumbersome movements among the reeds still further carried out the idea.



THE CHARGE OF THE HAIRY RHINOCEROS.

One large creature especially attracted the boy's attention. It was over thirty feet in length with a colossal body terminating in a fluke-like tail almost exactly like that of the whale. It was slowly moving about, rolling this way and that feeding upon the green herbage with the rest.

While they watched it, the boats suddenly appeared around the point, the men screaming and brandishing their weapons. The animals at first started for the water, some going into it, but the large one seemed unable to escape, and as it floundered about the men surrounded it.

The boy had been left upon a rock, and from this place of safety saw his father rush up to the giant and hurl his spear into it. From every side it was attacked, and some of the men were in great danger, as the animal beat the water into foam with its flukes, striking terrific blows on every side, raising its ponderous head and making ineffectual efforts to escape, to be finally driven in upon the solid land and despatched.

What a sight it was as the little boy came down and was lifted upon the monster 35 feet long, with a whale's tail.



THE CAMARASAURUS, 75 FEET LONG.

What was it? my young readers will ask. It was a giant sea cow or manatee, the rhytina, that lived in those days upon the shores of the Arctic sea, and up to about 1765 was found in large numbers, but today it is classed among the lost races, having been entirely wiped out of existence. It was first discovered by the Russians, and about 30 years saw its extinction. So rare is it that not a complete skin is known or hardly a skeleton. The animals were slaughtered without mercy, just as were the buffaloes of our Western plains, and in a short time were entirely exterminated.

The shores of the Arctic ocean and the islands on its borders are the tombs of many strange creatures that in the changes that follow have become lost races. When the white men first visited the new Siberian islands the first objects which attracted their attention were the remains of wonderful animals of a lost age. Everywhere, from the sand and frozen snow, protruded gleaming tusks of gigantic size, and trunks of trees, showing that here, in the waste of Arctic summer, had once trod the king of elephants, and trees had flourished affording them food.

Now, far from here some hunters were drifting down a river, when they espied a black mass standing out in bold relief against the cliff. Drawing nearer, they saw it was a strange animal, one of a lost race that had once roamed the great Siberian plains. It was high above their reach, held in the firm grip of ice and gravel. The following year, on their way down the river, the black object was lying on the sandy beach, and being torn by bears and wolves. Think of it! preserved so perfectly that thousands of years after its death it served as a breakfast to the wolves and bears of today.

The animal was a gigantic rhinoceros; not like those with which we are familiar, but a huge creature covered with thick, long woolly hair, with two horns, one over four feet in length, as tall as some of my readers. Imagine the appearance of this monster as it moved over the land: its fierce battles with other strange animals of the time; it must have been a bold hunter, indeed, who met it face to face.

The lost races of the air are, perhaps, the most wonderful. Imagine a bat-like creature with wings nearly 30 feet across; not feathered, but provided with membranes stretched upon them. Imagine a head with large eyes and long toothless beak, claw-armed feet, which enabled the monster to cling to cliffs and crags, and we have the Pteranodon, one of the most remarkable of all the flyers of the lost races. What is the dragon as depicted today when compared to the strange Rhamphorhynchus, that actually lived in the days gone by?

It was not so large as some others, but was a frightful object, and if man lived at that time the boys and girls of the native tribes surely did not keep this creature as a pet.



THE GIANT BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND.

In general appearance it resembled a large bat, but with prolonged jaws, something like those of a pelican armed with sharp jointed teeth. The fingers of this dragon were longer than its body, and served to support the wing, while a membrane connected the tail and legs. The most remarkable feature was the tail, which was long and slender, like that of a rat, but at the tip branched out and became a perfect paddle in appearance, the lobes or sides being supported by bones forming a member that looked like a tennis racket, but which was in reality a rudder by which this wonderful creature probably directed its flight. This animal was so completely lost that its existence depends upon one specimen now in Yale College, which shows not only the paddle but the delicate texture of the membrane of the wing against the stone.

What would you think of an egg so large and heavy that one of my readers could not hold it out at arm's length? an egg that would have made omelets for a dozen men. Such a find would be worth the while, and such a one was made in Madagascar. The captain of a sailing vessel, having occasion to go into the interior, came one night to a small native town, and at one was offered food in a dish of so curious shape that he asked what it was.

"It is an egg of the big bird," replied the native.

"But where do you find them?" continued the captain; and in answer the man pointed toward the mountains.

The sailor investigated, and as a result it became known that a gigantic bird lived on the great island continent ages before, and the eggshell was all that remained to tell the story. In later years several of these eggshells were found in a sandy deposit, and some of the bones of the great creature. The size of the bird can be realized when it is known that the egg measured over a foot in its longest diameter, and was equal to many hens' eggs.

Larger than this was another bird, the gastornis, that once lived in France. When the skeleton was raised by the side of a man the latter seemed very insignificant. So



SEA SERPENT.

with the birds of New Zealand, the moas, that lived within the memory of the oldest inhabitant if we can believe them, and surely within historical times. They were of gigantic size, some of the bones being larger than those of an ox. Think of coming upon a flock of such huge, wingless creatures, from 5 to 12 feet high.

Imagine a procession of the lost races! Ahead is the mighty megatherium—a huge lizard that tore down large trees, and browsed upon the branches 25 feet from the ground; next, hobbling along, the camarasaurus—a weird giant with long, snake-like neck, tall legs that served to enable it to move in the water, and a tail long and attenuated, ending 75 feet from its head. Here comes the king of the turtles, 17 feet across the flippers, and perched upon its back the dodo, the last of the pigeons, and the giant of the race. Then follows the mammoth, with its curved and glistening tusks; the hairy rhinoceros, the toed horse and many more from different ages, but all strange and wonderful examples of the lost races of the world. C. F. HOLDER.

THE POST OFFICE.

Ex-Postmaster General James Tells How It Originated.

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I.



WE ARE apt to think of the post office as an institution of modern times, but there is plenty of evidence to show that the practice of sending messages, either written or by word of mouth, from one person to another, has existed from the very earliest times.

For instance, see how many references there are in the Bible to this subject. Let me give you a few of them. We are told (II. Chronicles, xxx., 6), how "the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah;" how (in the tenth verse of the same chapter) "they passed from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manassah even unto Zebulon." In the book of Esther there are various references to this subject. "Letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces," "the posts were hastened by the king's commandment."

Of course I can not in this brief article give a history of the postal service, but there are several historical points connected with it which strike me as being peculiar and interesting, and so, I trust, will they appear to you. It seems singular, for instance, that during the reign of Charles II. of England, in 1660, hundreds of years after people had found the usefulness of having a postal messenger service, people should object to any improvement in that service. And yet such was the fact. At that time, in London, letters were delivered by porters. A certain enterprising citizen named William Dockwray thought he could make an improvement on this method, and at considerable expense he started a penny post. He agreed to deliver letters and parcels six or eight times a day in the crowded part, and four times a day on the outskirts, of the city. The porters fought strongly against this improvement, claiming that their business would be ruined; while other people, more suspicious than sensible, accused the projector of trying to assist by his scheme one of the political parties of the period. But the enterprise was so useful that it finally succeeded in spite of all this opposition.

It was during the reign of Charles II. that the post office became the subject of parliamentary enactments, and the franking privilege, hitherto enjoyed by the King and the executive officers of the government, was granted to members of Parliament. A man who had the franking privilege could send his letters free; all he had to do was to write his name on the envelope or package and it would be carried just the same as if he paid for the service. When this question came up in the House of Commons it met with opposition from many members, who considered it a small piece of business that members of Parliament should not pay for postal accommodations just the same as other people. But the temptation to get something for nothing, an experience so rarely seen in this world, was too much for the legislators, and they passed the bill and sent it up to the House of Lords for approval. But this honorable body would not agree to the franking proviso because it would not allow the Lords' own letters to pass free. Some time after this omission was rectified, and the distinguished statesmen lost no time in loading down the post with free letters and packages to their friends in all parts of the kingdom.

At that time the service was not, of course, organized with anything like the system that prevailed in after years. Apparently you could send almost anything you wanted to by post. There are still preserved old records of the English post office, and here we find lists of the packages and articles that were sent free under the franking privilege. Among other curious items we find 15 pairs of dogs going to the king of an adjoining country; two maid servants going as laundresses to a lord ambassador; a certain Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and various other necessaries; three suits of clothes for a nobleman's lady away down in Portugal; a case containing four flitches of bacon, while the nice personal habits of a certain gentleman are set forth in the item: "Two bales of stockings, for the use of the ambassador to the crown of Portugal."

After a while the government had to stop this kind of franking and allow only letters to pass free. But under this arrangement members would sign large numbers of covers or envelopes and give them to their friends, and besides thousands of letters would pass through the post office with forged signatures of members. The abuse of this privilege became so great that it was taken away, and members of Parliament were obliged to pay postage just the same as other people.

The man who brought this reform about was Sir Rowland Hill, and the postal service owes more to him than to any other man who has ever lived. Rowland Hill was born in 1795, and directed his attention to postal reform in 1835, his special desire being to bring about cheap postage. The charge for postage at that time was very different from what it is now. The charge varied according to the distance a letter had to travel, and again, according as it was composed of one, two or three sheets of paper, and the charge for each item was very high. It cost from 27 to 75 cents to send a letter from London to Edinburgh. Rowland Hill argued that the government could just as well afford to carry a letter containing two or three sheets as one. His plan called for a reduction of the number of clerks employed in the post office. The saving of expense thus brought about, and the increased amount of correspondence which would follow a cheap rate of postage, made the scheme, Mr. Hill argued, entirely practicable, and it was, after a long struggle, adopted in the year 1839.

We find that the first postal law under colonial rule was made in 1657 in Virginia, when planters were directed to provide messengers to convey despatches as they arrived to the next plantation, and so on, which, failing to do, they were to forfeit a hogshead of tobacco.

In 1672 the government of New York provided a post "to goe monthly from New York to Boston," advertising "those that bee disposed to send letters, to bring them to the secretary's office, where, in a lockt box, they shall be preserved till the messenger calls for them, all persons paying the post before the bagg is sealed up."

In 1692 the post office was carried on by the English, or home government, and the office of postmaster general for America was created. The rates of postage at that time were nine cents for 80 miles or under; from New York to Philadelphia, 18 cents; to Virginia, 24 cents.

In 1753 Benjamin Franklin, who was then postmaster at Philadelphia, was promoted to be deputy postmaster general for the colonies of America. This famous philosopher was a postal reformer. He ran a mail wagon from Philadelphia to Boston, leaving each place on Monday evening and arriving on Saturday evening. He was the first official to make the post office yield a revenue over and above its expenses.

After the revolution the control of the post office was transferred to Congress, and Benjamin Franklin was unanimously elected postmaster-general for one year.

In old times, both in the United States and England, when the rates of postage were very high, some people used to resort to ingenious methods to avoid the payment of the fee, which was then collected on delivery of the letter. Signs or pictures were sometimes used on the outside of the wrapper for the purpose of conveying an idea. I recall one picture of two little girls, a shoemaker's awl and an old-fashioned well, the meaning being, of course, "children all well." When the man who received the letter saw this picture there was no need for him to open the package; he had obtained all the information he wanted from the picture, and, telling the postman he did not want the package or could not afford to pay for it, allowed it to be taken away and destroyed.

Coleridge, the poet, at a wayside inn once saw a young woman who was unable to pay the postage on a letter which the post messenger was delivering to her, and paid the fee in spite of the girl's protestations. When the postman left, the girl confessed that she and her brother, who had sent the letter, had agreed that a few hieroglyphics on the back of a letter should tell her all she wanted to know, while the letter would contain no writing. She said that they were so poor that they had invented that method of corresponding. When Rowland Hill, of whom I have spoken, heard of this incident he used it as an illustration of the absurdity of the old system of high charges for postage.

I have, so far, tried to give you some notes on the history of the post office. In the concluding part of this article I will endeavor to explain how the post office is carried on at the present time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE JERRY.

He Was Such a Very Little Boy, but He Did a Great Thing.

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LITTLE JERRY was a great little boy. He lived in Buckram, O., where people go to get to the Deaf-Mute asylum, which you can see from the school house steps. When he told people in Toledo that he came from Buckram they were apt to ask him if he was deaf and dumb, which he thought was very foolish, because if he had been he could not have heard the question, nor answered it, so it was of no use to ask it.

People used to say, "Little Jerry is little, but oh, my!" He liked that; because he knew they meant that his shortness (which was a grief to him) did not make him of no account. He knew as well as anybody that he had got to try extra hard all his life in every way, if he wanted to make up for being so small. One happy day a minister who was visiting Jerry's mother made Jerry glad, and gave him what was a comfort to him ever after by telling a verse made up by Dr. Watts, but not printed in the hymn-book.

It was:

Could I in stature reach the pole,
Or grasp creation in a span,
I'd still be reckoned by my soul:
The mind's the measure of the man!

How he did glory in this splendid piece of poetry! He talked it to himself whenever he had nothing else to think of, and walked many a mile and ran many a mile keeping step to those words.

Of course it was pretty hard in school to be always the smallest boy in his class. Whenever a new boy came he hoped he would be a little smaller; but he never was, or, if he was, he went into a younger class; and sometimes, although a new boy was bigger, he went into a younger class. Even Jerry's favorite verse of poetry did him no good, because when he said it at recess they all laughed. They twisted it all ways; said the mind was the measure of the pole, and the pole was the measure of the man, and the mole was the measure of the pan, and more things than you can think of.

Jerry knew they were foolish, but what of that? They didn't know so. He had hard work to keep from crying, so he tried biting his lip till it hurt, resolved to bite till the



WHEN THEY ARE ALMOST ON THEM.

blood came if he could not keep in in any other way. And just before the blood would have come the tears went back.

But his mother must have seen something in his face when he got home, for she said:

"What's the matter, my son?"

"Nothing, mother."

Then in a little while she stopped still, with a plate in one hand and a towel in the other, and said:

"Has anybody been abusing my boy?"

"No, mother; no."

He sat with his feet on the stove-hearth and his arithmetic in his lap, but he couldn't keep his mind on the sum at all.

At last, when he thought she had forgotton whatever she thonght at first, he said:

"Mother, what is the reason that boys who are a little younger than I am are a little larger than I am?"

She did not answer, but wiped her hands on the towel and hung it up, and then came and put her arms around him, and he could hear her swallowing very fast, while her cheek felt wet against his.

"Is my blessing unhappy?"

He tried to say no, but could not force down the lump in his throat. So they sat a little while, and then she said:

"Isn't it a comfort to my boy that his mother loves him better than anything in the world?"

Jerry said it was, and kissed her and went out of doors. When he got into the open air he had to own to himself that her pity was no comfort at all; not one bit; just because it was pity. Pity can help pain or grief, but not mortification. It is only more mortifying. But in the evening his Uncle John suddenly said to him (of course his mother had spoken to uncle):

"Jerry, do you know what I prophesy?"

"No, uncle."

"Well, I prophesy that some day you'll show the folks the difference between bigness and greatness."

That was comfort; and Jerry went to sleep thinking "bigness and greatness;" "he's little, but oh, my!" "the mind is the measure of the man." And the next time the question of size came up in school he got the laugh on a great big stupid by saying:

"Big Bill Grimes, if you had my mind in your body you'd be Governor of Ohio in a few minutes." And Bill was mad.

It was pretty hard to play with the other fellows. Long legs can outrun short ones; little hands cannot do much with a base ball, nor short arms with a bat. Choosing sides, Jerry was always chosen last, and if there was an odd number he was the one left out. But back of their house was a little stream—more like a ditch, through the hollow—and there he built a dam, and on the bank below the dam he made flumes to pour the water back into the ditch in lovely cascades, and under each cascade he set up a little paddle-wheel, with square shaft and shingle paddles, whittled out by himself. To this day his left forefinger knuckle shows a network of scars, intersecting each other; each the memento of some time when his knife slipped and the blood flowed, dripping off the end of his finger until it got tired of flowing, and his dear mother sewed up the finger in a rag, white when it was put on, and so awfully grimy when it came off again, a few days later.

Sweeter music never struck a boy's ears than the patter-patter-patter-patter of those paddle wheels. He could lie on the bank all a summer Sunday afternoon dreaming of—oh, it is impossible to tell all the fine thoughts! Mechanical inventions, fortunes earned, poems written, heroic deeds done, conquests over nature and circumstances. He could even go to sleep, and wake up again to hear the sweet patter-patter-patter-patter; and, surprised to see how low the sun had got, run home in time to go for the cows and not keep supper waiting very long.

The great question every morning was whether the wheels had really gone all night, or whether the dam had sprung a leak or some other accident had cut short the lovely operation. He approached the place slowly, always listening before he looked, and occasionally—not very often—found that the patter-patter had actually continued all through the silent hours of absence, darkness, dawn, sunrise and morning!

But one day he approached in his usual silence; came nearer and nearer: no sound—he looked, and—

The whole dam was wantonly destroyed, the top sods thrown out on the bank, the rest carried down stream, the nicely framed bored flumes broken and trodden into the mud and the wheels carried bodily away. His anger began, increased, grew overwhelming, until the fury which possessed him frightened him, and he said to himself: "This will never do. Such a feeling might lead a man to murder another." Then set his teeth together and went home to breakfast quite calmly.

"Why don't you eat your breakfast, Jerry?"

"I do, mother." A few mouthfuls stick in Jerry's throat.

"How is your milldam, Jerry?"

"Gone."

"Broken? Why, there hasn't been any rain!"

Jerry tries to swallow the lump, winks very fast and shakes his head.

At last he says, very loud:

"Somebody—" But the next thing is, he jumps up and runs out of doors for fear his mother will hug him and cry over him.

At school he observes some secret excitement all around, and at noon spell a friend whispers:

"Big Bill has got one of your water-wheels in his pocket."

What could he do? Attack the great brute and get a beating in addition to the other injury? Complain to the teachers? Appeal to the other boys? Complain to Big Bill's low father? Tell his own mother? Al! vain, vain, impossible, useless. The weak and inoffensive are the sport and prey of the strong oppressor; men side with the wicked, and God lets him flourish.

He asked his Uncle John's advice.

"Well, Jerry, I'd like to catch Big Bill and lace him within an inch of his life. If you say so I'll go and see his father and tell him about it, and that if he doesn't lick Bill I will. What do you say?

The picture of Bill writhing and howling under merited punishment was very alluring. But then, not coming straight from him, the injured one, it would not be perfect. Then, too, Bill's father, Capt. Grimes, was a strong, tall, long-armed, hard-hitting gang foreman, who had stopped a fight in the gang by knocking down both combatants. He had been made captain of the Buckram Artillery because he could crook his elbow under the muzzle of the cannon and lift the wheels right off the ground. Suppose—but that would be too dreadful! So Jerry just shook his head in silence.

"Then, Jerry, there's another way to look at it. This is a good chance for you to show manliness, endurance, ability to keep cool and bide your time."

So thought Jerry, and so he did. And, in fact, he noticed in the days that followed that the boys didn't side with Big Bill so awfully much. A good many paid more attention to him than they did to Bill.

Fourth of July was at hand. There was to be a picnic in the asylum grounds, singing, band playing, speeches, cannon firing and dinner in the grove. The deaf-and-dumbs would march in procession, and some of the older ones go through their silent pantomime theatricals. Jerry got up the mare when he turned out the cows, and after rubbing her down and giving her a feed of corn she looked really pretty well when she was hitched to the wagon. (Some strings showed where the harness was mended, but Jerry inked them all over.) Mother and Uncle John and he got in and drove to the grounds with all the other folks on foot and in wagons and carriages; more than the road would hold, almost. After Dolly was tied to the fence uncle took the basket in one hand and the cold coffee in the other and mother took the shawls.

"Jerry, you bring the umbrella."

"Oh, mother! The old, big umbrella?"

"Jerry! My son!"

"But mother, it's almost as tall as I am!"

"Very well, Jerry. Give it to me—I'll carry it." And she threw all the wraps over on her other arm and held out her hand. Of course Jerry kept the horrid old umbrella. Uncle John and mother went straight on towards the picnic arbor, but Jerry lingered to see the crowd gather. A few minutes later he was sorry he had done so, for big Bill Grimes came along and shouted:

"Hello, Old Umberell! Where ye goin' with that little boy?"

The people filled the grounds. The cannon was standing, loaded and ready, a little way back; its horses, harnessed to the limber, stationed not far behind it. The long procession of deaf-and-dumbs of all sizes, oldest at the front and the small toddlers (a great deal shorter, some of them, even than Jerry) following after. Some of the oldest of them were scattered along the line to keep the others in order, while the head-masters lead the array, and the other teachers brought up the rear. It was a glorious sight, altogether.

Bang!

That's the signal for the beginning of the celebration. How the people near the cannon are shouting and scream.

But what is it they are saying?

"Heigh! Heigh! Whoa! Whoa! Stop them horses! Stop 'em before they kill somebody!"

The team, with the heavy two-wheeled limber behind them, have been startled by the cannon shot, and are tearing along at full gallop right this way. Jerry isn't frightened—he can get out of the way easily enough, but—oh dear!—they are headed right for the middle of the line of the poor deaf-and-dumbs who can't hear a word! There comes the principal running back and waving his arms; but they only look at him, not behind them. Can Jerry get to the line and make a break in it before the team gets there? He can try. Run, run, run, Jerry, to save those helpless innocents! If it weren't for the horrid big umbrella—but if he drops it they'll run over it. Big Bill could save 'em if he had sense enough. This is a case where mind doesn't help, does it? Doesn't it?

Quick as a flash, mind comes to the rescue, and matter takes a back seat, where it belongs.

Jerry hears the rattle of harness behind him (the wheels are almost silent on the soft ground), he turns, faces the crazy horses, stoops down between their course and the line of children, grasps the umbrella handle with his right hand, shakes it loose as he has done so many, many times before, and when they are almost on to him opens it wide and—

The near horse swerves across the course of the other, who runs him down and falls over him. There they lie in a struggling heap, the limber swung half round, turned over on its side and the cartridges all rolling and tumbling out of the box.

"Glad I had the old umbrella, after all," he thinks as he shuts it up. "But what are they all making such a fuss about? Here comes Capt. Grimes, looking as if he were crazy! Is he mad because I scared his team! They'd have killed a lot of the deaf-and-dumbs in less than a quarter of a minute. And here comes the principal shouting, 'Where's the boy with the umbrella?' He won't blame me, anyhow."

Capt. Grimes gets to him first, seizes him by the arms, hugs him and lifts him up square on his back, one short leg over each shoulder. And he shouts:

"Here you are, professor! Here's the young hero! That's the kind of a boy we grow on the Western reserve."

"Capt. Grimes, hadn't you better put me down and tend to your horses?"

"Oh, hang the hosses!" (He didn't say "hang," but he was a rough man, though he had a good heart.)

Why, if you'll believe me, they made Jerry sit on the platform, umbrella and all, and whenever they spoke of him the people cheered until they were hoarse, and he could see his mother sitting with her handkerchief to her eyes almost all the time, while people kept crowding around and shaking hands with her and Uncle John; and uncle John was fairly red in the face with cheering and excitement. Jerry was glad when eating time came and he could go to his mother and give Uncle John the umbrella, because uncle had nothing to carry now. Only he felt foolish at the top of the long table when the people all banged their knives on the table and the band played

See, the conquering hero comes.

Any time while Capt. Grimes was carrying him pick-a-pack he could have whispered: "Bill spoiled my mill dam." But he didn't, and he has never said a word about it from that day to this.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

SUNSET PASS;

—OR,—

Running the Gauntlet Through Apache Land.

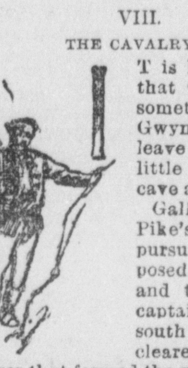
BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTER," "A WAR-TIME WOOING," ETC.

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VIII.

THE CAVALRY.



IT is high time now that we should hear something of Capt. Gwynne himself, and leave for a time our little garrison in the cave at Sunset Pass.

Galloping away on Pike's horse in close pursuit, as he supposed, of Manuelito and the mules, the captain had turned south the moment he cleared the rocky buttresses that formed the western gateway to the pass. He had reasoned that the Mexican would not dare go back along the road on which they came, because in so doing he must infallibly run straight into the Apaches, who were following in pursuit.

Knowing, as did Pike, that Manuelito was well acquainted with the short cut through the mountains down to the valley of the Verde, miles to the south of the winding and roundabout way on which they were compelled to come by road! knowing, too, that this trail was far to the south of where they had seen the Indian's signal fires, Gwynne's whole idea seemed to be that Manuelito would take the shortest line to reach that rough but easily known trail.

He did not hesitate, then, a moment in turning short to the south, and riding confidently along to the western foothills, expecting every moment to hear the bray of the mules or the sound of their hoof beats.

Just what to do with Manuelito himself he had not yet determined: but it was his purpose to force him back to camp at the point of the pistol, if necessary; then to bind him to the wagon, make him drive, at least until they reached Fort Wingate, over in New Mexico, beyond the Navajo reservation, and turn him over there to the military authorities for such disposition as they might choose to make of him.

Mile after mile, however, the captain rode without hearing one of the anticipated sounds, and the further he rode the lighter it grew. Far down to the south, now, he could dimly see objects that looked like four-footed creatures, moving rapidly. Believing that they could be nothing but Manuelito and the mules, he put spurs to his weary horse and pushed rapidly in pursuit. Five miles further he rode, and by that time the sun was up, but the objects of which he had been in pursuit had disappeared from his sight, and looking around him he could see nowhere sign of hoof or any trail that would indicate that the mules had come that way. However, as he might be anywhere from 10 yards to 10 miles from the exact line Manuelito travelled, this gave him no concern. He decided that he would push on until he came upon the cavalry trail up which he had ridden a year before on an expedition with their good guide Siever to Chevelon's Fork.

Riding, therefore, still further to the south, he pursued his search for an hour further, and then came suddenly upon a sight that thrilled his heart with hope and joy. Right before him, coming across the southern edge of the plateau, and winding up the mountains to the left, was an unmistakable cavalry trail, not more than a day or two old. Evidently some troop was out from Verde, and had taken the old short cut to Chavelon's Fork, expecting by that route to make the quickest time to the Sunset crossing of the Colorado river. In all probability this was one of the troops coming out in search of and to succor him and his party.

Reining his jaded horse to the left, the captain rapidly followed on the trail. All thought of pursuing Manuelito further was abandoned. His sole object was to overtake as quickly as possible the little command of cavalry that he knew to be in his path, and hope, if he could not find the scouting party, was to make his way along the east side of the range back to the litle camp in Sunset Pass.

The poor horse braced his fore feet and stiffened his knees, and came skating over the loose slate after him. All went tolerably well until they were about 200 feet from the rushing waters of the fork, foaming and surling over the rocks below, and there, coming upon a sharp point around which they had to make their way. Gwynne had taken only three or four steps downward and was abreast to him and speak encouragingly again to "Mac," when the horse's fore feet seemed to shoot from under him; he rallied, gathered himself, stumbled and then, plunging heavily forward, crashed down upon his master, rolled completely over him and then went sliding and pawing desperately to the edge of the rocky precipice, over which he shot a huge living bowlder and fell with a thud upon the jagged rocks below.

For some minutes Gwynne lay where he had been hurled, stunned and senseless, then he slowly revived; found that his left arm was severely wrenched and bruised, and that the blood was streaming from a long gash in his forehead. Slowly and painfully he made his way to the foot of the steep, bathed his head in the cool waters and bound it up as well as he could with his big silk handkerchief. He was fainter, weaker now than he had been before, but never for an instant could he forget the little ones at the Pass.

"Oh, God help me and bring me back to them in time," he prayed, and then holding his maimed left arm in his right hand, and with one backward look up the canon at the now lifeless carcass of poor "Mac," he staggered wearily on, following the trail of the cavalry.

Late that evening, just as darkness was setting down over the valley of the Colorado Chiquito, the soldiers of a little detachment, chatting gleefully around their bivouac fires and sipping their fragrant coffee, were startled by the sudden sight of a man with ghastly, blood-stained features and dress who reeled blindly into their midst and then fell forward upon his face, to all appearances dead.

Some of them, believing Indians to be upon them, sprang for their arms, others bent to the aid of the stricken man. They turned him over on his back; brought water and bathed the blood from his face and then a sergeant cried:

"My God! What can have happened? It's Capt. Gwynne! Here, Murphy, call the lieutenant, quick!"

In an instant the young officer commanding the party came running to the scene and bent breathlessly over the senseless form.

"It is Capt. Gwynne," he said, "bring more water. Go to my pack, one of you, and get the sponge you'll find there. Fetch me my flask, too. Which way did he come? Did none of you see?"

"None, sir. The first we knew he was right over us; he never spoke a word, but fell like a log."

And then the rough-looking, bearded, anxious faces hovered about the prostrate man. His heart beats were so faint that the young officer was terribly alarmed. No surgeon was with the little party, and he hardly knew what to do. The whiskey forced down Gwynne's throat seemed powerless to revive him. Full an hour he lay almost motionless, then little by little the pulse grew firmer and respiration audible. At last there was a long, deep sigh, but still he did not open his eyes.

Consciousness returned only very slowly, and when Mr. Hunter had called him by name time and again and begged him to speak, he sighed even more deeply than before, the lids slowly drew back, and the almost sightless eyes looked feebly around. Then, with sudden flash of memory, the poor captain strove to rise. "My babies!" he moaned, "my babies!"

"Where did you leave them, captain? Tell us. I'll send for them instantly," said Hunter. "Sergeant, saddle up right off. This means something."

"More whiskey, a long draught, and more cold water presently revived him so that he could speak collectedly.

"I left them with Pike—in the Pass. My Mexican ran away with the mules—followed and found your trail—my horse fell on me and then rolled over a precipice—killed. I've come on foot ever since."

"Thank God, you're here safe anyhow. Now lie still. I'll leave a guard with you and we'll go as fast as we can through the darkness and find Ned and Nellie."

"No, no! I must go. I will go, too. See, I can stand. Give me a horse."

And so, finding him determined and rapidly regaining strength, Hunter made the captain eat all he could bear to swallow then, and stowing more food in their saddle-bags, away went the gallant little troop hurrying through the star-lit night for Sunset Pass and rescue.

But the road was long; road or trail there was none. Over rugged height, through deep ravine they forced their way, but not until all the sky was blushing in the east did they come to the old Wingate road, and the gloomy entrance to the pass. Up they rode at a steady trot, Gwynne and Hunter leading, and, at a sudden turn of the road, far in toward the western side, their horses recoiled, snorting with fear, from a heap of smouldering embers, in the midst of which lay a fearful something—the charred and hissing body of a human being.

Gwynne groaned aloud at the sight and then drove his horse up a rocky pathway to the left, the others following. There lay the smoking ruins of an ambulance with scraps of clothing heaped about on every side and here the stricken father's waning strength left him entirely. With one heart-broken cry: "My babies—my little ones, They are gone! gone!" He was only saved



A MAN, WITH GHASTLY, BLOOD-STAINED FEATURES, REELED BLINDLY INTO THEIR MIDST.

then to guide them by the shortest line back to Sunset Pass, and to the defence of the dear ones there awaiting him. If he had good luck he might catch them before they had gone many miles. The trail he knew would speedily lead him over into the valley of Chevelon Fork, and following this they would emerge on the east side of the mountain.

On, on he rode, urging his horse as rapidly as it was possible for him to go over the rocky broken trail. Two hours' ride brought him no nearer apparently to the comrades he was pursuing. Three hours' ride brought him down into the valley of Chevelon Fork and half way through the range. It was not until 1 o'clock that he found himself at such a point that he could look forward and see part of the country toward the Colorado Chiquito; but not a vestige of the cavalry or pack train was anywhere in sight, and his horse was now so weary that he could only answer with a groan the touch of the spur, and could not by any possibility accelerate his speed. Two o'clock came, and the anxious father found himself he knew not how many miles away from Sunset Pass—away from the children so anxiously praying for him and awaiting his coming.

He was growing faint from long fasting, and the horse was so jaded that the captain dismounted and was fairly towing him along behind him with the bridle-rein. In this way they had slowly and painfully climbed a steep and rocky ascent where the trail seemed to make a short cut across a deep bend of the stream, and, reaching the summit, they stopped to rest, panting hard with fatigue. Again the captain resorted to his little glasses and looked long and eagerly over the broad stretch of country to the east, but it was all in vain. No living creatures were in sight.

Directly in front, the trail wound downwards over an incline so steep that it looked as though horses and mules could never have made those hoof tracks, but that only goats could have gone that way. The poor old bay looked piteously at his master as though imploring him not to force him to undertake that steep descent, but Gwynne could show no mercy now. He had come too far to turn back. His only from falling by the prompt action of two stalwart troopers.

In 10 minutes—supporting the fainting soldier as best they could—the detachment was marching rapidly westward.

"Sieber with the scouts can't be farther away than Jarvis' Pass. We'll meet him," said Hunter to his sergeant, "and trail these scoundrels to their holes."

His words were true. Before 10 o'clock they had met, not only Sieber, but Turner's troop from Verde, coming full tilt, and Gwynne was now turned over to the doctor's care.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHILOSOPHY.

[Somerville Journal.]

I.

When worries and troubles surround you,
Don't fret.
Go to work!
You will always have trouble around you,
You bet!
If you shirk.
The man who is busy his worry forgets,
His mind isn't harassed by thoughts of his debts,
And the harder he works the more happy he gets,
Till he's gay as a Turk.

II.

If Fortune won't smile let her frown, if
She will.
Never mind!
Don't sulk and look wholly cast down if
She still
Seems unkind.
If you smile at her soon she will smile back at you,
You are certain to win her if you will pursue
Her with cheerful persistence and hope ever new,
And then solace you'll find.

III.

The world doesn't care for your woes,
Oh, no!
Not a bit!
The man who is wise never shows
His foe
That he's hit.
Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own,
He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone,
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan,
So take warning and quit.

An Extemporaneous Proposal.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Miss Liftwich—And what is your castle in the air, Mr. Trimble?

Mr. Trimble (passionately)—A Harlem flat, with you as its queen, Penelope Augusta.

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Boston Pilot	2.50	3.00
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Critic Literary Reviews	3.00	3.50
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Cincinnati Weekly Times	1.00	1.75
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Christian Union	3.00	3.60
Cottage Hearth	1.50	2.60
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" Family Magazine	1.50	2.30
" Quiver	1.50	2.30
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.10
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Chautauqua Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.00
Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.60
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.30
Domestic Monthly, with premiums.	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	1.90
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Farm, Field and Stockman	1.50	2.60
Farm Journal	.50	1.30
Fireside Companion	3.00	3.60
Floral Cabinet	1.25	2.00
Folio (Musical)	1.60	2.00
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.25
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.50
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.75	2.50
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.10
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	.50	1.40
Gardner's Monthly	2.00	2.50
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.60
Golden Argosy	4.00	4.50
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Locomotive Engineer	1.00	1.85
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Littell's Living Age	8.00	8.00
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N. Y. Weekly Post	1.00	1.75
N. Y. Weekly World	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Sun	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Herald	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
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New York Witness	1.00	1.90
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Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Phrenological Journal, without pre.	2.00	2.55
Pansy	1.00	1.80
Phrenological Journal, with prem.	2.15	2.70
Practical Farmer	2.00	2.10
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.60
Popular Science News	1.00	1.85
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.00
Presbyterian Review	3.00	3.60
Philadelphia Weekly Times	1.00	1.80
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
Philadelphia Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.75
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
BOSTON, MASS.

DIME MUSEUMS.

Instructors and Banishers of the "Blues."

How Freaks Are Made and the Salary They Get.

How the Fakirs Do Their Tricks—Anecdotes and Reminiscences.

Although dime museums did not originate in Boston, they have found in this city congenial atmosphere and more congenial shekels. Time was when it was decidedly unfashionable to invest 10 cents in the well-thumbed pasteboard which admits "to an accumulated aggregation of curiosities and a stage entertainment by renowned artists." At present, however, it is considered not only fashionable, but almost necessary, in order to instruct one's self in the marvels of zoology as revealed in phenomenal freaks and the myriad orders of animal life. Science has given its approval in an elaborate dissertation which appeared in a leading magazine a few years ago, wherein the writer extolled the dime museum as an invaluable annex to institutions of learning.

Whoever, therefore, visits a Boston dime museum with the broad purpose of enlarging his sphere of knowledge will not be disappointed. To the young, therefore, I would say, if you wish to fix in your minds many or all the good things gleaned from books relating to wild or domestic animals, savage or civilized men, go, in company with an elder person, to the dime museum. There are several in town, and by a perusal of THE GLOBE you can learn what is to be seen at each. To be sure there are some things which will not interest or, perhaps, increase your store of knowledge. But under the direction of a companion you will be able to make a good selection and get solid instruction.

If you wish to be amused you certainly will not be disappointed, as the museums are well supplied with stage people who have abandoned the usual walks of life for the purpose of imparting to you some of their fun and merriment. You know it has been ever the aim of the most successful teachers to mix a little humor with pure instruction, so that pupils may not lose interest and say

The Lesson is Too Dry.

I need not tell you that THE GLOBE'S good humor has done much to make it the greatest paper in New England, and one of the greatest in the world. Hence, there is no more welcome visitor in the family; for while your father, no matter what his politics, reads THE GLOBE for the news; and mother reads it for the splendid events in society, fashion notes and household information, the young folks find in it articles from the ablest pens on topics of special interest to youth.

Though not a regular visitor at the museums, I spent a great part of a week in them as a spectator, and I propose to tell my readers some of the most amusing and instructive things which I witnessed or heard.

Near the ticket office of the first museum visited stands what I at first sight thought was a policeman, so natural were costume and attitude. A closer look revealed that it was only the figure of a man in wax dressed in policeman's clothes. Near by, in the lobby, were large pictures of the curiosities to be seen within, oil paintings, photographs and big signs in praise of the show. All these things caused my mind to roam back to my native town, where I saw the big circus tent and the smaller side-show tents. They used to charge 25 cents to see the circus, and 15 to see the side show. So anxious was I to see the clown's pranks and hear his songs, and watch the horses perform, that I spent my quarter for the afternoon performance, against my parents' wishes, for they desired me to go with them in the evening. But, boy-like, I was rash, and went to the circus in the afternoon; so when evening's shadows fell I was alone, and wished I had saved my quarter that I might accompany my parents.

How My Heart Beat

when I heard the band play, and I knew the procession was entering the ring! and I on he outside! If it wasn't a sin I believe I should have tried to steal under the canvas. Some boys used to steal under the canvas, but they were bad boys. Other boys tried to steal under the canvas, but got caught. They were bad boys, too. I guess my father was afraid I might try to steal in, for to quiet me he gave me 15 cents and told me to go to the side show. Great joy!

I took my eyes off the big tent, closed my ears to the brass band, and with mouth wide open listened to the man on a box who was praising the side show. Now and then he pointed to a great canvas painting on which were pictures of the fat lady, the Circassian girls, the living skeleton, ballet dancers and a peculiar looking horse which seemed to have wool for hair and also had horns. From the little tent came the piping notes of a hand-organ.

After a while the music ceased, and the man on the box raised his right arm, pointed to the tent and began his speech, every word of which is printed in bold-face type on my memory. He had a red face and a blonde mustache, and from beneath the latter came a shrill voice that said:

"Pass right this way, ladies and gentlemen, and view the great accumulated aggregation of curiosities on the inside! We have here the living skeleton, 27 years old, weight 59 pounds, who lives on a cracker a week and talks of love and human affairs like many a stronger man. Beside him sits the fat lady, who weighs 600 pounds, and the ring on her little finger will go round a flour barrel; also 60 young ladies, collected from the various theatres and opera houses throughout the United States, in their grand ballet every half hour; 3000 feet of rolling canvas showing the battles of Concord and Lexington, together with a dioramic, panoramic view of Dante's dream of the inferno. We have also the horned-woolly horse, discovered in the wilds of Arizona, where human footstep never trod before, and brought to this country at the enormous expense of $500,000 by myself and Mr. Barnum! and all for the

Simple Sum of a Dime

and a half! And you have ample time to view this great accumulated aggregation of curiosities before the opening of the large show under the mammoth canvas this evening!"

Of course I believed what he said and passed in. To say that it was not as good a show as you may now see in the museums for 10 cents is only putting it mildly. Indeed, there can be no comparison between the old-time side show and the Boston dime museum. In the latter the lecturer is a man thoroughly informed in natural history.

At least this is true of the lecturer in the first museum visited. He is called the prince of museum lecturers, and won great fame with Barnum. He is known as Prof. Hutchings, and is probably the best known man in Boston. The only regret is that his lectures are so eloquent and rapid I am unable to reproduce one of them word for word, therefore can only outline his style of language and manner of delivery. He stands on the platform beside the freaks and other attractions, and the time having arrived for his remarks begins by introducing his subject.

I heard him speak first on Graham, the man who went over Niagara falls in a barrel. Graham stood up when the professor called his name. At his feet lay the barrel in which the daring man lay as the roaring surge swept him into the eddying pool, amid the jagged rocks. The professor described the mass of water in a masterly way, and his vivid picture of Graham's great feat is something to be remembered.

The Circassian girls with their growths of hair as big as the low tree in which the thrushes build their nests are next introduced in appropriate words. But when the professor comes to introduce Low—Low, the Congo pianist and singer—he makes a great plea for the African, and eulogizes Wilberforce, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Lavigne for their efforts in behalf of an abused people. The South Sea Islanders, in native costume and war paint, "who have seen the smoke of human sacrifice ascending to the skies," are good subjects for the professor's eloquence. The professor, as well as the attractions, is always ready to answer questions, so that when the lecture is finished one may go around and in turn interview the man who walks on glass, the man with the iron jaw, Mr. Burke, who has performing dogs, and the others previously mentioned.

Mr. Burke's Dogs,

by the way, are interesting creatures endowed with rare intelligence. Besides performing all the tricks which your dog may have been taught, they give an exhibition of tumbling just like that given by men in a circus. Moreover, with their front paws encased in tiny boxing gloves, they give a sparring exhibition which has none of the brutality too frequently connected with fights in which human beings are the participants. After they have performed, Mr. Burke will tell you how he trained them, how he feeds them and how he keeps them from quarrelling, all of which is very interesting.

Somewhat attracted by the man with the iron jaw, I asked him if he did not hurt his teeth to lift barrels in his peculiar way, for he will seize a barrel between his teeth and without the aid of hands or anything else raise it up in the air. The only assistance he has is a strap attached to the end of the barrel. The latter rests on a chair, but seized by the iron jaw is lifted up as easily as if it were a T. D. pipe. In the same way huge blocks of iron are raised. In answer to my question he said:

"Lifting does not hurt my teeth or jaws. The lifting part is done by the muscles of the neck. I grip the strap tightly, then



A CIRCASSIAN.

throw back my head by the muscles of my neck, which are very strong." Continuing to speak of himself he said: "It was by accident I discovered that I was strong. I was fooling with a barrel of flour one day, when to my surprise I found I could handle it as easily as some could a salt box."

There have been several men called "the Man with the Iron Jaw;" but, as you have seen, the great strength is not in the jaw, but in the neck.

"The Man with the Iron Jaw," whom I interviewed, was born in England, and has been exhibiting for about five years.

When the crowd left the lecture room to see the stage show, I cast my glances around to see what the different curiosities were doing. The South Sea Islanders busied themselves blowing bubbles, the Circassian girls were eating peanut candy, the glass dancer seemed to be enjoying a nap, the

Man With the Iron Jaw

was reading a story book, the Congo pianist was studying a new piece of music, and Mr. Burke's dogs were asleep in their chairs. An Edison phonograph no bigger than a sewing machine now played "Duffy's Cart," the sharp click of a hammer was heard from the shooting gallery, and great applause followed, for some one had made a bull's eye or broken a glass ball.

Pretty soon the orchestra struck up an inspiring tune and as the strains came to my ears I was filled with a desire to go into the apartment known as the theatre and see the stage performance. The 10 cents paid at the ticket office admitted me, if I choose to stand up. But on payment of five cents more I was provided with an orchestra seat. To the music of a cornet, piano and violin, a plump girl flitted upon the stage. She was arrayed in sailor costume, and announced that her lover was expected home from sea, and that she was going to make him angry by saying that she was engaged to Johnny Jones.

Then she sung a song and vanished. Immediately the sailor appeared, and after announcing his name and place of business gave a peculiar signal, which brought back the girl, who welcomed him with a tiny kiss. The kiss was so tiny that the sailor knew something was wrong. In answer to his questions the girl told him that she was engaged to Johnny Jones. This riled the sailor, so he vanished. But he finally came back and was undeceived. Then followed a pretty little dialogue and a duet well rendered. I afterward learned that the girl had only recently been in an opera company, but had suffered serious injury to her voice from pneumonia. Her partner, by the way, was also a girl, but looked every inch a sailor in her natty costume.

Two men with well-worn tall hats and canes next stepped forward and declared that they were "Two Old Cuckoos." They sang and danced well, the refrain of their principal song being:

We let the time go by
Like the twinkle of your eye,
We never trouble sorrow, grief or pain.
The shawows of today
Will surely pass away,
And tomorrow will be sunshine once again.

A young man in a dress suit who played different pieces on a harmonica, and gave imitations of various birds and animals, took well. In fact the whole programme, which was too long for repetition here, was favorably received. The house was packed, and in the audience I noticed fathers and mothers with their little ones, young

Fellows and Their Girls,

young fellows without girls, and young girls without fellows, and this was the first performance, which began at 11 o'clock. If thus the museums, thought I, are crowded at this hour in the morning, surely they must be overcrowded in the evening. The manager told me that there was a constant attendance during the day, and that rain did not keep the crowd away. Rather, it drove them in, and ripened the harvest of the dime museum men.

One of the attractive things I witnessed in the second museum visited was the hatching of chickens by artificial heat. The apparatus is placed in such a position that you can view the egg's condition, first after it has been five days in the machine; or, more strictly speaking, you can see first an egg that has been five days exposed to the artificial heat. Blood and veins are noticed at this stage. An egg that has been 10 days



LIZARD-EATER.

exposed shows the heart and other organs, while in one that has been 15 days under the influence of the heat is seen the outlines of the little chick. The lecturer explains all this and more, and then shows you the chickens that have been hatched by this machine, now carefully coddled by a large maltese cat, and, although the cat will pounce upon mice with the avidity of a ferocious animal, chickens are his pets, and, not only does he keep them warm, but, moreover, he watches them carefully.

There is a snake-charmer in this same museum, who goes into a cage and plays with 50 rattlesnakes. Several of them have bitten him, and you can see the marks. Nevertheless, John McConnell, for that is the snake-charmer's name, persists in cultivating the acquaintance of these reptiles. The way the lecturer refers to John is pathetic. "In his boyhood's mountain home," he says, "he had no playmates, and therefore made friends with the poisonous vipers of the forest."

This makes John laugh, for John looks like a fellow who would find a playmate, if he had to go to church for one. I asked John if whiskey was good for snake bites, and he replied that it was not. He said that if a man, thoroughly drunk from whiskey, should get bitten by a rattlesnake the poison of the latter might not take effect; but to give a man liquor after he was bitten was useless, the poison travelled through the system so rapidly. A man in the audience told me that he had seen Indians in one of the Territories

Dip Their Arrows

in rattlesnake poison. He said that after they captured the snakes they bound them. This done they began to torture them until the snakes were ready to throw out the poison which is secreted in little sacs in the roof of the mouth. Next the Indians threw to the snakes a liver of some animal. Enraged the serpents ejected the poison upon the liver. In a moment the liver would begin to turn green from the action of the poison, whereupon the Indians dipped their arrows in it.

I asked how it was that John McConnell did not get fatally poisoned. He replied that rattlesnakes never bite without first giving warning in the shape of their peculiar rattle. Even when they do bite the bite is harmless unless they eject into the wound some poison from the sacs. He believed that John was cute enough to let go of the reptiles in time to avoid serious consequences.

Near the snake charmer was a young man of low stature called 'Broncho Charley.' He amused the audience by eating glass, carpet tacks, nails and living gold fishes. He and the snake charmer are great friends. Many still are skeptical about the diet of such as Broncho Charley. They say he does not eat the glass and tacks. But I am assured on good authority that there is no sleight-of-hand about it. I am also informed that these glass-eaters are obliged daily to take medicine in order to prevent obstructions in stomach or intestines.

The cabinet trick, performed by a young man of good address and pleasing features, was a very amusing attraction. The young man was securely tied to a chair, and put in a cabinet. As soon as the curtain was closed, one moment afterwards, bells began to ring. When the curtain was pulled aside, the young man was still in the chair tied. He laughed heartily as he declared that spirits had rung the bells. Everybody knew the young man had rung the bells himself, but the question was how did he get loose and tie himself again. Finally he agreed to take a spectator into the cabinet with him. It was some time before a spectator was found who would accept the invitation. At length one entered the cabinet. He was made to sit with his back to the performer, who, therefore, made these remarks:

"Ladies and gentlemen—In order that you may not think this man

A Confederate of Mine

I will tie his hands behind him so that he cannot assist me, if he would. Moreover, if, when the cabinet is opened you find his throat cut from ear to ear you will know that he did not do it himself."

The cabinet was closed. In a moment, as before, the bells inside were rung. Then the cabinet was opened. The spectator's coat was pulled half way off, his trousers and drawers were rolled up to the knees, and, on the whole, he looked so comical the audience laughed heartily.

The chair is the thing that enables the performer to do these tricks successfully. It is a chair that will come apart nicely when a certain spring is touched. In this way the back of the chair may be removed, when it is an easy matter to slip off the cords. At least, this is one way in which the trick is done.

Another trick that puzzles many is that done by a blindfolded girl, assisted by a male confederate. The latter moves among the audience, and whatever you show him the blindfolded girl will recognize. You hand him a foreign coin.

"Name me this," he says.

"It's a piece of money," she replies.

"Kind?"

"It's a foreign coin," she answers correctly.

By further questions he can get her to tell the date on the coin.

The trick is simple enough. You know that in any audience the articles likely to be carried in the pocket are matches, money, keys, pencils, watches, etc. Now the performer and her confederate have it so arranged that from the manner in which he speaks, by what he says, and his inflection, she knows what the article is. If she really



A TANK QUEEN.

saw the article, as she claims, it would not be necessary for a confederate to see it.

There are two houses in town which have large tanks containing several young girls who give swimming exhibitions. It was supper time when I stood by one of these tanks in which water is about four feet deep. The water was quite warm and the girls told me that they never take cold. Their supper was floated to them on a little raft, and consisted of coffee, griddle cakes, bread, butter and eggs.

The Principal Swimmer

gave an exhibition of different styles of swimming in a very creditable manner. Her graceful movements in the water, particularly when she gave an imitation of rescuing a drowning person, were loudly applauded and the act itself was very instructive. Her diving, however, was not a good exhibition. I should not speak of it if the lecturer had not introduced it as quite a feat. The lady herself, being an expert diver, told me, with candor, that the water was not deep enough for an exhibition dive. She was quite right.

I am of the opinion that these tank exhibitions may stimulate the fair sex generally to acquire the healthful and graceful art of swimming. I know no more useful or delightful exercise. It trains the muscles of the arms and legs, gives one confidence in self and makes one feel that love for nature which Byron felt when he breasted the waters of the Hellespont.

While I think of it I will say something about the performers and freaks, their relation to society in general, their hopes, their disappointments and their salaries. It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good, says the adage. Right you are, adage; for out of the grand array of freaks at present in the museum world at least a dozen are the children of misfortune, bowed down by disease, which twisted them on a wheel of Ixion until they are unrecognizable as members of the human family. Mr. Bass, the ossified man, lay on a bed of pain for years, the charge of a brother who kindly tried to make his existence tolerable. But the brother died, and the invalid was apparently helpless. The world knew him not; aye, seemingly neglected him. I say seemingly, for the world did not know that he was. When the world did learn of his existence it hastened to his bed of pain. But the bed was no longer in the old house in the far-off country home; it was on the platform of a dime museum. His ossification is now worth $300 a week.

Then there is the woman with

The Big Feet.

Think of the burden! For years a sufferer from elephantiasis, a disease that amplifies infants into giants. It takes great oaks some time to grow from little acorns; but elephantiasis swells the body, feet and all quicker than slight success swells some men's heads. Thus, a woman who had to shun friends because she feared she might step on them, has now the whole world at her feet. And she gets not less than $300 a week.

Again, the living mummy, bedridden for 27 years, now pays his bills like a little man. Many a well man can't do that.

I never met more modest people than the Circassian girls. One of them, Hazel Jackson, is quite pretty and quite surprised me with her dignity. Although she is stared at from morning till night, she never seems to notice the admiring glances thrust upon her. And when she gets her salary, which is $25 a week, she settles her accounts and puts the remainder in the bank like any other freak.

The first thing a freak has to learn is to receive with indifference the stare of the crowd. It takes a fresh freak about a month to learn the lesson. They all like Boston, and say that the managers and attaches are gentlemen and that the crowds are usually lavish in compliments or sympathy, but

Never Unkind.

If anybody anxious to become a freak will peruse the following weekly salary list he may learn just what said freakship will be worth to him:

Ordinary pair of dwarfs, $40 apiece.
Ordinary fat woman, $75.
Ossified white man, $300.
Ossified African, $200.
Human ostriches, that is men who eat glass, tacks, fishes, etc., $25 to $75.
Fire eaters, $40.
Snake charmers, $40.
Living skeletons, $30.
Skeleton dudes, $200.
Men with iron jaws, $35.
First man to go over Niagara falls in a barrel, $500.
Second man to do the same thing, $150.
First man to go over Niagara falls without a barrel will get killed. If he don't he can have $2000 a week.
Zarate, the smallest of human beings, probably got an immense salary, possibly $700.

Men and women who take part in the stage performance do not, as one might suppose, belong to a giddy or a reckless class. They average in morals and success about the same as other mortals. I have seen them behind the scenes, on the street, in their homes and on the stage, and I speak for them the patient hearing Boston always accords strangers within its mythical gates. If you are inclined to find fault with these actors and actresses on the dime stages, remember that they earn their living in this way, that they try hard and that they do afford big slices of pleasure to men, women and children who, albeit they may not know anything about fine

Comedy or Lofty Tragedy,

are entitled to have a good time in their own way.

I am told that the highest salary paid on the dime stage to any one person is $50. There are performers who don't get over $25, while the struggling aspirant, who is put on only to fill in, may not get $15. The management reserves the right to reduce salaries after a performer's first appearance. So, if a man is hired for $50 a week and "does a turn" that palls on the audience like the contents of a burst hose, he may, after the "turn" either be discharged or put on the sick list at pension rates.

I almost forgot to mention the fact that some of the attractions in museums are not on the salary list. For a consideration of several dollars a week they are permitted to amuse the spectators and then sell certain wares. Lightning crayon artists do this to some extent. They will take a picture of some one in the crowd for about 25 cents and in this way eke out a living. There are lightning artists, however, who perform on the stage at a regular salary. Now and then a lightning calculator is permitted to show his skill on the payment of a weekly stipend. He may get his money back by selling books which purport to teach anybody to do problems in arithmetic as readily as the lightning calculator himself.

I asked a manager to explain to me the origin of dime museums, and he referred me back to the old-time cattle show. At the latter exhibition were to be seen the largest pumpkins, five-legged cows, pigs weighing 1500 pounds, gigantic oxen and other wonders in animal or vegetable life. At length human freaks began to be shown, until the circus side show became a more profitable field.

It is not a dozen years since the first successful dime show opened in Boston, although there was a sort of dime museum as early as 1859. However, the forerunner of the present dime museum was opened in a Hanover street building about 10 years ago by men who are still identified with the show business. At that period several shows from New York were put on exhibition, but their existence was as brief as a summer frost. The stage entertainment was added some time afterward and was insignificant. At present it is the cream of dime-museum milk. Wax works were also added, and are now to be seen at at least two houses in the shape of Sullivan and Kilrain in the ring and Cleopatra at the bath. The menagerie, which is to be found in many museums, is really a child of the circus if, indeed, it is not the great grandfather of all shows.

Is there money in the dime museum business for proprietors? That depends. A skilful man in Boston, with a good business head, can make $10,000 a year. Abler men might make more. I am told that the profits of the various dime shows in this town run from $10,000 to $40,000 a year. One man may make $60,000 this year.

E. F. BURNS.

STELLA.

BY M. G. H.

Mr. Crosby was completely out of patience, and no wonder. It seemed to him as if no teacher had ever been so tried, and that never in all his experience had he had charge of so unruly a school. The ringleader in all the mischief that was constantly brewing was the oldest of his lady pupils, Stella Parker, a pretty brown-eyed girl of 15.

It was near the close of a warm June day, and it seemed that he had never had a day or scholars so trying. This day had been worse than any other.

At last he said:

"I have never yet struck a pupil in this school, and I hope I never shall; but I now give notice that I shall ferule the scholar who disobeys me again, whoever he or she may be."

Half an hour later Mr. Crosby lifted his eyes and saw one of the older boys with a slate that had been surreptitiously conveyed to him under the desks from the girls' side of the room. Before the boy realized his intention the slate was in Mr. Crosby's hand, who returned with it to his desk, and holding it up said:

"The owner of this slate will please come forward to the desk."

Stella Parker arose and came forward.

"Is this your slate, Miss Stella?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you understand clearly what I said in regard to writing messages upon your slate?"

"I did."

Mr. Crosby paused. Perhaps he was in hopes that Stella would have something to say in extenuation or excuse that would afford him some loophole for escape, but if so he was disappointed.

"Miss Stella, since you first became a member of my school you have made me more trouble than any other pupil in it. You have done everything that was possible to show how little respect you have for either me or my wishes, and have now forced me into a position where I must either do what is repugnant to my feelings, or else break my word. If you have either excuse for the past or pledge for the future, I am ready to hear it."

Miss Stella made no response.

"Then you have nothing to say?"

"No, sir."

As Mr. Crosby looked around upon the school he saw that a crisis had come, which, if he failed to be equal to it, must result disastrously to all discipline and order.

"Give me your hand."

The brown eyes were suddenly raised with a look that was at once appealing and defiant, but the hand did not move.

"Give—me—your—hand!"

Stella turned slightly pale as she obeyed. She evidently had not thought that he could put his threat into execution where she was concerned. A strange feeling came over Mr. Crosby as he looked down upon the soft, rosy palm that lay in his own. His very soul recoiled at the thought of striking it.

But as he glanced at Stella his eye caught the gleam of a half-suppressed smile, and knew that she saw and triumphed at his perplexity and irresolution. Instantly his resolve was taken.

Once, twice, thrice, four times the heavy ruler descended. With eyes nearly blinded with tears of anger, mortification and pain, Stella resumed her seat, and yet strange to say, with a feeling of respect for their cause, which she had never experienced before.

Mr. Crosby went through with the duties of his school, his face and manner a little graver than usual, but with no change in them.

He was glad, however, when the session ended.

"The school is dismissed for the day, with the exception of Miss Stella Parker, who will remain."

The last scholar had gone, and Mr. Crosby walked twice up the aisle, past the desk where Stella sat, but she did not lift her head.

"Miss Stella, you need have no reluctance to look up at me; the course that you compelled me to take caused me a good deal more pain than you."

There was something in the tone of the speaker that made Stella lift her eyes to the face whose pale, wearied look smote upon her heart.

Mr. Crosby continued:

"So far as my own feelings are concerned, I would sooner a thousand times have inflicted those blows on myself. You have thought me cruel, but it is you that have been cruel, not I."

This was presenting the matter in quite a different light to Stella, and the tears which now sprang to her eyes were those of sorrow and remorse.

"I am sorry, Mr. Crosby, I will not give you occasion to complain of me again."

Stella was as good as her word; throughout the entire term Mr. Crosby had no more docile and studious pupil than she.

There was certainly none among them that he took more pleasure in instructing. But there was a different feeling in his heart, a softer inflection to his voice, whenever he spoke to her.

Yet there came a time when he did not fear to speak, finding no unwilling listener.

"Give me your hand."

This was what Prof. Crosby said to Stella Parker one evening at the close of a long and, to them, very interesting conversation.

Upon one finger of the hand so freely yielded was slipped a glittering circlet—a pledge of mutual vows and mutual love of two lives and hearts that were from henceforth to be one.

Musical Item.

[Washington Post.]

"Won't you play something, Miss Rattleton?" asked Mrs. De Porque.

"Certainly," said that young woman amiably. "What style of music do you prefer?"

"Oh, play an Op. I haven't heard one since Herr Schlachtenveil played for us in Germany, and I do like Ops so much!"

A Virtue of Necessity.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Mrs. Wickwire—Have you every noticed how much more graceful a woman is with her hands than a man is?

Mr. Wickwire—Well, it is no particular credit to her. She has to be. She hasn't any pockets to stick them into out of sight.

Would Retain Their Fit.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Tailor—This suit fits you splendidly, but, to be frank with you, it is likely to shrink.

Young man—I guess that will not be any disadvantage. I have just accepted my first call to preach on a $400 salary.

THE COMPLETE GARMENT

And Redfern's Idea of What It Should Be.

Original Features Seen in His Plain, Tight-Fitting Coat.

An Exquisite Model in Wren's-Egg Blue—An Ophelia Cloth Production.

There are many essentials required to make a complete garment. Perfect fit, a good cut, thorough finish, and to complete the list, that indefinable something we call "style."

Singly, these things seem trivial, but united, make all the difference between a coat and gown made according to the best ideas, and those one sees turned out by the score by masters, lacking artistic diligence and skill.

The cut of one of our new coats we now present as a notable example of the proper method.



Ophelia Cloth Spring Gown.

A very handsome gown is here represented, which has just been produced by me, for the coming season. It is made of fine ophelia cloth, and rich silk of the same shade, beautifully hand embroidered with fancy tinsel cords.

The bodice is made in the zouave style, the outer fronts having wide revers and fastening in the centre over a full vest of silk.

The silk sleeves are quite a characteristic feature of the costume, being made very full and confined diagonally with bands of embroidered cloth.

A close fitting toque, trimmed with ribbon bows and ostrich tips, is intended to be worn with this gown.



Venetian Cloth Coat.

Another cut is altogether of a different character, the material employed being Venetian cloth of the finest quality.

The long, loose coat fronts are of wrens'-egg blue, the tight-fitting vest of military white.

The full blue sleeves fall loosely over a light and long cuff of white, ornamented with four buttons, corresponding with those used on the front of the vest.

The buttons employed are quite a feature of the coat, being exquisite little examples of the finest Parisian make.

The collar and waist are just marked with a small pattern of hand-braiding, in a mixed cord of bright and oxydized silver.

The back is tight fitting.

A hat of white cloth, trimmed with blue velvet to match coat, feathers and ribbon is made to go with the coat.



A Notable Redfern Coat.

This coat is simply a plain tight-fitting, single-breasted coat, but the little adornments I have made to it completely change its character, and the result is a "smart" garment, presenting picturesque and original features.

The cloth employed is a very light make of West-of-England broadcloth of a peculiar shade of plongeon gray.

The "toby" collar, cuffs and slashes on sleeves are of sicilienne, harmonizing in tone.

A single line of mixed silver and gray soutache outlines the front, belt, and slashes on the sleeves.

The cuff is ornamented with a small pattern in the same braid.

This coat can be worn with or without the belt. When the belt is used a large clasp or buckle of antique silver can be worn with effect.

Other colors can, of course, be employed, and other materials, the "style" of the coat remaining the same.

REDFERN.

ZEB AND TIM.

BY O. C.

It was during the year of 1840 that two adventurous hunters, named Zeb Pierce and Tim Trott, erected a hut on the banks of a large creek, a tributary of Skunk river, which flowed through that portion of the neutral grounds, now included in Boone county.

Here those two young nimrods lived for some three years in the midst of an abundance of game.

One still, dark night in July they were seated by a small fire, conversing upon the probable success of their summer's campaign and the profits it would yield, providing the Indians did not pick up the courage to venture upon the neutral grounds.

"Hist!" commanded Tim, turning his eyes toward his companion, and raising his hand.

"What do ye hear?" asked Zeb, in a low whisper.

"I thought I hearn foot—"

Before Tim could finish his sentence half a dozen hideous-looking Sioux Indians sprang in through the open door of the cabin with a wild demoniac yell.

With the quickness of a cat Tim Trott bounded through the door and soon was lost from view in the shadow of the surrounding forest.

Zeb Pierce was not so fortunate, for in attempting to escape he was overpowered and made prisoner—not, however, until he had slain two of the savages.

The savages plundered the cabin of all that would be of use, and then set it on fire. Taking their prisoner they proceeded a short distance down the creek, when they came to a halt.

Zeb was placed in the bow of a canoe with his hands and feet bound, while two savages kept watch upon him—the other savages acting as oarsmen.

Zeb made several efforts to escape, but failed each time. He began to give up all hopes when he was suddenly revived by a low barking like that of a wolf. In the sound he plainly recognized the voice of Tim Trott.

Zeb strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of his friend whom he believed was in pursuit, but nothing, save a round, dark object floating in the water near met his anxious gaze.

At first he paid little attention to the object, but when it came closer he was startled, for he recognized it to be the head of a person, whose body was hidden in the water, but whether friend or foe he could not tell.

The object moved noiselessly and more rapidly at times than the canoe, which finally ran under some low, drooping foliage, and the object was lost in the darkness, and the next instant the canoe struck a log in the water with sudden force. During the confusion that followed the mishap one of Zeb's guards gave a quick, smothered cry of pain and fell overboard; then all was still save a sound like that of a man struggling in the water.

The other savages, supposing that their comrade had accidentally fallen out of the canoe, gave vent to a boisterous laugh as the supposed ill-fated guard floundered back into the canoe and took his station without one word save a low grunt of approval, and at the same time he gave Zeb a pinch in the side that spoke words of startling truth to the prisoner, for it was Tim Trott who sat before him—not the Indian guard that had fallen overboard.

Zeb comprehended all in an instant. Tim had so arranged the obstruction in the creek, and during the confusion that ensued in consequence of the canoe striking the log, he sprang up and thrust his long knife into the breast of one of the guards, then drawing the body overboard so as to make them believe he had fallen out, he climbed into the canoe himself and took his station by the other guard. It was so extremely dark that none in the canoe saw a single motion that was made, nor were aware but all was right until Tim touched Zeb in the side.

But when Zeb felt the thongs that bound his hands and feet severed, and a knife slipped into his hand, he gave a deep sigh of relief.

A minute after Zeb's present freedom the canoe struck another log, and the other Indian fell out into the water with an unearthly yell—dead!

"Now, Zebulon Pierce, is our chance," whispered Tim.

Quicker than thought the two cunning hunters sprang to their feet, and seizing the unsuspecting oarsmen by the tufted head, tore off their scalps with a single motion of the knife.

With a yell of indignation and pain the two savages sprang out of the canoe into the water, and gaining the shore they rushed, screaming like frightened fiends, off through the forest, leaving arms, plunder and all behind in the hands of the triumphant hunters, who, as a warning to other savages who dared to intrude on their hunting ground, concluded to let them off with the loss of their handsome scalps.

Tim and Zeb secured their arms and went ashore. They rebuilt their cabin, and continued to hunt two years longer, during which time they never saw another Indian upon the "Neutral Ground."

THE WIZARD BIRD.

Did you ever hear of kiwi kiwi?
A bird that lives on an isle in the sea,
On a beautiful isle in the sea;
That builds its nest in the deep morass,
That strays in the bushy fen,
That hunts by night in the moon's pale light,
Apart from the haunts of men?
It never sings,
It has no wings,
Yet 'tis as fleet as fleet can be;
This wonderful bird,
This strange, strange bird,
This bird of the southern sea.

The chieftain's daughter was young and fair,
With a beautiful rose in her beautiful hair,
With a bridal rose in her hair.
She would wed at morn, at early morn,
And her soul was full of glee;
When lo!—all unheard—in stepped a bird
And said: "You will wed with me!"
He bore her away,
Far, far away,
As far as far could be;
And this was the note
From his elfish throat:
O, I am the bird kiwi kiwi,
The wizard bird of the southern sea,
The witch of the southern sea!

The chieftain tore his hair with grief,
He rushed to the forest wild;
The sea winds blew, the tempests grew,
As he called "My child, my child!
O, bring her back, O, bring her back.
Thou ghoulish bird, kiwi, kiwi;
And I'll leave my home, I'll leave thee alone,
The king of this isle of the sea."
But no answer came,
Save a sad refrain—
"She'll never come back to thee."

Down under the alders and lichens gray,
'Neath the murky mold,
And wild grass spray.
They found a body at break of day.
'Twas the chieftain's stark and cold.
His people groaned,
The deep sea moaned,
And they cursed the bird, kiwi, kiwi,
That took away their chieftain good,
And the queenliest flower of the sea.

O, keep your thoughts from kiwi, kiwi,
The bird that lives on an isle in the sea,
On a beautiful isle in the sea;
For they who sought have never returned.
They lie in the brackish mere;
And shrouded in white, at dead of night,
Their withered forms appear.
'Tis a ghostly bird,
'Tis an elfish bird;
'Tis as fleet as fleet can be.
O, ever pray
That it keep away,
This bird of the southern sea.

A Pointer for Papa.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

Young Miss Wiggins—Where are you going, papa?

Rev. Mr. Wiggins—To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of the country.

Young Miss Wiggins—Try and save a real nice one for me, will you, papa?

Besides Doing Up Her Hair.

[Atchison Globe.]

How can a man say that a woman has nothing to do? In one year she gets dinner 365 times, washes the dishes 1095 times, gets the children ready for school twice a day for 180 days, gets the baby to sleep, 1460 times, makes about 300 calls, and as she wishes for something she hasn't every minute, she wishes 60 things an hour, or 4380 things in a year. Who says that a woman has nothing to do?

LIKE A TOMB

Was the Cell Occupied by Lorris in Russia.

Pistol Barrels at His Head While He Ate Black Bread.

Escape—Shooting a Cossack—Land of the Free.

[Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

Four years ago I was a student in a university in one of the largest cities of Russia.

One evening, when I came from the theatre, I found my room full of gendarmes, who arrested me at once for a political crime.

I was first taken before the general of police, the man whose enmity had exiled my brother. He asked me who my friends were and what they were doing. I demanded the cause of my arrest. No explanation was given me, and having nothing to confess I had no information to give.

I was marched off at once to my cell, to wait there until I was prepared to enlighten the government on a subject of which I knew nothing.

I learned, months afteward, that I had been arrested because, a few days before, written proclamations had been circulated by the Nihilists. The handwriting resembled mine, and I had been seen purchasing 50 postage stamps at one of the government offices.

My cell—shall I ever forget it?

I felt when the door was opened as if I were entering a grave. Picture to yourself a square hole in the middle of a stone, 7 feet long, 6 feet wide and 6 feet high. For once I blessed my short stature. There was no window in this hole but a glass over the door; no light but what came from the oil lamp that hung outside.

An iron bedstead, fastened to the wall, cut off a foot or so of space from my narrow limits. Everything is made fast so that the desperate may not commit suicide, for those who go insane in prison are not few. A wooden table was locked to the floor at one end of the den, and by its side was fastened a wooden chair.

On the wall hung an "icon," a sacred picture of a saint.

To Encourage Devotion.

On the bed were a straw mattress and two blankets. The straw was changed but once a month.

In that damp cave I contracted an affection of the lungs, from which I have never recovered.

The meals in a Russian prison are simple, and not conducive to dyspepsia. In the morning I had black bread and tea, at noon cabbage soup, in the evening black bread, tea and five cigarettes. Soup as the only dish does not form a very substantial meal.

The soup served to prisoners was simply the water in which the meat served to the gendarmes and guards had been boiled. Into this cabbages were cut. It sustained life, but that was all.

The cigarettes were a boon. In Russia everybody smokes. I used to save these cigarettes and smoke them slowly through the day like a child that nibbles a bit of barley sugar "to make it last."

Sunday was a gala day. We had pork and beans for dinner instead of soup.

At meal times two gendarmes entered and stood beside me with loaded revolvers while I made my frugal repast. The food was served in a wooden bowl, and both bowl and spoon were instantly removed by the guards when the prisoner had finished.

The wall separating me from the next cell was the wall behind my bed, so that when lying on the bed I could tap the wall away from the door without being noticed by the gendarme. One unhappy evening I was discovered, and the next day was sentenced for punishment to confinement in one of the towers in the four corners of the enclosure that walled in the prison buildings.

These towers were designed not by men but by devils. Iron stairways surround them, on which the sentries stand day and night. The towers are circular and about 50 feet in height. They contain from eight to 10 rooms, one on top of the other. I was led out of my cell through the corridor and thence across the open court yard. The glare of light was torment to my darkness-dulled eyes, and

I Had to Close Them.

If the light was a torment, however, the air was a cordial, and gave me strength for what was to follow. I was conducted up the iron stairway to the fourth cell from the ground. There was air enough there, but if my first cell was small this was a pill box. The height was but four and a half feet, and it was not long enough for me to lie at full length, and I am a short man.

The diet was bread and water twice a day. In this torturing den I was kept three or four weeks, till I lost my senses from exhaustion. Some time previous to this I had begun to spit blood from my lungs. In spite of the pain of this place of confinement, it was preferable to the mental and nervous torments of the dark hole in which I had been confined. The window was grated and painted white, but it did admit light, and there was plenty of fresh air.

From the tower I was taken, like a corpse, to the infirmary. After remaining two weeks in the hospital I was carried to the examination-room. It was hung with black, like the hall of the inquisition. Behind the table covered with black sat the general of police, the minister of justice, the state attorney and a secretary with the "protokols."

I was carried to the prisoners' cage and made to stand while the charge against me was read, though I was mercifully allowed to sit when the questions were asked.

Two gendarmes, with revolvers loaded, stood one on each side of me, and two more guarded the entrance. The general of police asked the questions, and the attorney wrote down the answers.

At first I declaimed against the Czar and his government, but the pistol barrels stopped that. I was asked if I belonged to any society, and names of my friends, and what they had in view. I answered that I did belong to such a society, and that its intention was to kill the Czar and

Destroy the Government.

The names of my friends I declined to disclose in St. Petersburg, but I promised to do so if sent to Odessa, where, I said, I need not fear assassination. All the officers rose when I told these lies, and promised me everything under heaven if I would disclose the names then and there; but I stuck to my purpose. At first they tried to make me sign my testimony without reading it, but I declined to sign till I was shown all that had been written, and then with great difficulty, so weak was I, I signed my name.

This false testimony was part of a plan of escape. In spite of constant watching, solitary confinement and stone walls, I had word from my friends, and my escape in all its detail was planned before I had left the prison.

After my examination, I got back my own clothes, and it was in them without chains that I was put in a covered drosky and taken to the railroad station.

The train started and we were fairly on our way, the guards to Odessa and I to freedom.

In the carriage in the rear car were two friends of mine. The escape had been arranged to take place after leaving a certain station. I was to be warned which by hearing at the station previous the name of the station called loudly, as if to some tourist, three times under my window. Finally, the signal came, and at the next stopping place I was in a tingle of excitement.

The train stopped, and as usual at the large stopping places one of my three guards left the carriage and returned with a big urn of tea. As usual, also, they offered me a drink, but I declined. They all crossed themselves and soon finished the tea.

The train started, and in five minutes my three gendarmes were sound asleep and snoring. The waiter had been bribed and my three gendarmes had taken a pretty substantial dose of laudanum.

Once assured that they were asleep, I made my way through the little corridor

To the Rear of the Car.

I have said that I was in my own clothes and without chains, and watching as well as I could in the dusk, jumped at last into what looked like a soft ditch. It was soft, very soft. I went into the mud up to my neck. However, I was not hurt, and in this I was more fortunate than my friend, who also leaped from the train.

He sprained his ankle badly. To cover his tracks he had bought a ticket only half way to Odessa, and had bribed the conductor to let him ride further, a practice common enough in Russia. When, therefore, the police tried to ascertain if any of the passengers who had bought tickets for Odessa had left the train before reaching that place, there was no missing ticket and no Odessa passenger to be accounted for.

Making for the woods, we struggled to the first little town and there hired a "kibitka" and went straight to Odessa, as the place of all others where we were the least likely to be looked for.

My poor companion had but $37, an amount barely enough to take us to Odessa; and so, though forged passports had been provided for us, I was obliged to await in Odessa till remittances arrived from some friends.

In Russia there is a sort of Freemasonry among the students, so I was at once welcomed among the friends of my friend, and of course immediately assumed a disguise that I might not be recognized, for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had travelled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2000 roubles for information that would lead to my capture.

At that time the unfortunate Jews in Odessa were undergoing that strange persecution that attracted the attention of the civilized world. Mobs formed in the streets.

Largely of Students.

I saw a "cossack" strike with his riding-whip a student who was protecting some Jews and I fired a revolver at him. A mounted officer, whom I afterward discovered to be the general in charge of the garrison, a coward who sends people to Siberia, only to obtain the title of a governor of the State, saw me fire the shot and rode his horse at me.

I ran like a hare down the street, but four feet are better than two, and, as the fleet horse overtook me, scarcely knowing what I was about, I leaped to one side and levelled a blow at my pursuer.

My heavy student's staff fell with a thud on the general's illustrious leg, and at that appropriate moment his horse slipped and fell. I did not wait to see his fate, but escaped from my pursuers, and at last gained the open country and the woods, where I struggled on till I fairly fell from exhaustion.

I passed the night in the open air where I fell, and awoke in the morning racked in every joint by pain and stiffness. I hobbled along with my back to the rising sun till I saw smoke issuing from a cabin.

I went boldly to the 'hut' and told the woodman who came to the door that I was an escaped prisoner from a "convoy" on the way to Siberia—a pretty sure passport to the kindness and hospitality of the ordinary Russian peasant. He took me in and I remained with him two days. He informed me at length that he was a smuggler, and offered to show me a secret way across the boundary.

We pursued our way through paths and lonely roads and across treacherous quicksands till we were fairly across the Austrian frontier. Here I bade goodby to my friendly guide and scrambled along to the first railway town, where I used what little money I had to procure a ticket to a point as near Vienna as possible.

I got no further than Brody. There I was at my wits' end. The town was full of starving Jews, who had fled from Odessa. Suffering for food I went with them up and down the streets

Asking for Bread.

On the day on which I took to public mendicancy an order had been issued to arrest these pauper immigrants and to ship them back to Odessa.

I was seized with the rest and sent back to St. Petersburg, this time not only in a special car, but in a special train. Surrounded by a body of cavalry, I was conveyed to the Petropavlovsky prison.

I was taken at once before the governor of the prison and told to name those who had aided my escape. Of course I refused. I was then taken to my cell.

When compared with the first cell, previously described, this narrow room was luxurious. The food, however, was the same, and the inspection, if possible, more rigorous. From this prison I was transferred to the "Litoffski Zamok," where I had the luxury of two windows, which were, however, painted white that I might not see what was going on in the outer world.

After six months' further imprisonment, no proof of any conspiracy or nihilistic knowledge being found, they read me a pardon from the Czar. But what kind of a pardon! I was sentenced to life-long banishment from all Russian cities, to live in a small town called Ponievez, in the government of Kovno, to be there under constant police surveillance.

If the police demanded that I report to them every half hour during the day, I was obliged to do it. All my political and civil, and nearly all my natural rights, my entire property, or rather that which I should have inherited, had been confiscated. I had no redress for any injury done to me. I was not allowed to hold communication with any one except in the presence of a gendarme or police official. You cannot conceive all the horrors of such a life.

And yet my sentence was a light one in comparison with my brother's. His fate and my own killed our father with grief. If I had been 18 when arrested nothing could have saved me from the terrors of Siberia.

One of my brothers escaped to France in 1872, and died in 1885, without a mother's kiss or a father's blessing. Another brother is banished to Siberia for 20 years.

I was sent to my home the same week after 18 months' imprisonment and cruelty, only because they thought I belonged to a Nihilist society. They ruined my health, took me from my studies and robbed me of every article I possessed, even to my books.

When I reached home I was taken eight or nine times daily before the police, until having accumulated money enough for the necessary bribes, at last, for a large sum, I finally bribed them and made my way to Siberia to try to help my brother.

I found it impossible to aid him to escape, but having eluded police surveillance in my escape to Siberia, I was in no mood to return to it in Russia, so I made my way, under an assumed name and in disguise, through China, thence to San Francisco. And at last I reached the great metropolis of America, New York.

I am now 22 years old, and banished from my native land. L. LORIS, B. C. P.

"JACK" LINCOLN DEAD.

A Victim of the Effects of French Cooking, the Minister's Brave Young Son Passes Away.

LONDON, March 5.—Master Abraham Lincoln died at 11.07 this morning.

Tonight no definite arrangements have been made about the funeral, but it will probably be Friday afternoon and private. The body will be temporarily placed in Kensel Green cemetery, and ultimately will be taken to America. The minister's family are Presbyterians, and the service will probably be conducted by a Presbyterian clergyman. It is not unlikely that within a few weeks Minister Lincoln will return to America on a leave of absence and take the body to Illinois.

The soul of honor and manliness, a grave boy for his age; slow, deliberate, but decisive in his actions and speech; an advanced student, fond of athletic sports, but withal a universal favorite among his companions; a boy who never aped the manners and habits of a man. So say the schoolmates and companions of brave, suffering Abraham Lincoln. Friends of the family who knew the boy intimately pay the same tribute to the promising son of the United States minister to England and the grandson of America's champion of freedom. Love for the country for which his illustrious grandsire died seems to have been the prominent characteristic of "Jack" Lincoln. No one who knew the boy ever called him anything but "Jack," or "Master Jack." His parents gave him that name because there was a sort of reverent feeling for "Abraham" which would have ill-suited familiar intercourse with the boy, and the same feeling did not permit the use of "Abe." So "Jack" he has been called from childhood.

"Jack" was 17 years old. He was born in Chicago, and was an only son. He was always a strong, healthy boy, whose favorite pastime was playing the national game—base ball. His father regretted exceedingly the necessity of taking the boy from his preparatory studies in Chicago under C. N. Fessenden, principal of the University school. Minister Lincoln intended to send his son to Harvard, which is Mr. Lincoln's alma mater. "Jack" was nearly ready to enter college, and he reluctantly accompanied his father to England. As soon as the family arrived in London Minister Lincoln sent "Jack" to a private school at Versailles, so as to acquire a thorough knowledge of the French language. "Jack" was able to speak French like a Parisian in a few months, and his rapid progress surprised his parents.

"I believe it was the French cooking and bad food which started the carbuncle on 'Jack's' shoulder," said Edward S. Isham, one of Minister Lincoln's law partners, and an old friend of the family. "The disease appeared last October, and the physicians soon saw the necessity of cutting out the carbuncle to save the boy's life. The operation left an abscess which all the skill of English and French physicians failed to heal, and the poor boy died."

Alike in Nature.

[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Miss Clara—Patrick, did you bring me the ground pine from the florist?

Patrick (opening package)—Here it is, miss.

Miss Clara—Good gracious! This is nothing but sawdust.

Patrick—Yes, miss. An' the boy at the shtore said it wor all the ground pine he had.

He Did Know.

[Life.]

"Gen. Greely, do you know a snow ball from a charity ball?"

"Yes; one strikes you on the neck and the other hits you on the pocket."

A Brute.

[Chatter.]

"This bread of yours, my dear, is a contradiction of the laws of gravity."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It's as heavy as lead, but it won't go down."

Boston Weekly Globe.

SATURDAY, MAR. 15, 1890.

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"Therefore, come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness."
—[*Robertson.*

THE ASTOR BOOK-TOMB.

There seems to be a singular fatality following in the wake of certain types of rich men, whereby their very charities are made a perpetual advertisement of their sordidness and narrow exclusiveness.

John Jacob Astor, the elder, starting in poverty had amassed the then enormous fortune of $20,000,000 before he died in 1848. It having been the wealthy fad for ages to be known as the patron of knowledge, Astor sought to leave behind a personal monument of book-lore such as the world had seldom seen, and so left $400,000 to found the great Astor library in New York. His son, William B., subsequently contributed nearly an equal amount for the same purpose, and now John Jacob, recently deceased, adds $450,000 more.

The great Astor family monument looks more like a disused tomb, both within and without, than like a rich repository of books from which the light of knowledge is radiated. Nothing representative of the average people is ever seen crossing its threshold. All is sombre, cold, exclusive and formal within its walls. The stranger who wishes to draw forth a book from its dark alcoves is subjected to a perplexing ordeal of red tape, and when the book gets within his fingers he cannot help the feeling that he is suspected of wanting to steal it. Probably the mayor of New York would not be permitted to carry a book out of the building, though he should wish to show it to the President of the United States for a moment on the sidewalk.

The only purpose that this great elephant can possibly serve, then, is as a reference library for a few scholars, lawyers, clergymen, scientists and curious book-worms. For the great general public, whose presence and enterprise enhanced the value of the Astor property, without any effort of the Astors themselves, it has no more practical value than though its shelves were filled with cotton waste.

And yet even as a reference library it is probably inferior to the Boston Athenæum, whose stockholders and selected beneficiaries have unrestricted personal access to its shelves; while the catalogue and card-drawer arrangements of the Boston Public Library make the Astor book-tomb look almost antediluvian beside it.

The Boston Public Library was founded with an original endowment of but $50,000, while $1,250,000 have been lavished upon the Astor. The former is the creation of men who believed in the democracy of knowledge. The latter is the crystalization of that formality and exclusiveness which resided in the person of its founder. The Astors owed the people this library, and far more, for chiefly to the enterprise of the masses in New York is due the steady rise of their real estate, which made them, with little effort, the richest family in the world. Yet the plain people have received comparatively no benefit from it.

Such is the doubtful success of rich men who try to cover up by charity fabulous wealth, acquired not so much by their own enterprise as by that of others—or as John Stuart Mill puts it: "Wealth founded upon mere fictions of value rather than its true substance."

Nature handles her balances with unrelenting justice, after all.

N. S. Goodwin.

AN INTERESTING DECISION.

A Chicago court has judicially decided that dusting law books is an employment beneath the station of a regularly employed law student.

One Charles M. Miller was employed by a law firm at a salary of $275 a year, with the understanding that he was to "read law and make himself generally useful." One day he was ordered by his employers to remove the dust from some dusty volumes. He refused, on the ground that dusting books was not proper work for one in his position. He was at once discharged. Then he sued his employers for a year's salary. In vain did they call old lawyers as witnesses, who swore that when they were young they used to sweep out the office, shovel the snow off the sidewalk, build the fires and sift the ashes. The young man produced plenty of young lawyers who swore that such requirements were obsolete. The court decided that Mr. Miller was justified in refusing to dust the books and awarded him his full year's salary.

It appears to be legally established, then, that when a law student agrees to "make himself generally useful" in a law office he must not be expected to do any kind of manual labor more severe than "slinging ink." The times have changed since Abraham Lincoln was a law student in Illinois. But there is a good deal of snobbishness in the change. Is the rising generation any better than the last? Is there any real loss of dignity in doing honest manual labor? The courts of this republic should be the last to affirm that there is.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF JOURNALISM.

The old-time world was, as regards the mass of individuals in it, a silent one. Only the most noted were known abroad or spoken of at home. The modern world is a veritable whispering gallery, and gossip concerning the individual is among us universal. The words and doings of the noble and the ignoble alike are, among us, reported in the press and gossiped about among the people. Nothing is too heinous or trivial for mention; nothing too trifling or horrible for record. The result of this habit or rage for reporting and reading the good and the evil in the world is a condition of things absolutely novel and unprecedented among men. What is to be the final outcome as expressed by its influence on habits of thought and speech, character and conduct, is a matter wholly of conjecture. There are those who believe that the tendency of it as an educating influence is altogether and directly downward; that universal espionage unconnected with responsible power will prove as bad or worse than the same espionage applied in the interest of tyranny.

It is evident that in our country journalism is practically an exercise of irresponsible power. The law of libel which prevails among us is not calculated to put the least check whatever upon its expressions. So far as the statute is concerned, the great journal of today is a group of irresponsible and concealed personalities. They report what they please, and publish what they please. In England the law for libel is amply protective of the individual and the dignity of the judiciary. In our country both are at the mercy of that mighty aggregation of inflictive and punitive power popularly known as the press.

This power is greater than any king's, for it acts without consultation with any authorized body and unchecked by any prescribed form of proceeding. Its eyes are multitudinous and against their searching scrutiny neither the doors of men's houses nor the walls of their domestic chambers are a protection. It boasts that its detectives are more efficient than the organized police of public authority and that its power to detect and punish guilt is more efficient than that of our courts of law. Untrammelled by any connection with long-established and traditional methods of legal procedure, and so rich as to be heedless of expense, it acts with the celerity and efficiency of a power centred in one person, and that person absolutely irresponsible. Unknown to the law he is above it while acting in its name. Unrecognized by the courts he nevertheless usurps its most solemn functions. He suspects, detects, examines, convicts and condemns the suspect, and so far as publishment of the crime and moral influence go executes him before the unfortunate being has even had the benefit of a preliminary hearing!

I am one of those who are proud of American journalism. I recognize and applaud its enterprise, its chivalric spirit, its love of fair play, and its vast capacity for good. Journalism is no longer with us a selfish venture or a crude effort for personal elevation to office or power, but a profession; a profession which demands ability, rewards scholarship, seeks alliance with culture, and gives to its members the manners and amenities of refined and civilized life. What was once a roiled and turbulent stream is now comparatively a clear and majestic tide, and the years, as I observe, bring to it as they pass and it flows on greater width, depth and purity. Not every journalist is a gentleman, but the time is nigh, if not already come, when without and within the profession the maxim will obtain that every true journalist is a gentleman. The journalistic star will bring all who faithfully follow it to such a royalty yet.

It is because of my faith in and regard for American journalism that I regret the tendency, which is now observable in its action, to do the work of the police and the courts in the detection and punishment of crime, real or supposed. To me it seems that such a course of action if persisted in will surely lead it beyond the lines of true journalism and land it in a dangerous position. It is not within its province to criminalize citizens. Its duty is limited to publishing the proceedings and decision of the court which converts a suspected person into a criminal. This is a vital distinction and plummets to the bottom of the matter.

Several occurrences of late have emphasized the significance of personality in journalism. They have enforced the fact that captious judgment is not just and that abusive attacks lead to bloodshed. The profession must bear in mind that it is not above the judgment of society nor exempt from the application of the Golden Rule: that success on the lower plane involves the surrender of what might come to it on the higher plane, and that he who is careless of the rights and feelings of the least or the worst man in the world has by such carelessness become criminal himself and forfeited the respect of the greatest and the best.

W. H. H. Murray.

THE PRIZE CONTEST.

The Weekly Globe thanks heartily the one thousand and more subscribers who wrote answers attempting to solve the mystery of "The Dent in the Panel." No subscriber followed the chain of essential facts, or accounted for and located the lost money according to the denouement, but many readers illustrated marked power of analysis and literary skill, and every reader showed creditable ability.

Certain contestants have received awards because, although failing in important points, they came nearest to accounting for and locating the lost money, according to the sequel.

TYPES OF NATIONAL DECAY.

A pending case in one of the courts of New York, involving the liability of a trustee to pay money loaned to a beneficiary for purposes of extravagance and dissipation, furnishes a sample portrait of the "young man about town" which points to the steady decay of the once thrifty and sturdy American type of early manhood.

Howell Osborn's father died and left him with a permanent income of $30,000 a year and the title to his estates. The youth thereupon set about to surround himself with all the approved social toys of the period. He first found something to adore in the person of a charming young actress, upon whom he is said to have lavished money profusely. His father left him a steam yacht, on which he spends $10,000 a year. The furniture of his house cost $50,000. His clothes cost him about $3000 a year, and his bill for cab hire between $2000 and $3000. He leaves about $2500 a year in the club houses, and spends about the same amount for theatres, suppers and cigars. It costs him some $500 a year for dentistry and doctor's bills, to go along with his suppers and dinners. That the regulation gloss of piety may not fail him he gives $2000 a year to charity. He is now in Europe.

Such is an outline of the life, as shown by the courts, of one among the thousands of fast young men who haunt the club houses of our great American cities and gradually soften into imbecility while they squander and scatter fortunes that were gathered by close economy, tireless energy and rugged virtue. They are the social refuse of the land; the moral garbage of American civilization, and fortunately for the world they leave, as a rule, no successors to their worthlessness.

Anon we take up the popular magazines and find doleful articles under such captions as: "The Decadence of the American Spirit," or "Foreign Ascendency in America," while some Simon-pure Yankee bewails the alleged fact that the "fur-ri-ners" are gradually getting control of this country.

The law of the survival of the fittest marches silently on and grinds out social chaff without respect of persons. The Howell Osborns are of small account amid the titanic energies of 65,000,000 of plain people; but their ratio to the useful population of the land is, it is to be feared, on the increase.

THE WOMAN OF THE PERIOD.

Although as yet but a small proportion of American girls go to college, no one will deny that the standard of education for women has been greatly raised of late.

Twenty-five years ago a girl must be taught to do worsted work, whereby she might perpetuate the most monstrous and awe-inspiring "cruel" (in more senses than one) dogs and cats and the most impossible flower pieces; she must acquire such proficiency upon the piano as to enable her to render the "Battle of Prague," the "Maiden's Prayer" and the "Bird Waltz;" she must be taught water-color painting, the results of which still exist in many houses and are enough to give the observer nervous exhaustion for a month after being brought face to face with them; she must learn French enough to use certain well-known idioms and quotations in not too inapt a way, and she must be able to write long and gushing letters to dearly beloved friends in a flowing, delicate hand. But that was about all the average fashionable girl was thought to need. More might make her masculine!

The brave girls who have been in a sort pioneers in the acquisition of a collegiate education have changed all this. They have proved that a woman may retain all her charms of manner and dress and grace and refinement, all the light and airy fascinations of the old school, and yet have mastered the more grave and serious parts of education.

The demands of society now require that a woman shall have more than a superficial knowledge of the affairs of the day. She must do more in the way of reading than simply glance down the columns of her evening paper. She must keep up, at least partially, with the scientific, political, educational and literary movements of her time. If she paints, she must do it extraordinarily well, or keep her efforts hidden. If she plays or sings, she must have a good voice, a good method and a good technique, or even her best friends will not suffer that accomplishment to be paraded before them. She should read and speak in several languages.

The girl of the period, too, must learn to row and drive and ride, to play tennis and, if she is very fashionable, must belong to an athletic club. She must learn to develop and keep healthy her body as well as her mind. A larger capacity and a broader understanding are demanded on all sides.

Twenty-five years ago the inane young woman who could smile sweetly upon all occasions, who had sloping shoulders and a small waist, who knew not too much of any subject, who had no capacity for thought or ideas, who possessed only mediocre mental attainments and a thin veneering of refinement, but who was always dressed elegantly and aimed above all things to be "lady-like," was the ideal being held up as an example by all mothers for their daughters' emulation. How is it now? Do intelligent mothers cling to this ideal? Not at all. Even the mother who had but a superficial education of her own sees that if her daughter is to compete with girls of her own age, she must be educated in every possible direction.

In these days of cooking schools and parlor lectures, girls do not marry and go to housekeeping without knowing a beefsteak from a sausage, or without having mastered the science of breadmaking. It is fashionable now for a woman to "look well to the ways of her household."

It is not to men alone, either, that women must be able to talk. Witness the many women's clubs in this city—The New England Woman's Club, The Political Class, The Castilian Club and the Woman's Press Association, for instance. At these it is always in order to hear bright and lively discussion of the topics of the day. Women, when with other women, have ceased to confine themselves to their children's or their own ailments, their domestic troubles, and petty neighborhood gossip as subjects of conversation.

In short (and heaven be praised for it!) women's minds are broadening. Women are beginning to realize that the main object of life is to develop a soul.

Helen M. Winslow.

HOWELLS ON LITERATURE.

William D. Howells in the last number of the Editor's Study in Harpers, with a perfection of sarcasm of which he possesses an easy mastery, scores the Hon. E. J. Phelps for his recently expressed views on the decadence of American literature and journalism.

Mr. Phelps maintains that the present is an age of words, and, if he proves the assertion, he does it more from the wordiness of his article than from the strength of his arguments. Words without thought behind them, he maintains, is the vice of our journalism and literature.

Contemporary literature in every age of the world has always been depreciated by that backward looking type of men who can never see any merit in anything that is contemporaneous. Mr. Howells evidently does not belong to this class of individuals. He mentions John Boyle O'Reilly, G. P. Lathrop, James Whitcomb Riley, H. H. Boyeson, J. Madison Cawein, the Canadian Lampman, H. C. Bunner, Edgar Fawcett and Maurice Thompson as poets, who, if they had done at another time what they have done in ours, would easily have achieved a place in the British classics. He also ranks Parkman, Fiske and McMaster as historians who compare not unfavorably with previous writers of history. Higginson, Curtis, Warner, Burroughs, Scudder and Woodberry are instanced by Mr. Howells as essayists of distinction who do not suffer in the comparison with earlier essayists of the language.

The cry of the decadence of American journalism can be easily dismissed, as it comes chiefly from unsuccessful journalists whose antiquated attempts at newspaper publishing were not appreciated by a modern and progressive reading public.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

Following hard upon the soda trust comes the report of an oyster and fruit canning trust. Pretty soon, when every line of business is in the hands of a trust we shall hear of one great national trust to consolidate all the others. Then the dream of our Nationalist friends will be realized; but how long will it stay realized?

The Lake Shore railroad horror demonstrates the necessity for a brake that will not break.

It looks as though it would be a fine season for yacht racing next summer. Let her go, Gallagher!

TAKE IT NOW.

[H. C. Dodge in Yonkers Statesman.]

If you're waiting for a day
In the future—far away—
When, with gold enough to spare,
You will rest from trial and care
And enjoyment and supreme,
Let me tell you—'tis a dream.

If you're slaving all for wealth
At the cost of life and health,
And the present you reject
For a future you expect,
If your joys are yet to be—
Pain, not pleasure, you will see.

If you're waiting to be old
Ere you take the good of gold
And enjoy your rightful due
Of life's pleasures, sweet and true—
You will find, alas, too late,
Woful disappointment great.

Live life's journey by the way;
While the sun shines make your hay.
Now—now only you are sure
Of the pleasures that endure,
Pleasures that make memory bright—
When life noon has turned to night.

O, the heart grows hard and cold
Piling up the yellow gold,
Throwing present good away,
Dreaming that a future day
Never coming may bestow
Joys you now or never know.

Wait not till a life is spent
Ere you know its sweet content;
Take its pleasures, good and true,
While they still belong to you,
Then upon a future day,
They, and more, with you will stay.

NOT PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

No Diseased Cattle Sent to England From This Country.

The report in the English Parliament about the importation of diseased cattle from the United States is not credited by the bureau of American industry. It is thought that a mistake has been made in saying that 47 cases of pleuro-pneumonia were found in recent importations. The belief is that not a single genuine case was discovered, and that instead of pleuro-pneumonia the cases were sporadic pneumonia, caused by exposure on the voyage over. The only places in the United States where pleuro-pneumonia now exists are Long Island and Hudson county, New Jersey. The quarantine maintained at these points is so rigid that the shipment of diseased cattle would be a sheer impossibility.

PUNISHED BY CHAGRIN.

A Suspicious Wife who Will Have Confidence in Her Husband.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A young married woman on the north side suddenly grew suspicious of her husband, who before his marriage had been "one of the boys," and determined to catch him. Monday he told her he had to go to the lodge.

"That is only his excuse," she said to herself. "He'll not fool me this time."

As soon as he was around the corner she was after him in a cab. The husband, oblivious of the espionage he was under, went straight to the lodge hall. The cab was pulled up where a view of the hall entrance was secured, and there watch was kept.

"He will be down soon," repeated the wife to herself, "and then I will catch him as he sneaks away."

At 10 o'clock lodge was over and the husband came down stairs with the other members. The "shadow" in the cab was alert to catch every word.

"Come, George," she heard some one say, "let's have a drink before you go home."

"Not tonight," she next heard in reply. "I must go straight home. My wife did not seem well, and I am anxious about her."

Then the husband started off homeward at a brisk walk.

"Whip your horse," the now crestfallen wife exclaimed frantically to the cabby. "I must get home before he does."

The welcome the husband received that night was a surprise to him. "This seems," he said, "like old times."

She Knew Him Better.

[Richmond Bee.]

Among the converts at the present revival in Richmond is a man whose wife left him recently on account of alleged cruel treatment. Sorrowful and repentant, as the story goes, he called on the partner of his bosom, not long since, to promise better fashions and ask her forgiveness. The aggrieved wife listened to his story, but concluded that she could not overlook his past offences.

"But the Lord has forgiven me," urged the saved sinner, "and why can't you?"

The woman shook her head emphatically, as she replied: "If the Lord knew one-sixteenth part of your deviltry He'd never forgive you in this world or the next."

A Disconsolate Suitor.

[Washington Post.]

"I don't think I am very popular with your father," said Herbert, sadly.

"No," she answered, frankly, "you are not."

"Do you know of anything I could do to make him like me better?"

"I don't think of anything," she answered, after some thought, "unless you could go away somewhere and die."

DENT IN THE PANEL.

Award of the Cash Gratuities.

More Than One Thousand Manuscripts Examined.

A General Review of the Solutions, and the Names of Lucky Winners.

Among the multitudinous letters received regarding the "Dent in the Panel," many of them most interesting and ingenious, not one gave the outcome of the story as set forth in the closing instalment. Whatever the reader may think of the denouement, it can hardly be denied that the questions presented for consideration were "puzzlers."

Every person named in the story has been charged with the robbery in the course of these answers. A burglar unknown has been introduced. Two writers from widely separated sections of the country agree that Sydney Penfold had a twin brother who did the deed. One lady averred that Hermann's brother was guilty.

Nearly one-fourth of the competitors singled out Hermann as the criminal. Dr. Vroom came next, though a long distance behind; then Penfold, then Mildred, then D. Morth, poor old Tackaberry, and so on.

But though no one succeeded in hitting upon the exact combination of circumstances made known in the closing chapters, the committee of award have thought it was no more than fair to recognize by a series of gratuities the efforts of those whose answers approximated, more or less closely, the outcome.

When Dr. Vroom told the truth and when he lied, how far Dr. Morth was reticent regarding matters which he must have known about; to what extent hypnotism had a part in clearing up the mystery—all these things were uncertain.

Perhaps the rhymes which follow express, as well as any communication could do, the "state of doubt" into which many readers were left; for "The Dent in the Panel" was no more logical than life, in which great events so often hang upon small acts that result from impulse.

Who Committed the Robbery?

Oh, who committed this theft so bold,
That in the "Dent in the Panel" is told?
Did Penfold do it? He carried the keys,
Had access to office; yes, things like these
Show plainly and point to him as the one—
But wait, he down to Jersey had gone.
He couldn't have done it—the idea's absurd.
'Twas surely a different kind of a bird:
'Twas Agatha Ohstrom, the sleep-walking cook.
She "somnambulated," and Penfold's keys took,
And stealthily glided down stairs to the room
That was used as an office by the "good Dr. Vroom."
Here she opened the safe in her stupefied state;
In turning the key she happened to grate
A ring that she wore against the soft wood,
And that made the "Dent in the Panel" all good.
And yet, I scarcely believe her the thief.
Stop! now I have got it, this is my belief,
'Twas the "good Dr. Vroom" who opened his safe,
And took out its contents, the villainous knave;
He was holding the money in trust for his niece;
If he proved it was stolen he might do as he'd please;
So he stole it, and endeavored to prove that this girl
Was a villainous robber, a thief and a churl.
But this is unnatural, it cannot be so.
Now, I'm sure I have got it, for this we all know,
That the sly Dr. Morth owned the whole of the house;
He could wander about as still as a mouse.
Though he rented his rooms, he'd a key to each door,
And knew every part, from the uppermost floor.
He entered the office soon after 'twas dark.
And—no, he didn't do it, he couldn't, but hark!
I tell you I've struck it, it's all very plain,
That soon after he'd gone Hermann came back again,
And entering boldly went to Penfold's own room,
Stole his keys and returned to the office of Vroom.
Now, he was acquainted with all of Vroom's ways,
For he'd called on him often, been there many days,
And he knew very well 'twas his custom to leave
In his desk, quite secure, his combination of safe.
So, hastily making his way o'er the floor,
He secures combination and opens safe door.
He opens his pocket and quickly it fills
With a much-valued paper and ten almighty bills:
Then slipping real quietly out to the street,
He hurries away with the fleetest of feet.
Now, isn't this all just as plain as can be?
I think so, but why under heavens should he,
A king millionnaire, steal money like that?
No, he didn't do it, he didn't, that's "flat."
My head's in a whirl,
Quite sorely I'm troubled;
I've twisted and turned,
Gone forward, then doubled,
And tried to be brief
In securing the thief.
But, whether it's Christopher Croadge or Thomas,
Or Agatha Ohstrom, or good Dr. Vroom,
Or the darling Miss Chidsey,
Or sweet Mildred Whitechurch,
Or old Tackaberry, or Anna Woodson,
Or the suave Otto Hermann,
Or the clerk, Sidney Penfold,
Or Mortimer Morth,
Or —— Chickering Snigg,
I confess I don't know, if you put me the question,
What answer I'd make to a problem so big.

The above is about the condition of my mind, after reading the "Dent in the Panel" through several times; however, I inclose my "theory."

Yours, etc.,
Herbert Swift,
Warren, Litchfield County, Conn.

The Awards Were Made

by a committee consisting of Thomas Dean, Esq., counsellor-at-law, Boston, and E. E. Williamson of the well-known publishing house of Lee & Shepard, Boston. As a result of their deliberations the following series of gratuities have been made:

Fifteen Dollars Each.

E. R. Elmer, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
D. Billings, Hudson Mich.
H. R. Beach, Rapid City, S. D.
C. A. Hanson, Lee, Me.

Five Dollars Each.

B. M. Burlingame, East Douglas, Mass.
S. A. Gray, Dexter, N. B.
William H. Randall, Berwick, Me.
Lizzie E. Ware, Loup City, Neb.

One Dollar Each.

Nathaniel Bean, Newark, Vt.
Mrs. L. H. Bickford, Dresden Mills, Me.
R. C. Bottomley, Woonsocket, R. I.
A. P. Browne, Rye, N. H.
G. C. Bryson, Searights, Penn.
Mrs. Amanda Clarke, Salt Lake City, Utah.
J. F. Colston, Brownsville, Vt.
J. F. Davis, Washington, Me.
W. H. Elmer, French Creek, W. Va.
G. M. Emmons, East Hartford, Conn.
Philip Fagen, East Norton, Mass.
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A. L. Gray, Wesley, Me.
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Anna E. Hadley, Jaqua, Kan.
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Lucy J. Johnson, East Schuyler, N. Y.
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Mrs. C. B. Smith, North Andover, Mass.
G. W. Stevens, 2d, East Corinth, Vt.
Mrs. Henry Todd, Phillipsburg, Kan.
F. L. Williams, East Mansfield, Mass.
Elijah Whitney, Putnamsville, Vt.

JAIL ONLY 20 FEET HIGH.

Ozark County, Mo., Has a Primitive Bastile.

Two hundred and fifty miles by rail and 100 by stage (one of those primitive affairs known as a "buckboard") took the Kansas City Journal correspondent to Gainesville, the county seat of Ozark county, Mo.

Ozark county has about 12,000 inhabitants, and has a debt of $17,000, but as about 9000 of the residents are not taxpayers, the result is that either the other 3000 must be responsible for the debt or it will never be paid. There are no public improvements in the county worthy of the name, and it is a question what the money is owed for.

The only county property that is known of is the court house, a small frame, one-story building in the centre of the "square," and a jail. Gainesville has about 100 inhabitants, and they are all proud of that jail.



OZARK COUNTY JAIL.

It is a sample of pioneer architecture that is shown with pride to all that visit the town. It is a two-story log building, 8x10 feet, and 20 feet high. When first seen it gives the impression that a factory had been burned down and the chimney left standing.

There is neither door nor window to the lower story on the outside, and the upper story is reached by a ladder from the ground to a small platform at the heavy door, which is always double locked and barred.

Six grated windows give light to this story, and the whole place is almost as impregnable as a fortress when the jailer is inside with his ladder drawn up. This upper room is used for the incarceration of criminals who are not considered of a dangerous character, but are confined for simple breaches of the peace, such as shooting a neighbor. A trap door and ladder leads from this room to the lower room, which is a regular dungeon.

Absolutely dark, save for the sickly rays emitted by a small kerosene lamp, and ill-smelling from the emanations of the occupants. Without any of the advantages of civilized life the condition of the whole can better be imagined than described.

When the jailer feeds his guests he simply lowers a bucket by a rope, the utensil containing the food for the whole number who may be so unfortunate as to be confined there.

At the time of the correspondent's visit there were eight men confined in the hole awaiting trial before the Circuit Court.

When the question was asked if no one ever escaped from the jail, the correspondent was told that such a thing was unheard of in that county, but that very night a man named Wilson, who was in for illicit distilling, tunnelled out and made his way toward the Arkansas line.

PENSIONS IN GENERAL.

House Amendment Aiding Aged Warriors Likely to Be a Law.

Washington, March 7.—It is learned from a very good source that the Senate has practically agreed upon a general pension bill, and the Senate has been canvassed to show that the bill will pass.

The Senate scheme is to place on the pension rolls all dependent soldiers or sailors, or those not dependent but who were wounded during the war, at the rate of $12 a month, this pension to be in lieu of any other. Pensioners receiving $12 or over will not benefit by the bill, but those whose pensions amount to less than $12 will have their pensions raised to that figure.

The House will amend the bill by placing on the rolls all veterans over the age of 62, irrespective of dependency or wounds.

With this amendment it is believed the bill will become a law and that will be the only legislation enacted by this Congress in the shape of a general pension law. There is a precedent for pensioning all veterans over the age of 62 without regard to their condition, as the same thing was done in regard to the Mexican veterans, and the survivors of the revolution.

RED ROSE, BEWARE!

[Harriet Maxwell-Converse in N. Y. Home Journal.]

Rose, gentle rose, the strong wind blows,—
Take care,—
Bend meek and low, peace cometh so,—
Beware!
Though thy sweet face be filled with grace,—
Take care,—
The reckless sun each blush hath won,—
Beware!
If from thy heart the red leaves part,—
Take care,—
The sun hath kiss that kills with bliss,—
Beware!
If on thy breast the gay moths rest,—
Take care,—
Rock soft and slow,—dreams come and go—
Beware!
If from thy cup the strong bees sup,—
Take care,—
The selfish bee may so sting thee,—
Beware!
If at thy worst thou faint and thirst,
Take care,
Lest to thy breath come dew of death:
Beware!
If thou should'st pale as day doth fail,
Take care!
Though left forlorn thou hast thy thorn,
Beware,
It yet can wound when thou hast swooned!
Take care!
And leave it bare to mock and stare!

New Boston Music.

From White-Smith Publishing Company: "Tarantelle," M. J. Myers; "Tyrolienne," waltz, Joachim Raff; "Fair Lily Waltz," Antoine Lafont; "Valse-elegante," Joseph Rummel; "Montmorenci Galop," Bernard F. Colburn; "Slumber Sweetly," P. Beaumont; "Kol-Nidrei," J. Rosenfield; "Polka-Mazourka," Francois Behr; "Gavotte," Gluck, arranged by Gustav Lang; "Jingle Bells," concert galop, arranged by F. E. White; "The Sultan's Polka," Charles d'Albert; "The Market Maid," Carl Bohm; "Let the Band Play," march de ballet, arranged by Banks M. Davidson and F. E. White. Vocal—"Still is the Night," C. Schilofsky; "Easter Cantata," C. C. Stearns; "Tantum Ergo," M. Carpenter.

From Oliver Ditson Company: Vocal—"Forsaken," Guiseppe Del Puente; "Across the Fields the Warm Winds Blow," Howard M. Dow; "The Mighty Deep," W. H. Jerde; "Good Advice," Frank H. Brackett; "Star of My Soul," Louis R. Dressler; "By Normandie's Blue Hills," H. Trotere; "If You Love Me," F. Boott; "Good Night, Sweetheart," Manna Simmons. Piano—"Beautiful May," Franz Behr; "Tripping O'er the Pansies," Edward Holst; "Menuet," Otto Langey; "McGinty Quadrilles," J. C. Mayseder. Guitar—"Fantasie Americaine," arr. Louis T. Romero; "Hot Shot March," arr. H. W. Harris.

Naming Kittens.

[Buffalo Commercial.]

Naming kittens is to young children a matter of no little responsibility and importance. A little girl of our acquaintance, who has been well instructed in the Episcopal prayer book, has recently been made the happy possessor of three wee kittens through the unselfish and maternal foresight of her pet cat. "What shall we name them?" said mamma. After serious thought and due deliberation the little owner of the feline menagerie said: "Let their names be Battle, Murder and Sudden Death."



Cure for Consumption.

To the Editor of The Globe:

In answer to the question of "What will remove the white coating on the tongue of a consumptive," the following medicines will usually do it: Get two ounces of hyposulphite of soda, and give a few small crystals several times a day. In the whole 24 hours at least half a teaspoonful or more should be taken. As much as will lay on a dime, four times a day, is the amount I give. It is best to break the crystals up fine, swallow them dry or take them in a little syrup, and follow with a swallow of water, as the taste is unpleasant. A very fine prescription that often delays the disease and in the early stages cures consumption, is the following:

Hypophosphite of lime..........................1 ounce
Hypophosphite of potash....................3 drachms
Hypophosphite of soda..........................1 ounce

Put these three medicines into a pint of boiling water and stir until dissolved; then add sugar to make a thin syrup, stirring until all is dissolved; bottle and add about four ounces of red elixir of lactopeptin. This is pleasant to the taste, and patients do finely on it. Consumptives should take nourishment once in two or three hours followed by a small teaspoonful of the syrup in a little water at once. Consumption is curable if taken in season, and in seven years' practice where lung troubles are very common I have never lost a case where the patient came to me the first few weeks of his illness.

N. C. N.

Can Clean His Hands.

To the Editor of The Globe:

If "M. M." will follow these directions for cleaning his hands I don't think his acquaintances can tell from the appearance of his hands whether he is a greasy mechanic or a bank cashier. First saturate them with kerosene oil and rub it in well, then rub them with a good quantity of clean, dry sawdust, and last use plenty of soap and cold water.

Mechanic.

Use and Abuse of the Whip.

To the Editor of The Globe:

I wish through the columns of your widely-circulated paper to protest against the use and abuse of that relic of barbarism, the whip. Among the many wrongs existing in the community today that need to be righted I consider this a most serious one, for I believe every act of injustice inflicted by man upon the helpless and unprotected must reflect upon himself, preventing his progression and best attainments. I believe its continued use is due to the fact that man is controlled by his impulse, rather than by his intellectual or moral nature, and from a natural love of power, inherited from barbaric ages. We all realize the marked improvement that has taken place in the home and in the community, as regards the teaching and training of children. The late discussions and criticisms on corporal punishment in our public schools show the drift of public sentiment on that question, and although there is still some child whipping and wife beating in the community, I believe they are exceptional cases. The one thought in the family in the past seems to have been obedience to parents, regardless of the unreasonableness of their wishes or commands, and as fear rather than love has been the dominant motive for obedience, parentage has lost much of its sacredness and sweetness, and children have suffered martyrdom. But we are beginning to realize in this age that "perfect love casteth out all fear," and that "love is the fulfilment of the law," and that the injunction "parents, provoke not your children to wrath less they be discouraged," is as important to be observed as the oft-quoted command—"children, obey your parents in all things." Women and children can speak for themselves. My motive in sending this protest is to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves, and if one dumb creature's life shall be made more endurable, whose condition at best is one of servitude, I shall not have written in vain. While there is much suffering throughout nature that man could either prevent or remedy, the one animal whose life is made miserable in a marked degree by the use of the whip is that noble creature and faithful servant the horse. The use of the whip in driving is so common that I fear most persons fail to realize the unnecessary and intense suffering to the horse that its use implies. The whip is used in most cases from habit, without thought, before the horse knows the wishes of the driver, or when the man loses control of his better self. How great is the contrast too often between the driver and the horse—intelligence drawing and stupidity and recklessness driving. By understanding the laws of heredity and by careful selection man has brought the horse to as nearly a perfect physical condition as would seem desirable, and if the same laws had been intelligently applied to improved and perfecting the human race I should not feel impelled to write this article, for man would understand nature's laws "and be a speechless world's interpreter." Were there a perfect understanding between man and his dumb servant there would be perfect harmony, and I believe that if the whip were entirely discarded the community's sense of justice would be gratified and the horse would still serve faithfully and well. One whose life was full of good works, and whose love embraced every living creature, has said: "Man is the master of the world, and may make it what he will. Into his hands is it delivered, with all its mighty possibilities for good or evil, for happiness or misery. Following the monitions and devices of the sub-human he may make of it, what indeed for some tender and gentle souls it has already become, a very hell; working with God and nature, he may convert it into paradise."

S. M. H.

Eight All Around.

To the Editor of The Globe:

In a recent issue of The Globe a correspondent says that he thinks Americans are in love with English things and customs. This country is more of an originator than an imitator, and which "A Lover," etc., will see after he has breathed a little more of its free air. Your correspondent thinks that the American workingman would welcome the half-holiday.

We Americans, native and foreign born, believe in, at present, an equal division of the hours of the day. The American workingman has arrived at that degree of intelligence which teaches him that it is entirely against nature to get out of his bed as early as he must to be at his employment by 7 a. m. In thousands of cases he is up at 4.30 a. m.

The American workingman believes that after eating his breakfast there is no one thing so conducive to good health and contentment as is the reading of a morning paper in the house, when both body and mind are fresh. This enables him to discuss the different topics of the day with his fellow-workman. There are many other little customs we have not taken to, and are not apt to, such as carrying our dinners in our handkerchiefs, as we used to over there; we prefer a tin pail with three compartments. But as he believes in short hours, would not this be better than a half-holiday:

Eight hours' work,
Eight hours' play,
Eight hours' rest
And eight dollars a day.

J. S.

Indian Grants.

Can you give me any account of and the dates of one or two of the first deeds ever given in this country by an Indian to a white man? Am anxious to get the names, dates, etc., of the first deed legally acknowledged and recorded.

J. H. C.

The first I find recorded in Suffolk county is in volume 1, Suffolk deeds, page 43, from Webcowits and Squa Sachem, his wife, of "all that prcll of land wch lyes against the ponds of Mistick together with the said Ponds." It is dated Jan. 13, 1639, but I believe there are earlier ones at Plymouth, of which you can ascertain by writing the register of deeds.

Can Attach.

Will you please inform me if I can attach the business of a young man of 17 years of age for a provision bill that his father contracted.

Reader.

No, Sir.

My mother owes a man $11 for rent. I am working, and am 19 years of age. Can he put an attachment on my pay? Please let me know through the "People's Column."

Constant Reader.

Horses Insured.

Providing a fire insurance policy is taken out on four horses (no description of the horses given), and at the time of a fire occurring there should be five horses in the stable, four of them escape from the fire and the remaining one is burnt, can owner obtain damage against insurance company for the one lost; or supposing a mortgage is given on this particular property can the mortgagee claim for the loss?

T. T.

1, Yes. 2, Yes, if made payable in case of loss to him.

Under Postal Laws Such Cards Are Unmailable.

Please inform me if there is a law against sending this kind of postal card asking a man to pay his bill?

H. M. W.

He Can.

Can a man coming to this country at the age of 18 get naturalized when he becomes 21 years of age.

D. C.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Will you kindly inform me how many times a notice of dissolution of copartnership should be published in the paper in order to legally and fully release the retiring partner from any liability as to future debts of the concern?

W. F. H.

There is no law about it. It should be as many times as would be necessary to bring it to attention of all parties who have had dealings with the firm.

Wife Deserts Husband.

My wife left me six months ago without sufficient cause, taking with her our two children, a boy and girl, and also considerable furniture. I am willing to support her and her children providing she will live with me. Can she gain anything by having me arrested for non-support? Have I not something to say as to where my children shall stay? Could I not refer the case to the Probate Court after being entered in the District Court?

Unfortunate.

As you state the case she has no claim for non-support. You are entitled to the custody of the children.

Rules of Order.

1. Is the acceptance of a committee's report equivalent to its adoption?

2. A town meeting appoints a committee to report to said meeting a list of appropriations for year ensuing. The report is accepted. Is it adopted, or must not town meeting act upon it after its acceptance?

J. J. C.

Accepting the report merely discharges the committee; the town should proceed to adopt the report in order to make it of any value.

Patent Office, $25.

I should like to know where I shall go to have a trademark registered or copyrighted, and what it will cost?

A. L.

Two Cents.

Does a letter sent from one post office to another, (both in the same town) where there is no delivery by carriers require a 2-cent stamp, or can it be sent for one cent?

Reader.

Answer to E. G. C.

An oral contract is not good for a contract which extends over a year.

A FICKLE HEART;

OR,

THE MAN SHE LOVED.

It was a strange mission that Bessie Morton and her betrothed, Jack Clayton, set out upon that night. Two years ago Frank Ashton had been her most devoted lover; but when she jilted him at last he cursed her and went out into the world a broken-hearted man.

He came home to die, and it was his dying wish that Bessie would come and see him and let him beg her forgiveness for what was past. Fickle-hearted though she was, she had consented.

In a long room, ornamented with rare paintings and fragrant flowers, sitting before an open fire, was Frank Ashton. He rose feebly as they entered, and giving his hand silently to each, sank again into his chair and covered his face with his hands, as if the sight of his visitors was painful to him.

Jack went back to the far end of the room and left them with each other. It was hard to tell what Bessie's thoughts were. Her face was a puzzle. Jack could see it from where he sat, and the look made him tremble, although he was not able to analyze it.

She went to Frank and laid her hand softly upon his forehead.

"Did he tell you I begged forgiveness, Bessie?" he said, dropping his head. "I was hasty, but a dying man sees things clearly."

"It is I who should beg pardon; I did not know you were so ill," Bessie answered, tears in her beautiful eyes.

"Don't look at me in that way!" He put out his hands deprecatingly. "It is too much like the old time. I thought I could keep calm, but, oh, Bessie, how I have loved you!"

She put her hand in his without uttering a word. He clutched it tightly.

"Just for one moment no one shall dare to come between us. You may be glad you are dying," she whispered softly. "I wish I was as near my end."

"You? Oh, Bessie, the world must be very beautiful to you!"

"It is not. I have found nothing but bitterness nothing." She was weeping. "Let me come and see you tomorrow; I will tell you at any rate."

"Will you come again?"

His eyes were growing luminous.

"I will be here by 9 o'clock."

She bent and touched his forehead with her lips, and glided out of the room.

Jack Clayton's face was white as death when he came out after her. She did not notice it. Her thoughts were evidently not of him.

"Do you forget that I am here?" he asked, when they were half over the water.

"What did you say?" she asked, dreamily. "I had forgotten where I was."

"I was well aware of that. I think Frank grows worse rapidly."

He meant to try her.

"Do you?" she asked, quickly. "I had not thought to find him so weak."

She was all attention now.

"He will hardly last out the autumn, his physicians say."

"Hush!" Her voice was sharp with pain. "I will not hear it!"

How this woman had changed in the two last hours!

"Then you love him?"

"Who says I love him?"

She turned upon him quickly.

"I ask do you?"

"Don't talk to me tonight. I am not myself."

He left her with his heart like lead in his bosom. Something told him his fate was sealed.

The next morning Bessie, true to her promise, was at Frank Ashton's door at an early hour; but her courage almost failed when she came into his presence.

"I am afraid I can never tell you," she said, trembling. Then, before he had time to answer, she hurried on: "You never knew anything of my early history, but"—her face was crimson—"I was a waif and a stray, picked up in the streets of London when an infant by a kind old gentleman, who after a while adopted me. At his death he left me wealthy, and then I determined what my fate should be. My face was called beautiful, my purse was full to overflowing; little danger but the world would acknowledge me and society receive me with open arms. An honest man's wife I could never be with this stain upon me, but lovers I must have; and I determined coolly and deliberately to win hearts, then throw them away as I did yours. I would never look into any man's eyes and say, 'I love you.'"

"Say it to me, Bessie!" His eyes were blazing. "Say it! I think it will give me back my life again if you only will."

She loooked at him steadily.

"Would you still want me after what I have told you?" she asked. "Believe me, I would not have told you if you had not loved me so, and if I had dared—surely there is no harm in saying it now—I would have loved you. Never mind—I am glad you know the truth. Our parting will be happier for it."

"We will never part, Bessie, for my love is true and lasting. Heaven bless you, my darling! You have made me the happiest man alive."

The next thing Jack Clayton heard of Bessie was her marriage with Frank Ashton, and in a year the man whom all had considered dying had entirely recovered. Love works miracles.

Mortality of the Union Generals.

[Harper's Weekly.]

Gen. William T. Sherman reached his 70th birthday on the 8th of this month and in vigorous health. He is almost the only great commander of the Union armies who lived the allotted term of life. It is a striking fact that the soldiers generally of both armies fall short of civilians in lease of life. Grant would be but 68 were he now alive, and he died at 63.

Sheridan was born in 1831, and died at 57.

Thomas died at 54, and he was naturally of a robust constitution.

Meade died at 57.

Halleck was but 57 when he died.

McClellan was but 59 when he died.

McDowell died at 67.

Hooker was but 65 when he died.

Burnside was but 57 when he died.

Hancock died at 63.

Fremont, born in 1813, is still living.

Rosecrans was born in 1819, and is still living.

Something Nice for the Major.

[Washington Star.]

One night last week Maj. Stofah went out to see his then best girl, and the little brother came down to entertain him till the young lady appeared.

"Ain't your birthday purty soon?" asked the child.

"Yes," replied the major, with a smile and a hope.

"Have you got any use for a razzle-dazzle?" continued the boy.

"Not that I am aware of," responded the major, innocently.

"That's just like girls, ain't it?" remarked the boy, wisely. "Sister said she was going to give you a razzle-dazzle for a birthday present."

Her Voice Did It.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Chicago man fell in love with a telephone girl on account of her voice and proposed marriage. She accepted, but when he came to see her he fluked. Then that sad sweet voice demanded $3000 in smooth, green cash, and he had to fork it over.

NEW RATES TO AGENTS.

No matter what your occupation is, you can make money in spare moments by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.



Do They Let Liars Into Heaven?

[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

St. Peter (to new applicant)—Where from?

N. A.—The earth.

St. P.—What are your claims for admission?

N. A.—Though sorely tempted, I never swore at my fountain pen, and, though a theatre-goer, I never reviled a woman's high hat.

St. P.—First-class! Here's a check to row 1.

A Distinction and a Difference.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

Mrs. Brindle—I must have some money today, William. I'm going shopping.

Mr. Brindle (in surprise)—What do you want with money?

Mrs. Brindle (ditto)—How can I buy goods without money?

Mr. Brindle—Oh! you're going to buy something? I thought you were only going shopping.

Decided That Her Heart Was Right.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Yabsley—If ever I marry, I shall marry a woman of education.

Wickwire—I used to talk that way myself. But, in fact, I never had a thought of marrying the present Mrs. Wickwire until one day I got a letter from her announcing that her uncle had "d-i-d-e" and left her sixty-five thousand "d-o-l-e-r-s."

The Gentleman from Yale.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Judge—Prisoner at the bar before I pass sentence upon you I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise that a man who has had all the advantages of a collegiate education should be found at the head of a mob of drunken rioters.

Prisoner—Why, great snakes, judge, that was a part of my collegiate training.

A Merchant's Idea of Conscience.

[New York Weekly.]

Junior partner (Golde, Cash & Co.)—The salesman in department X says he won't perjure his soul another week lying about our goods. It will be difficult for us to fill his place.

Senior partner—How much is he getting?

"Ten dollars a week."

"Offer him $12 and a commission."

Why One Young Man Hates Politics.

[Washington Star.]

A young man was calling on a Congressman's daughter the other evening, when the father appeared at the parlor door.

"May I come in?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "you may, but we have a quorum without you."

Then he didn't.

Only His Sister.

[Chicago Lyre.]

Big boy—Well, that beats me, to see that fellow spooning around that girl! And they say he's proposed and is crazy to marry her.

Stranger—Nothing strange about that. She's a fascinating and beautiful young lady.

"She! She fascinating and beautiful! Why, she's my sister!"

A Broad Hint.

[New York Sun.]

Mr. Dolly—Jack and I sat there smoking cigarettes and blowing rings.

Miss Oldgirl—How I wish I had been there.

Mr. Dolly—Why?

Miss Oldgirl—So I could have run the third finger of my left hand through one of the rings.

She Might Regret It.

[Life.]

Wife—John, if we go to the theatre tonight will you have to go out between the acts to see a man?

Husband—I'm very much afraid I shall.

Wife—Well, here's a dollar and a half extra. Get a ticket for him and let him sit with us.

Get Two Silver Three-Cent Pieces Ready.

[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Citizen (summer of 1890)—Glass of lemonade, please.

Vendor—Certainly. How will you have it? With ice, 10 cents; without ice, three cents.

Authority.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"Have you read Smithers' book?"

"No."

"Why, you said in your review that it was a great story."

"Well, that's all right. Smithers told me that himself."

Music in His Stomach, Not His Soul.

[Puck.]

"Fido ate the canary yesterday."

"Ate the canary! What did you do to him?"

"We gave him some pepsin, poor thing! You know he isn't used to such strong diet."

They Bring More, by the Pound.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Poet—I have brought you a poem, sir. It is rather long, but I suppose that will make no difference.

Editor—Oh, no. Just as easy to reject long ones as short ones.

She Would Keep That Eye on Him.

[Texas Siftings.]

Father—I don't understand why you object to marrying that girl. She is rich and comes of a good family.

Son—But, father, don't you know that she is blind in one eye?

In Most Theatres They Do.

[Judge.]

Tipple (crossly)—See the footlights—all the time going out.

Mrs. Tipple—Yes, it is disagreeable; but there's one consolation—they don't go out between the acts.

Ca-a-a-sh!

[Chicago Tribune.]

(Ardently.) "Lucy Ribboncounter, life would be worthless to me without your love!"

(Dreamily.) "My heart is yours, Harry. . . . Where will you have it sent?"

She Decided Against Him.

[Lawrence American.]

Callowby—Miss Pert is a decided blonde, isn't she?

Fink—Yes, too decided. You ought to have heard her reject me.

Takes Longer Still to Pay for It.

[Puck.]

Edith—I wonder why Lent lasts so long?

Maud—Why, how can you say that? I'm sure 40 days is little enough time to study up an Easter costume.

Of Course She Wouldn't.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Minnie—I w's going to tell you something I heard Jennie Watts saying about you, but I can't recollect it.

Mamie—Oh, well, it was nothing bad or you never would have forgotten it.

Loved Her, Wanted Her Dog.

[Washington Post.]

"Papa," said Mabel at the breakfast table, "would you sell our dog?"

"I don't know; why do you ask?"

"Because I am sure Harold would buy him."

Jumping on a Fellow When He's Down.

[Washington Post.]

"Oh, look," exclaimed the Chicago girl at dinner. "Here's something in the soup."

"Look at it closely," said her brother, "and see if it isn't New York."

Not a Bachelor Himself.

[New York Weekly.]

Old Churchman—How do you stand on the infant damnation theory?

Liberal Minister—With both feet and jumping.

A Moose Yard, Too.

[Lawrence American.]

Chicago school teacher—How many feet make a yard?

Tommy Lakeside—One.

Teacher—Correct.

The Chinaman's Sign.

[Life.]

Sam—Can you read that, Dennis?

Dennis—No! But I could play it on me phlute.

MAKE MEN VOTE.

Let the People Choose Their Own Candidates.

So Says the Eminent Jurist, David Dudley Field.

He Thinks the Present Caucus a Very Bad Affair.

The chief guest of the last dinner of the Massachusetts Reform Club was the distinguished lawyer and jurist of New York city, David Dudley Field, who, spoke upon "Ballot Reform." His remarks were substantially as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN—Though I am a citizen of New York, I do not feel as if I were far from home when I stand on the soil of Massachusetts. Some of the earlier years of my life were passed in this old Commonwealth, and for many a glowing summer I have made my home in the Berkshire hills. For this reason I am glad to be here.

I am glad for another reason. Boston is a familiar name in the history of American self-government. Here if anywhere, here in this city, full of the memories of heroic deeds and eloquent voices for the right, here it is pleasant to discuss questions of public concern.

Many a year ago, in the stormy fight against human servitude, it was my good fortune to be listened to in Faneuil Hall where Sumner and Wilson and Burlingame were among my auditors, and I account it an honor to be listened to now in the same city, though not in denunciation of human and personal bondage, yet in denunciation of that other bondage hard to be borne, the subjection of the government to corrupt and corrupting politics.

There are now, as I reckon them, six problems before the American people: Honest government, woman suffrage, the negro race, the rights of labor, the government of cities and the government of corporations.

The first of these problems is in our minds this evening. It is indeed first and foremost of them all: first in importance and first in the minds of the people.

Why is it that so much is said and written about ballot reform? Why is it that fraud has crept into the elections, and is cheating the people out of their rights of self-government? You have lately enacted a law for protecting the secrecy of the ballot, and I am told that the law works well. For this you are to be congratulated not only for good work done to yourselves, but for good example to your sister States.

I will beg leave, however, to urge your going a step further. This is a party government, or perhaps I should rather say, a government to be administered by party. You cannot make it otherwise.

Party is Indispensable

in a free country, in order to avoid the distraction and disintegration consequent upon many candidates, many groups of electors and many questions. In no other way can you concentrate the votes upon particular persons or particular measures. Our theory is that this is a government of the people, that is to say, a government resting upon all the people, not a part of them, not on aristocrats or kings, but on the whole body of citizens. The accustomed phrase, stamped as if it were a coin fresh from the popular mint, is that ours is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

In sober earnest we must confess that this is no longer a government by the people, and for the people. Its true designation would be a government of the people, run by politicians, caucusses, bosses and cliques, for their own benefit. Ballot reform will go a great way to make it what the popular proverb would have it to be, but it will not go the whole way.

What we are to aim at is to induce all the voters to take part in the administration of the government for the equal benefit of all the people. How to do that is the question to which I ask your attention.

We will begin with these two postulates, that the collective will of the whole people is the only lawful source of authority in this country; and that this will is expressed not by the people in mass, but through delegates chosen by them. The choice of these delegate becomes thus of vital importance. In the making of the choice two distinct processes are to be performed, one the setting up of the candidates, the other the final choice between them. We are busying ourselves at the present time with the second process, to the neglect almost entirely of the first.

Now, of the two processes, the first is hardly less important than the second, for if honest and capable candidates are put in nomination, it matters less which are elected, as in either case the community will be well served. The supreme problem then is to get the best candidates, and then to make all the people choose from among them. How will you get the best candidates?

Suppose an election in which only one office is to be filled, say that of mayor of this city. How can you secure nominations which best express the wishes of the majority of citizens in each party?

You answer that the best way of getting at the wishes of the citizens is to ask them. Ask the Democrats whom they would nominate, and put the same question to the Republicans. You will then get the wishes of a majority of the Democrats as to their candidates and of a majority of the Republicans as to theirs, and when the day of election comes the majority of all the voters of the city

Will Declare by Their Ballots

which of the two candidates they prefer. A similar process would suffice when there are several offices to be filled.

How and when can the citizens be asked whom they would nominate?

I answer that whenever a registration is made for each election the voters should be required to name their candidates when they register their own names as voters. That plan would answer for New York. In places where there is a standing list of voters their preference of candidates to be nominated might be expressed in writing and all the voters be called upon to give such an expression. The details need not be specified here; they could easily be worked out.

If neither of these methods commends itself as practicable and useful, then a written nomination signed by a certain number of electors, say for example one-tenth, should be sufficient warrant for printing the ballots and pursuing the system prescribed by present laws. This last is, I believe, the method adopted in your ballot reform act, for nominations other than by caucus, but it calls for only a minority of votes, and leaves the caucus in full force.

At present the primary is the nominating unit, and a very bad one it is. It is for the most part unregulated by law, and is a haphazard affair. A caucus is called, and few or many, generally few, attend, and they nominate. The mass of the voters do not attend, and their voices are not heard. This meeting nominates for the smaller local offices, and it sends delegates to the larger conventions for the nomination of candidates for the larger districts, and so on in certain gradation till you get to the nomination of a governor and other State officers.

My contention is that instead of being made by these few the nomination should be made by all the voters in the party residing in the district, which the primary now assumes to represent, or as many of these voters as can be made to signify their wishes by their presence at a public meeting, or by writing under such safeguards as may be necessary to prevent fraud.

My suggestions therefore are these two—suggestions which I make with all proper deference to other views, but which I venture to press upon your attention—and these are official nomination and compulsory election.

I would make as many of the voters as possible take part in the nomination, and I would make all of them vote. Compulsory voting is as necessary as compulsory education. The abstentions from the polls make a curious and instructive showing in our political history. It has been stated in one of your journals that in Springfield out of the 8699 legal voters recorded for 1884, only 6960 were registered, and only 6108 of those registered voted. Why was this? No doubt the principal reason was the disgust generally felt at the prevailing political methods.

Such, Mr. President and gentlemen, are my views of the reform needed. I venture to commend them to your attention, and if you find any good in them I shall not have expressed them in vain, for the measures proposed would, I am fain to believe, fitly crown the edifice of electoral reform.

In conclusion, Mr. Field quoted the New York Herald, to the effect that the business of the country suffered a loss of $500,000,000 by the excitement and turmoil of the last presidential campaign, and expressed the belief that an honest ballot reform throughout the country would put an end to such frightful losses in the future.

Rich Men's Sons.

[Epoch.]

Examples of this law of heredity are plentiful among the financial leaders. The Astors and Vanderbilts of this generation have shown themselves well worthy to uphold the great monetary dynasties founded by their ancestors, and there is not in either family a spendthrift or an unworthy member. W. W. Astor has done some creditable literary work. Jay Gould's sons are likely to carry out his projects and increase the magnitude of his fortune. Robert Bonner's heritage is well cared for by his sons. The Ames family, which started its fortune by making shovels and increased it in Credit Mobilier, has an able member today in Oliver Ames, who has thrice been governor of Massachusetts. "Old Hutch's" son in Chicago is at 30 the president of a bank and director of a score of financial institutions. James L. Flood, son of the bonanza prince, and most prominent of the scions of mushroom wealth, has been at the head of the great Nevada Bank.

LENTEN RULE SUSPENDED.

Papal Encyclical, the Basis of Instructions from the Archbishop in Regard to Fast and Abstinence.

The following encyclical from Pope Leo XIII., which is of great import to the Catholic world, was read in all the Catholic churches in this city Sunday, at high mass:

THE HOLY ROMAN UNIVERSAL INQUISITION.

To all Archbishops, Bishops and Ordinaries of the Catholic world:

The nature and attending circumstances of the disease which, during these days, has spread widely, not only through Europe, but through other quarters of the globe, have laid an obligation upon the cares of the apostolic authority and goodness.

Our most holy lord, Leo XIII., influenced by the increase of the malady, and in the indefatigable zeal with which he labors to provide for the good of the faithful, not only in the things that are of the soul, but also that are of the body, has thereafter, in his solicitude, taken counsel to grant to the faithful, as far as lies in his power, the benefit of the remedies which may possibly be of avail to life and health against the power of his all-pervasive illness.

Wherefore, through the channel of the sacred council of the supreme Roman universal inquisition he grants the apostolic authority to all archbishops, bishops and ordinaries of the Catholic world in all places which have been visited by the disease herein referred to, the power of absolving the faithful under their charge from the law binding to fast and abstain as long as, in their judgment, the state of the public health in these places calls for the exercise of this apostolic indulgence.

Moreover, his holiness desires the faithful, in availing themselves of this apostolic condescension, to give a more careful attention to the fulfilment of good works, which are powerful to merit the divine clemency. And therefore he exhorts them to make special efforts to honor and appease Almighty God by charitably assisting the needy, by frequenting the churches for prayers and holy offices, and by the frequent use of the sacraments—since it is clear that the many evils which we suffer are to be attributed to the divine justice, which on account of the impurity of morals and the widespread flood of crime visits a just punishment on men.

R. CARDINAL MONACO.

Rome, Jan. 30, 1890.

FUN OVER THE WIRES.

An Old Lady Who Got Her Money's Worth and a Sad Young Man.

[Youth's Companion.]

Telegraph operators with a sense of the ludicrous sometimes find their dull, everyday routine enlivened by the amusing messages handed in by their customers. An operator in a small Western town was sitting alone in his office, when an old lady entered, who informed him that she wished to send a message to her daughter.

"How much will it cost?" she asked.

"Fifty cents for 10 words."

"How much for five words?"

"The same. We do not send any messages for less than 50 cents."

"All I want to say is, 'I will come home tomorrow,' and that will be the same as if there were 10 words, eh?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, I may as well have my money's wuth," she said, reflectively. Then, holding up one hand and counting the words off on her fingers, she added, "Johnny—cut—a—tooth—yesterday."

"There," she said, "you send that along, too, to make us even," and, with a comfortable sense that she had not been defrauded by the company, she went on her way.

The operator was of too sympathetic a nature to be amused over the distress of a young man who, three minutes after the departure of the last train for the day, rushed up to the window and dashed off the following message to be sent to a town 60 miles away, addressed to a Miss Something-or-other:

"Have just missed train. Must postpone ceremony until tomorrow. Would walk there if I could. Try to be calm."

HURRAH FOR THE NAVY.

What Happens Sometimes Unto Our Gallant Tars.

[Puck.]

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Executive Officer Smorky, as he gazed at the big, ragged combers rushing down on the storm-tossed Corktown; "this is the toughest weather I was ever out in. We never had anything like this on Chesapeake bay, did we?"

"Not much!" replied Navigator Smingins. "How would you like to be doing a cruise in the Constellation in this weather?"

"O gimmineddy! Say Smingins, I guess we'd better heave her to, don't you?"

"I suppose so; but I'm blest if I dare to put her broadside on in such a sea."

"Fellows," said Ensign Snooks, who had just crawled on deck on all fours, "I read in the Broad Arrow not long ago about heaving a sharp-sterned ship to, stern foremost."

"By Jupiter!" said Executive Officer Smorky, "that's just the thing. Quartermaster!"

"Aye, aye, sir?"

"Get the drag out over the stern."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the quartermaster.

"In about half an hour the drag had gone in search of McGinty, and the Corktown, slowed down and with reversed engines, came pretty near broaching to.

"Bend a cable to the whaleboat and put that out for a drag," suggested Ensign Snooks.

The cable was soon bent on, and the whaleboat was lowered away. The engines were driven at half speed astern.

"Hold on! Hold on!" shouted Executive Officer Smorky; "the whale-boat's sunk!"

"The cable will foul the propeller!" yelled Navigator Smingins.

"Go ahead full speed!"

"No; for heaven's sake don't do that!"

"Let go an anchor!"

"It's three miles to the bottom here!"

"Send down a yard or two, anyhow!"

"No, no! Back her."

"No; confound it, man the pumps!"

"Set the spanker!"

"Heave her to under a double-reefed maintopsail; that's what Luce's 'Seamanship' says."

"You be blowed! Luce is out of date. Get a hawser over the weather quarter, with a lot of spare spars made fast to it, and—"

"But we haven't any spare spars."

"What in thunder is the use of learning at the academy how to do these things if we haven't anything to do them with at sea?"

"How the deuce should I know? Say, are we all going to Davy Jones' locker?"

"Stow that! Davy Jones' locker is out of date."

"What's the matter with you boys?" asked Commander Stump, who had now come on deck. "Quartermaster!"

"Aye, aye sir!"

"Get a gang of men and clear away—"

Whack! The quartermaster had cut the cable with an axe; the whaleboat went down, and the danger was over.

"It ain't book learning that makes a sailor," he mumbled as he moved forward.

THE IDOL.

[Walter Herries Pollock in Christian Union.]

I have known it young, I have known it old,
I have found an idol of purest gold,
And yet there has always come a day
When I saw that idol's feet were clay.

Of purest gold was fashioned the rest,
In that one idol I loved the best;
And, ah! that there should be this to say,
That the feet were clay, the feet were clay.

You may watch till watching outdoes your might,
Never the gold is a whit less bright;
The idol never shall lose a ray,
But the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

I had counted, half knowing, the cost before;
"If only the idol is mine to adore,"
I cried, "it is naught if the trumpets bray
That the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

"If the thunder's voice should bear it afar
That the idol is what all idols are;
If I take them for gold, what matters it, pray,
If the feet of the idol are only clay?"

And yet the news one day must come,
With tune of harp or rattle of drum,
In strife of squadrons, on moonlit bay,
That the feet after all are nothing but clay.

Let the people tell it, and let them repeat
What tales they like of the idol's feet,
To this assurance my life I'll hold,
That the idol's heart is of purest gold.

A worshipper must be brave and wise—
The gold is a dauntless gazer's prize;
'Tis the blind who chant in the same dull way
That the feet of our idols are always clay.

Let the darkened eyes of the blind awake,
Let them see the truth for the truth's own sake,
They shall know 'tis a foolish tale is told
That even the feet are of aught but gold.

Let the blind but open their eyes to the light,
Nay, let them see truth in their visions of night,
So shall they an idol fashioned behold
Through and through of the purest gold.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P.O. addresses. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

wy26t ja8

CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN..................Editor.

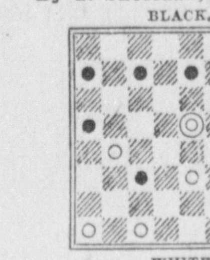
BOSTON, March 15, 1890.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin lock drawer 52 O, Boston, Mass.

New England chess and checker rooms, 691 Washington street. Open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. All are welcome.

By T. Sheridan, New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.—[Selected.

SOLUTION.

15..18	26..31	22..18	24..15	25..9
22..26	30..25	13..22	18..9	W. wins.
18..22	31..24	23..19	5..14	

Double Corner.

Played between A. Baker of West Hartlepool and J. G. Lewis of Newcastle, Baker's move.—[Northern Leader.

9..14	4..8	10..14	14..21	13..17
22..18	25..22	22..18	1..5	21..14
5..9	8..11	14..17	10..14	30..26
18..15	26..23	15..11	18..15	31..22
11..18	6..9	7..10	25..30	25..2
21..17	24..19	11..7	15..10	19..15
14..21	9..13	6..9	21..25	16..19
23..8	28..24	7..2	10..6	23..16
12..16	2..6	10..14	25..29	12..19
25..22	32..28	2..6	6..2	15..10
16..20	11..16	1..10	29..25	2..7
22..18	30..26	5..1	2..6	24..15
8..12	21..25	17..22	14..17	7..14
29..25	18..15	26..17	5..21	37..23

A well-fought game. Mr. Baker forced the win in grand style.

Ayrshire Lassie.

By J. MacFarlane, Jr., Bathgate.

11..15	32..28	15..24	18..9	26..30
24..20	10..15	28..19	5..14	6..2
8..11	19..10	2..6	22..18	30..26
28..24	6..15	22..18	14..17	20..16
4..8	25..22	6..10-A	21..14	11..20
23..19	18..25	26..22	10..17	2..4
15..18	29..22	1..5	18..14	12..16
22..15	5..9	27..24	17..22	19..12
11..18	30..26	3..8	14..9	26..28
26..23	8..11	31..27	22..26	Drawn.
9..14	24..19	9..13	9..6	

—[West Lothian Courier.

Single Corner.

Played at London between F. Smith and J. H. Strudwick. Smith's move:

11..15	29..25	14..18	19..16-B	8..11
22..18	10..14	23..14	12..19	15..8
15..22	28..24	9..18	24..15	6..29
25..18	16..20	26..23	5..9	8..3
8..11	31..26	7..11	21..17	1..6
26..22	7..10	23..7	9..14-C	3..7
11..16	32..28	11..18	17..10	6..9
24..19	3..7	22..15	18..23	7..10
4..8	18..15	2..18-A	27..18	W. wins.

A—Same as Anderson's Third S. D. corner, var. 2, at 20th move.

C—Varies from Anderson.

D—Loser. I expected it. J. H. S.

—[Leeds Mercury.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, Mar. 10.

BUTTER.—The butter market shows little change for the better, though prices ruled a trifle firmer during the past week. Best grades of butter move fairly well at steady prices, but the medium and low grades are dull and weak.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, ..@27c ℔ lb; do, Western, extra, 26@27c; do, extra 1st, 23@25c; do, 1st, 15@18c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, box, 27@28; do, Dairy, extra, 22@23; Vermont Dairy, extra, 21@22; do, N. Y., extra, ..@21; N. Y. & Vt. extra 1st, 17@19c; do 1st, 13@15c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 13@14; do, 1st, 11@12; Western imitation creamery, extra, 19@20; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, 15@16; do, 1st, 10@12. Trunk butter, ¼ lb or ½ lb prints, extra, 25@27; extra 1st, 20@24c ℔ lb.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c ℔ lb; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c ℔ lb; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½. Prints steady at 14c.

CHEESE.—The market continues to improve and is firm at higher prices.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, ℔ lb, 11@11½; do 1st, 9½@10½c; do, 2ds, 6@8c; Vermont extra, 11@11¼c; do, 1st, 9½@10½c; do, 2ds, 6@8c; part skims, 4@7c; Skims, 2@3c; Ohio extra, 10@10½c; Ohio 1sts, 8@9c.

Liverpool quotations, white, 51s.

EGGS.—Receipts of good fresh eggs are plentiful and prices are therefore moderate, but the Lenten demand has improved the market and dealers are having a fair trade.

We quote: Near-by and Cape, ..@..c ℔ dozen; Eastern extra, ..@17c; do, firsts, 15½@16c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ..@17; New York 1sts, 16@17c; Michigan, extra, ..@16c; Western, firsts, 15½c; Canadian 1sts, 15½; Southern firsts, 15@15½c ℔ doz.

BEANS.—The market is without material change though prices are rather unsteady. The supply on hand is in excess of the demand, with the exception of Yellow Eyes, which are rather scarce.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $1.95@2.05 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, small, $1.85@.... ℔ bush; do, marrow, $1.75@1.75 ℔ bush; do, screened, $1.50@1.60; do 2ds, $1.35@1.50; Medium choice, hand-picked, $1.75@....; do, screened, $1.55@1.60; Yellow Eyes, extra, $....@3.00; do, 2ds, $2.50@2.75; Red Kidneys, $3.25.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The coffee quotations are as follows: Java Pad'gs, pale, ..@..c; do do, medium brown, 24¾@25c; do do fancy brown, ...@25¼c; do Timor, 23¼@23½c; do Malang, 22¼@22¾c; do Tagals, ..@23 c; do Ankola, 25@25½c; do Hollandbags, ..@24c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 26@26½c; Mocha, 25½@26c; Rios, prime, 21c; do fair, ..@20½c; do ordinary, 18½@....c; low ordinary, 17½c; Maracaibo, 17@22c; Lagnayra, 20c; Costa Rica, 20¼@21½c; Jamaica, 19½@22c; Guatemala, 22½@23c; Mexican, 21½@23c; Hayti, 19½@20c.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—The demand for green fruit has continued good and prices are generally firm. Oranges and lemons move freely. Dried fruits are in fair demand at steady prices.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 12@16. Eleme, 6½; Valencia, new, 7½@8; do, Ondara, 8@8½. Currants, $6.50@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 18@20. Dates—Persian, new, 5@6½; do, fard, new, 7@9, Figs, layers, 11@25; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, bag, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Sicily, $3.50@5.00; do Palermo, $3.50@5.00. Oranges—Florida, $2.50@4.50: Messina, $2.25@3.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50; 8 hands, $1.10; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, 10@13c: Castinas, 11@12c; Pecans, 10@15c; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 17@18; Peanuts, hand-picked, 7½@8½; do, Fms, 5½@6c.

SUGAR.—The market for refined sugar is active and prices are firm.

We quote: Cut-loaf, 7½c; crushed, 7½c; pulverized, 7⅛c; cubes, 6⅞c; powdered, 6¾c; granulated, 6 ⅛@6 ¼c; Confectioners' A, 6 7-16c; Standard A, 6⅜@6½c; Extra C, 5¾c; C, 5⅛@5¼c; Yellow, 5⅜@5⅝c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine Flour, $2.50@2.75; Superfine, $2.75@3.25; Common extras, $3.20@3.90; Choice extras, $4.25@4.75; Minnesota bakers, $3.85@4.25; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $4.10@4.25; New York roller, $4 00@4.25; Ohio and Indiana, $4.10@4.25; do, do, strai't, $4.25@4.40; do, do, patent, $4.75@4.90; St Louis and Ill. clear, $4.15@4.25; do, do, straight, $4.40@4.55; do, do, patent, $4.75@4.90; Spring wheat patents, $5.00@5.20 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 41½c ℔ bush; Steamer yellow, 40½@41c ℔ bush; Steamer mixed, 40c ℔ bush; ordinary, 38c ℔ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 34@34½c ℔ bush; standard, do, ..@33c; No 2, do, 32@32½c; No 3, do, 31c ℔ bush; rejected white, 30c ℔ bush; No. 2 mixed, 31c; rejected mixed, 29c ℔ bushel.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $29.00@30.00; No 1, do do, $25.00@26.00; No 1, shore, $23.00; No. 1 Bay, $22.00; No. 2 Bay, $21.00; No. 2 medium, $19.00@20.00; No. 3, ordinary, $19.00; No. 3, medium, $18.00@18.50; No. 3 large, $19.00@19.50; No. 2, large, $21.00@22.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $5.50@5.75; do, do, medium, $4.25@4.50; do. N. S. Shore, $....@....; Pickled Bank, $4.75@5.00; Georges, $6.25@6.50; Shore, $5.25@5.50; Hake, $2.50@2.75; Haddock, $3.25@3.50; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.25@3.50. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4½@4¾c; boneless Cod, 6@7.

Herring—Nova Scotia splits, large, $6.50@6.75; do medium, $4.50@5.00; Labrador, $5.75@6.00; Round Shore, large, $3.50@3.75.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 7@8; New England steers, green, 4½@5; do, cow, 3½c; do, do, bulls, 3@....; Salted steers, 6½@7; do, cows, 4¾@5; bulls, 4½@4¾. Calfskins—deacons, 25@30c; 5@7 lbs, 60@60; 7@9 lbs, 65@70c; 9@12 lbs, 75@80c; Texas, dry-salted, 7@8; Tex flint rough, 9@..; Texas kips, 9@..; Buenos Ayres, 13½@14; Rio Grande, ..@11; Montevideo, ...@14; Cordova, 13½; Rio Grande kips, 9½@11; Sierra Leone, 11; Bissao & Gambia, 10@11; Zanzibar hides, 9@10; Tamative, 8@8½; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SEEDS.—There is no particular change in the seed market. Spring trade has not yet opened and prices are merely nominal.

We quote: Clover, West, 7@7½c ℔ lb; do, North, 7¼@7¾; do, white, 14½@18; do, Alsike, 10½@12; do. Lucerne, ..@17; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $1.60@1.75; do, Jersey, $2.20@2.35; R. I., bent, $1.85@1.90; Hungarian, 70@85c; Gold Millet, 80@$1.15; common Millet, 65@80c; Orchard, ℔ bush $1.25@1.40; Blue Grass, $1.25@1.30 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $1.60@1.70 ℔ bush; do, North, $1.70@1.85 ℔ bush: American flaxseed, $2.00@2.25.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; B. & W'th'ns, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4@4¼c; Corn, 2¼@2⅜c; Wheat, 4½@5½c.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4⅛@4½; Country, 3¾@4; Bone, 3¼@3¾; house grease, 3@3½; grease, tanners, 1⅝@3; do, chip, 2⅛@2⅝; do, naphtha, 1⅛@2⅛; do, hard, 4⅛@5⅛.

WOOL.—The receipts of wool the past week were 3680 bales domestic and 1266 bales foreign, against 3953 bales domestic and 1486 bales foreign last week, and 3072 bales domestic and 2710 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1889.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, March 7, 1890:

Western cattle, 2237; Eastern cattle, 150; Northern cattle, 298. Total, 2685.

Western sheep and lambs, 10,746; Northern sheep and lambs, 1268; Eastern sheep and lambs, —. Total, 12,114.

Swine, 24,406. Veals, 803. Horses, 842.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, live weight, for Northern and Eastern cattle ranged from $2.00 to $4.50.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00@6.50.

Prices of Western beef cattle per 100 lbs, live weight, for butchers' trade, ranged from $3.50 to $4.75.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides	6¼@..	Sheepskins	25c@$....
Brighton tall'w	4 @..	Lambskins	25c@$....
Country hides	5½@..	Dairyskins	15@35c
Country tall'w	3 @..	Woolskins	50c@$1.25
Calfskins	5 @6		

LOVE AND BOOKS;

OR,

GAIN THROUGH LOSS.

There was nothing left for Margaret Ayer to do, now that her mother was ill, but to sell the few remaining books of her father's library. While she was negotiating with the doctor a fine-looking gentleman picked up one of the volumes and opened it.

"I should like to buy this volume, Mr. Merry, and this," picking up another.

The purchaser of Prof. Ayer's treasures stood with one volume opened at the title page, his index finger pointed at a small card pasted there, on which was inscribed, "David Ayer."

"What is the matter, Mr. Buell?" asked Mr. Merry, glancing at the bit of pasteboard indicated.

"I should like to know how Prof. Ayer's property comes to be here?" responded Mr. Buell, turning an inquiring look upon Margaret.

"Mr. Ayer was my father, but he died last December and we have disposed of most of his books as they were a great incumbrance to mamma and me," she answered, simply wondering if Mr. Buell had been a personal acquaintance of that dear, dead father, when, to her bewilderment, the gentleman in question grasped her hand warmly, and said: "Miss Ayer, I am proud and happy to have met you, though most deeply and sincerely grieved to hear of your bereavement. Prof. Ayer was one of my most dearly-beloved teachers and friends. I graduated from the college in '79, and am now a teacher myself; but through all of these years I have cherished a sweet and tender memory of Prof. Ayer, and all that he did for me, too."

Margaret's lovely eyes filled with tears at this tribute to her father's virtue, and though she blushed when she thought of his admirer seeing her in her present situation, she could not but be at ease with the courtly-mannered scholar and invite him, in her mother's name, to call upon them.

This invitation Mr. Buell accepted with eagerness, and then took an immediate departure, his delicate instinct telling him that it would be most embarrassing for Margaret to have him present during the remainder of her transaction, now that she knew who he was.

Mr. Buell called about a week after his meeting with Margaret, and was entertained by her, she inviting him to come again when her mother had recovered sufficiently to see him.

He was occupying the chair of moral and mental philosophy in one of the provincial colleges, he explained in the little notes which accompanied his gifts, and was spending his vacation with his parents in the city, and would Mrs. Ayer allow him the privilege of sending her a few little things now and then during her illness, just to show, in a small degree, his affection for his deceased friend and instructor and for the dear ones he had left behind? And would she permit him to call when she felt able to receive him?

The notes were so kind and friendly, and it was so good to the widow to be remembered as in the old days, that she willingly granted the young man's requests.

So, when she had recovered sufficiently to sit up and talk a little, Mr. Buell came, and the mutual impressions were so favorable that the call was repeated again and again, until it became quite a customary thing for the young professor to spend one or two pleasant hours with Mrs. Ayer and her daughter every week.

At first he did not ask himself whether it was Prof. Ayer's widow or his sweet, pretty daughter that attracted him; but before the summer had ended he had decided that it was most certainly the latter, although he was very fond of the gentle Mrs. Ayer.

And Margaret?

Well, she was not very long in finding out that Robert Buell was the embodiment of the virtues she most admired in a man, and that her heart was already given into his keeping.

And so it came about that when he returned to his work in September he left the print of a lover's kiss on Margaret's sweet lips and a glittering ring on her white finger; while he, in turn, carried with him the remembrance of a gentle vow of love, and a little locket on his watch chain from the golden setting of which beamed a lovely, smiling face with tender violet eyes and a crown of bronze-brown hair.

In December he came back for her, and they were married, and the wife of Robert Buell often says to her mother now: "It was an awful black hour when I took papa's books to sell; but oh, mamma, what glorious dawn has followed it!"

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations..................3 P. M.

	Mar. 8 Bid.	Mar. 8 Asked.	Mar. 10 Bid.	Mar. 10 Asked.
LAND STOCKS.				
Anniston City	55	59	55	59
Aspinwall	7¾	—	7¾	—
Boothbay	.30	—	.30	—
Boston	6⅛	—	6⅛	—
Boston W Power	5⅞	6	5⅞	—
Boylston	—	3½	—	3½
Brookline	4½	5	4½	5
Campobello	1	—	1	—
Cutler	1	1¼	1	—
East Boston	3¼	3¾	3¼	3¾
Frenchm'n's B'y	5⅞	6	5⅞	6
Lenox	4	—	4	—
Lamoine	.57½	60	.57½	—
Maverick	—	2	—	2
Newport	2⅜	2½	—	2½
Payson	1	—	1	1¼
Penobscot Bay	1¼	1¾	1¼	1¾
San Diego	17½	—	17	18
Sullivan Harbor	1¼	1½	1½	—
Swampscott	2¼	3	3	4
Topeka	2¾	3	2¾	3⅛
West End	24¼	24¾	24¼	24½
Winter Harbor	.65	.80	.70	—
Winthrop	—	1⅝	—	1⅝
Wollaston	.70	1	—	1
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Top & S F	33⅝	33¾	34	34⅛
Atlantic & Pac	4¾	5	—	4⅞
Boston & Alb*	216½	—	216½	—
Boston& Lowell	173	—	—	173½
Boston & Maine	213	215	216	—
Boston & Prov.	260	—	261	—
Cal Southern	—	—	10	—
Central Mass	14	—	15	—
Cent'al Mass pf.	29¾	—	31	—
Chi, Bur & Nor.	32	—	32¼	—
Cheshire pref	—	—	—	104½
Chi, Bur & Q	104⅝	104⅞	104	—
Cin, San & Clev*	23¼	—	23	—
Clev & Canton	—	—	8	9
Clev & Can pref	23⅛	24	—	24
Conn & Pass	114	115	114	115
Conn River	—	225	—	225
Det, L & N pref.	—	—	—	45
Eastern	150	151	154½	156
Eastern pref*	145	145	145½	147
Fitchburg pref.	85¼	85½	86	87
Flint & P Marq.	25	25½	25	25½
Flint & P M pf.	95	—	94⅛	96
K C, M & Bir	—	—	46½	49
Louisv & Evans	21½	—	21	23
Louisv & Ev prf	—	50	45	50
Maine Central	—	—	132	—
Mexican Cen	17⅞	18	17⅞	18
N Y & N Eng	44⅝	44⅞	44¾	45
N Y & N E pref	—	116	—	116
Northern	—	—	155	158
Norwich & Wor	—	—	—	180
Old Colony	176	176¾	176	—
Oregon S Line	46½	47	46½	47½
Port, Saco & P.	126	—	126	—
Rutland	—	8¼	—	8¾
Rutland pref	70	75	70	—
Union Pacific	63¾	64	63	63⅛
West End com.	81	82	82	83
West End pref.	82⅞	83⅛	82⅞	83
Wisconsin Cen.	29½	30	29½	30
Wis Cen pref	60	—	—	—
Worc, N & Roch	—	—	120	—
MINING STOCKS.				
Allouez	2½	2⅞	2⅝	2¾
Atlantic	12½	14	12½	—
Bonanza	.70	.90	.70	.90
Boston & Mont.	45⅝	45⅝	46	46½
Breece	—	—	.40	.50
Butte & Boston	14½	14⅝	14⅝	15
Calumet & Hec.	250	255	250	254
Catalpa	.19	—	—	—
Centennial	24	—	24	—
Dunkin	.60	—	.60	.65
Franklin	—	13¾	13¼	14
Huron	3¼	3½	3¼	3½
Kearsarge	9	9½	9	9½
Mesnard	.25	—	.25	—
Napa	4¾	5	4¾	5
National	1	1½	1½	1¾
Osceola	26¼	—	27¾	28
Pewabic	8	9	8	9
Pontiac	.20	—	.20	—
Quincy	—	70	68	70
Ridge	1	1¼	1	1⅜
Santa Fe	.97½	.98½	.95	.99
Tamarack	158	160	156	157
BONDS.				
Atchison 4s	83⅛	83¼	83⅛	83¼
Atchison inc	54⅜	54⅞	55⅛	55⅜
Mexic'n Cen 4s	69	69¼	69¼	69½
Mexi'cn Ce inc	—	—	21	22
Mex C 1st inc 3s	35	35¾	35	35¼
Wis Cen 1st 5s	96½	97	96¾	97
Wis Cen inc	59	—	59¼	—
TELEPHONE STOCKS.				
American Bell	220	221	—	221
Erie	37½	38	37½	38
Mexican	.70	.80	.70	.80
New England	51	53	—	53
Tropical	.45	.50	.50	—
MISCELLANEOUS.				
Eastman Car H	2⅝	3	2⅝	—
Edison Ph Doll	6	6½	6	6½
Lamson St Ser.	26⅝	26⅞	27	27¼
Reece Button H	—	20	—	20
Sioux C'y S Y'd	125	—	125	—
Pullm'n Pal Car	190	192	190	191
UNLISTED STOCKS.				
Am Cotton Oil	27⅜	27⅝	27⅛	27⅜
Am Pneu Tool	3½	5	3½	5
Bay State Gas	23	24	23½	24
Burton S C pref	—	—	8¼	—
Europ'n Weld'g	113	115	114½	116
Fort Wayne El	14⅜	14⅞	14½	15
Illinois Steel	—	94	93	94
Mt Desert & E S	—	—	.80	.95
Nat Lead Trust	17⅞	18⅛	17⅞	18⅛
Sugar Trust	66½	66⅜	67⅜	67⅞
Th-Hous Elec	52⅜	52¾	54¾	54⅞
Th-Hous El pref	25⅜	25½	25⅜	25½
West'ghouse El	45	46	45	46
Th-Welding	—	230	—	235
Winnisimet	25	26½	25	26½

*Ex-dividend.

GREEK SCHOLAR'S HEAVEN.

Dartmouth Professor Will Live on Lycabettus and Dig Adelphi Up.

HANOVER, March 7.—Prof. Rufus B. Richardson, at one time tutor at Yale and at present instructor in Greek at Dartmouth, is to spend 18 months in the old world as the representative of the American school of classical studies at Athens. Prof. Richardson, with his family, will leave New York, May 17, on the steamship Werra of the German Lloyd line, remaining in Germany during the summer to study at Berlin in the museums, his family meanwhile being in the Harz mountains.

Oct. 1 he will proceed to Athens, to remain one year, occupying the beautiful house erected recently by the association upon Mt. Lycabettus. The plan is to excavate Adelphi, which is the last important site yet unearthed.

The Cost of Bonnets.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

A gentleman undertook to count the birds he saw on ladies' bonnets one bright afternoon on Broadway, New York. We give the result of his afternoon's count: Four robins, 1 brown thrush, 3 bluebirds, 1 Blackburnian warbler, 3 blackpoll warblers, 3 Wilson's black-capped flycatchers, 3 scarlet tanagers, 1 white-bellied swallow, 1 Bohemian waxwing, 23 waxwings, 1 great northern shrike 1 pine grosbeak, 15 snow buntings, 2 tree sparrows, 1 white-throated sparrow, 1 bobolink, 2 meadow larks, 9 Baltimore orioles, 5 purple grackles, 5 blue jays, 1 swallow-tailed flycatcher, 1 kingbird, 1 kingfisher, 1 pileated woodpecker, 2 red-headed woodpeckers, 21 golden-winged woodpeckers, 1 Arcadian owl, 1 Carolina dove, 1 pinnated grouse, 2 ruffed grouse, 16 quails, 2 helmet quails, 5 Sunderlings, 1 big yellowlegs, 1 green heron, 1 Virginia rail, 1 laughing gull, 21 common terns, 1 black tern, 7 grebes.

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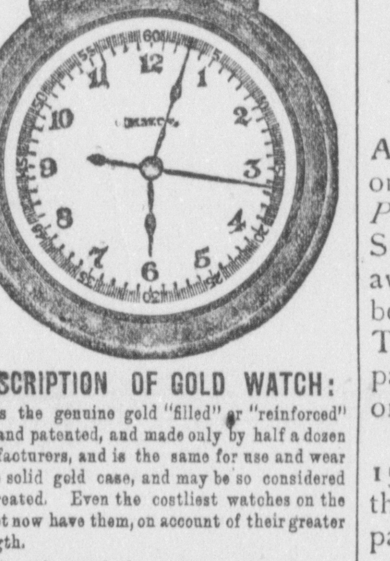
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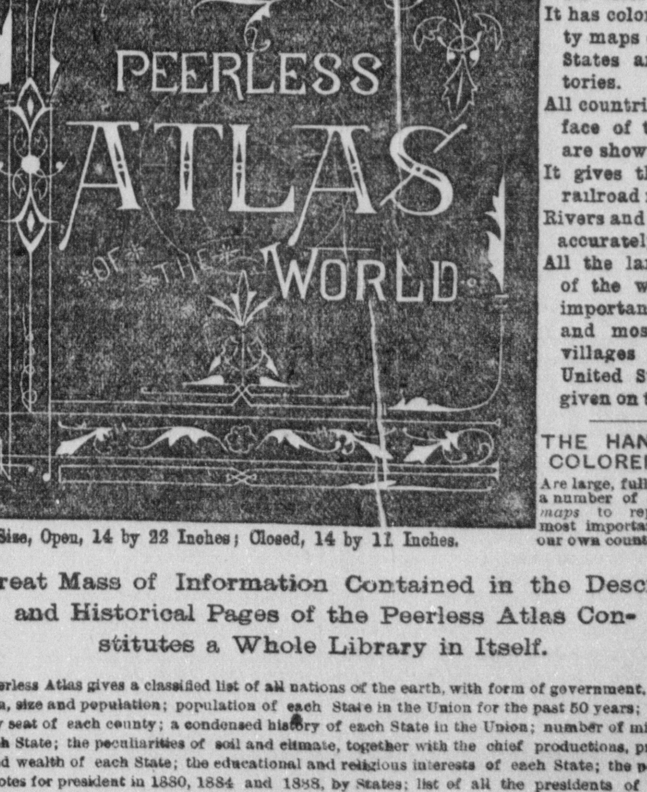
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A CONFEDERATE HERO.

Bravery of Samuel Davis, Hanged as a Spy.

A Man of Cool Courage who Died Rather Than Betray His Mission.

Even on the Scaffold He Turned Aside a Chance of Escaping Death.

[Edmund Kirke in New York Sun.]

It appears highly probable that directly after the battle of Chickamauga the Confederate Gen. Bragg conceived the project of a forward movement into Tennessee and Kentucky, and a possible invasion of Ohio, this movement to be executed when he should have starved Rosecrans into a surrender at Chattanooga. This latter event seemed at the time a foregone conclusion; but to the success of a forward movement Bragg deemed it indispensable that he should be accurately informed of the strength and character of the Union fortifications in middle Tennessee. To obtain this information he suborned an officer high in rank in the United States engineer service, who, for I know not what inducements, agreed to furnish him by the latter part of October with maps, drawings and detailed descriptions of all the Union works that might obstruct Bragg's march into Kentucky. When that time arrived it became necessary, in order to secure these documents, that Bragg should despatch a messenger to the quarters of the Union official who had thus bargained to sell his country. It was a hazardous enterprise, for the distance was more than a hundred miles through a region swarming with Union soldiery, and to successfully accomplish it the messenger had to be a man of good address, the coolest courage, and of such unflinching devotion to the Southern cause as would prefer death to a betrayal of his mission.

The man whom Bragg thought possessed of these rare qualifications was a youth of only 19 years, named Samuel Davis. He was the son of Charles L. and Jane Davis, who owned and occupied a small farm on Stewart's creek, near the little town of Smyrna, in Rutherford county, about 20 miles southeast of Nashville. They belonged to that large class of Southwestern whites who till small tracts of land with their own hands, and rear their offspring to the same laborious life. They were worthy people, consistent members of the Methodist church and they carefully trained their children in the ways of the New Testament, but were unable to give them anything beyond the merest rudiments of a book education. An older son and daughter were church members, but Samuel, though he was a thoughtful youth of exemplary habits, seems never to have made any open profession of religion. He could read and write, but he probably had a limited book knowledge, for very few books found their way at that period into such households. His knowledge of the political questions which were agitating the country would naturally be derived from the local newspaper or the stump speaker who, on some special occasion, held forth on the "issues of the day" from the front of the Smyrna tavern or a near-by cross-road. From such sources the youth probably imbibed the doctrine of the State rights, which, briefly stated, is that a part is larger than the whole, and the American Union is a business copartnership and not a nationality.

Whatever may have been the young man's political views he no sooner heard that Mr. Lincoln had called for 75,000 men to suppress the rebellion than he shouldered his rifle and trudged to Murfreesboro to volunteer as a private in a company of riflemen which he had heard was about to be formed there by Capt. William Ledbetter, a well-known citizen of that town. He was at the time only 16 years old, but, like all Tennessee boys, he had been trained to the use of the rifle, and could hit a silver dollar at 150 yards as well as any man of twice his age and stature.

In two days the company numbered 100 men, and in another two days it was on its way to Nashville to tender its services to the Governor of Tennessee. Gov. Harris had not yet called for the 75,000 men with which he subsequently proposed to dispute with Mr. Lincoln the passage of the Alleghanies, but he received the Rutherford Rifles graciously, and on the second day of May following mustered them—together with nine other companies from Nashville and vicinity—into the service of the State as the 1st Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers; and this they were, inasmuch as they were the first body of men who enrolled themselves within the State for the defence of their firesides against the expected invasion.

For something more than a month the regiment remained in camp undergoing drill in Hardie's tactics, and then, the State having formally seceded, it was duly incorporated into the army of the Confederacy as the "First Tennessee Infantry," that famous regiment, which left its dead on nearly every battlefield of the Southwest, going in the war with 1167 stalwart men, and coming out of it with only 125 fit for military duty.

In all the marches and battles of this heroic regiment young Davis shared, up to and including the battle of Chicamauga, though before this battle he had been detached from it and assigned for duty with Coleman's Scouts, a select body of tried men, who were "the eyes and ears" of Bragg's army. He still ranked as a simple private, but service in this company was regarded as promotion, for none were admitted to its ranks but such as had proved themselves prudent and brave and able to look the gallows in the face without flinching. That the young man was thought to possess these qualities is shown by the fact that Gen. Bragg selected him, despite his youth, to go upon the important and hazardous expedition which has been mentioned.

He went in his uniform, in order to claim its protection in case he should be arrested as a spy; and he probably escaped detection by travelling only at night and lying by in the houses of Southern sympathizers in the daytime. With the details of his trip I am not acquainted. I only know that he reached his destination in safety and received from the hands of the Union officer who has been mentioned detailed plans of the fortifications of Nashville, Pulaski, and all other places of any importance in middle Tennessee. With these papers carefully concealed about his person he set out on his return to Bragg's headquarters, but early on the morning of Nov. 20, when within the Union lines, and about 15 miles from Pulaski, he was suddenly encountered by a small body of Union troops, who took him prisoner and conveyed him to the quarters of Gen. Greenville M. Dodge, then in command at Pulaski. A search of his person revealed the important papers he carried, and their accuracy and minuteness of detail in regard to so many fortified places was proof positive that they had come from some officer holding a high position in the engineer department.

Evidently it was of the first importance to identify this traitor, and to this end Gen. Dodge questioned the Confederate youth. His answers were straightforward and manly. He frankly admitted having received the papers from an officer in high position among the Federal engineers, but he declined to give the name of that officer. Gen. Dodge then pressed him for the information by offering him the alternative of a free pardon and a safe conduct within the Confederate lines or a trial by court martial with the almost certain result of death upon the gallows. But the young man was unmoved. He resolutely refused to disclose the name of the treacherous Union official.

Then, all questioning and cross-questioning proving of no avail, Gen. Dodge reluctantly ordered a military commission to be convened under Col. Madison Miller of the 18th Missouri Infantry, for the trial of the prisoner, and before this court he was speedily arraigned on the following charges and specifications:

Charge first—Being a spy.

Specification—In this, that he, Samuel Davis of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, did come within the lines of the United States forces in middle Tennessee for the purpose of secretly gaining information concerning those forces and conveying the same to the enemy, and was arrested within the said lines on or about Nov. 20, 1863. This in Giles county, Tennessee.

Charge second—Being a carrier of mails, communications and information from and within the lines of the United States army to persons in arms against the United States government.

Specification—In this, that the said Samuel Davis, on or about Nov. 20, 1863, was arrested in Giles county, Tennessee, engaged in carrying mails and information from within the lines of the United States forces to persons in arms against the United States government.

To the first of these charges and specifications young Davis pleaded "not guilty;" to the last "guilty." The circumstances were clear, and the fact that the court took several days to consider the case, shows that there was among its members great reluctance to the rendering of a verdict of guilty. No doubt the youth, and open, manly bearing of the prisoner prepossessed his judges in his favor and made them hesitate to vote away his life while it might be a question whether he had not been, when captured, inadvertently within the Union lines, and so really entitled to the protection of his uniform. At last, however, two-thirds of the court agreed upon a verdict of guilty upon both charges, and young Davis was sentenced "to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, at such time and place as the commanding general may direct."

On the back of the paper which recorded this verdict was written: "Finding and sentence of the commission approved. The sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, Nov. 27, 1863, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m."

When Capt. Armstrong, the local provost marshal, informed the prisoner of the finding and sentence of the court martial, he expressed some surprise at the severity of the punishment; but by neither word nor look did he manifest any other emotion. His face did not pale nor a muscle of his frame quiver. When left alone soon afterward he wrote the following letter to his parents:

PULASKI, Giles county, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER—Oh, how painful it is to write to you! I have got to die tomorrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you goodby forevermore. Mother, I do not hate (fear) to die. Give my love to all.

YOUR DEAR SON.

MOTHER—Tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see all of you once more, but I never will any more.

MOTHER AND FATHER—Do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead; but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good.

FATHER—You can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles county, Tennessee, south of Columbia.

These brief, disconnected sentences show the intensity of his feelings, and that he fully realized the awful fate that was before him on the morrow; and yet, when Chaplain Young visited him a few hours later and intimated that his life might yet be saved by his frankly disclosing from whom he had the treasonable papers, he resolutely refused to utter a word. Then, after the chaplain had prayed with him, he inquired the news from Bragg's army, and being told that tidings had just arrived of the total defeat of the Confederates at Chattanooga, he expressed very deep regret. Nothing exists to denote the state of his mind when he was left entirely alone during the night preceding his execution, except two brief entries in a small black book that he carried in his pocket. One of these was:

Would not care about (if) the mode of death being (were) changed to shooting.

The other was:

Hope something may turn up some day to let the officers that convicted me know that I am innocent.

The scaffold had been erected at the east of the town, near the college grounds, and on an elevation from which it was visible in every quarter of Pulaski, and at precisely 10 o'clock on the fatal morning the young man was led out to execution. His arms were pinioned behind him, and being seated in a wagon upon his own coffin, he was driven slowly away to the gallows. Arrived there, he sat down upon a bench at the foot of the scaffold, and glanced unconcernedly at the soldiers as they removed the coffin from the wagon. Then, turning quietly to Capt. Armstrong, who had charge of the execution, he asked how long he had to live. The answer was, "Just 15 minutes." Then, without a tremor or the slightest change of countenance, he said: "The rest of the battle will have to be fought without me."

With much feeling Capt. Armstrong then remarked: "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty."

The young man answered with a smile: "It does not hurt me, captain. I am innocent, and ready to die. I do not think hard of you."

As the fatal moment drew near Capt. Chickasaw of Gen. Dodge's staff was seen approaching the scaffold. He had evidently been sent by the general to make a last effort to save the life of the young Confederate, for going directly to the condemned man he asked if it would not have been better for him to have avoided such a fate by revealing the name of the one from whom he had the treasonable documents. Receiving no reply he added that it was not yet too late to do so. Turning upon him then, young Davis said with much indignation:

"Do you suppose that I would betray a friend? No, sir; I would die a thousand times first. I will not betray the confidence of my informant."

Then, after committing a few keepsakes to Mr. Lawrence, a Methodist clergyman, who was present, he turned his back upon this offer of life, and, with a firm step and a serene face, ascended the scaffold. A prayer having been said by Chaplain Young, he stepped upon the fatal trap and passed into eternity with the sublime courage of a martyr.

VERSES TO THE EDITOR.

Witty Rhymes Sometimes Accompany Poor Poems, and Occasionally They Bring a Check.

[John Kendrick Bangs in Chatter.]

The editor of one of New York's many repositories of humor is almost daily in receipt of versified communications from his contributors, submitting verses which in many instances are lamentably inferior to the communications themselves.

From one of the most prolific poetic pens came the following:

O! prithee cast your eagle squint
O'er this poetic tale,
And if 'tis good enough to print
Remember 'tis for sale.

The same writer shows that even the poet is sometimes compelled to think of material things, and in sending a Sonnet to the Soul to be passed on to the proper channel, he observes:

I say, my Lord, I hope you're well,
This Sonnet to the Soul
If — — ——— wants it I will sell
For two full tons of coal,
$10.

Friendship of many years' standing prevented bloodshed when the editor received a quatrain accompanied by these lofty lines:

They say you don't know what is what,
I don't believe you do,
On your decision on this Quat,*
Rests my opin of you.
*Rain.

To this the editor found it profitable to reply:

I may not know just what is what,
Or which is which—don't ask it,
But I do know your little Quat
Lies buried in my basket.

The next contribution from this gentleman brought with it the invocation:

I pray that you and I may get
A gift from Heaven's dome:
May you get sense to like these lines,
I dollars for the pome.

It sometimes happens, as in the three instances following, that money is either lost sight of altogether or is so subordinated that it is rather an accessory than anything else:

I've worked for pay I never got
Until my head is hoary;
Take this and lucre send me not;
I'll take it out in glory.

Appeals of this sort are very hard to resist, though in the instance following, the editor, rather than feel himself responsible for a premature though happy death, returned the poem to the writer. The note read thus;

If I could get this poem in
Your magazine, O! friend,
I should have reached the pinnacle,
Attained my cherished end.

O! take the poem, print it, and
Delight my poor weak eye,
And when I see my lines in type
O! then I'll gladly die.

The third utterly unselfish verse was as follows:

If you want it, take it!
I'm not consarned;
If you don't, why, shake it,
And be darned.

The metre is rather weak in the last line, but the sentiment of the whole was so refreshing that a very bad poem was accepted and paid for on the strength of the little note that came with it.

The Origin of Popular Airs.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

One of the ablest and brightest of Cincinnati's amateur musicians writes the Enquirer, asking: "Do you not know that the air to 'Down Went McGinty' is a plagiarism of the prayer in 'Der Freischutz'?" Of course we know it. We also know that the very popular chorus of "Bye Baby," in the song entitled "Goodby, My Lover, Goodby," was boldly stolen from "Maritana." We further know that half the popular melodies have like origins. But, so long as the people like and accept them, what are you going to do about it?

A Four-Year-Old's Threat.

[Punxsutawney Spirit.]

Birdie Dougherty may be only a miss of four summers, but in repartee she does not propose to even let the principal of our school get the best of her. Miss Birdie was visiting Prof. Pattison's school a few days ago, when the professor, in a joking way, said: "Birdie, you must be a good little girl or I will send you home."

"If you send me home," replied Birdie, "when you come to see my sister I'll send you home."

As a matter of course, after that Birdie remained.

An Orthographical Difference.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Sawnter—I had quite an exciting experience in Texas. Three train robbers boarded the car.

Fangle—Did you and the other passengers disperse them?

Sawnter—No; they dispursed us.

PILOTING BRIDAL PAIRS.

Amusing Experiences of the Guides in Washington.

A Bride Who Supposed She Was Squeezing Her Husband's Hand.

The Groom Who Kissed His Dear Maria in the President's Room.

[Washington Letter in Brooklyn Eagle.]

Few men see more of the amusing side of human nature than the guides in the Capitol. The "king of the guides" is Howard Kennedy, a handsome man, with a genial manner and a remarkable flow of language that makes his duty seem to be a pleasure rather than a labor.

Probably no man in this country has a wider circle of influential acquaintances, and there is probably no man more deserving of confidence.

There are 12 guides authorized to conduct visitors through the Capitol building and explain matters of public interest to the people who frequently throng that celebrated edifice. Mr. Kennedy is the only one of their number at present who is not on tenter hooks of anxiety and expectation. It is generally understood among the Capitol guides that their places will soon be taken by veterans of the Union army. Howard Kennedy was a soldier in the 37th New York Infantry, and is the only ex-soldier now on duty as an authorized guide. He is not only very well versed in the history of the Capitol building, the dimensions of all the rooms, the dates of the hanging of the celebrated pictures and the unveiling of the various statues in Statuary Hall, the size, weight and cost of the bronze doors, and all other matters of interest, but while conducting a party through the building he intersperses his explanatory remarks with witty and humorous allusions to individuals whom he meets and to whom reference may be made.

"One of the funniest things that ever came into my experience as a guide," he said today while escorting a party, "was last winter when I was conducting a bridal couple from Missouri through the Senate wing of the Capitol. The lad and his lass were clasping hands all the time and were the observed of all observers. I could see the fellows around me winking and blinking and pointing at them, but they seemed utterly oblivious of all the world except themselves; yet they gave great attention and asked me many questions—showing an interest in all about them.

"While we were standing opposite the Senate gallery and I was explaining to them the merits and beauties of the celebrated painting, 'The Capture of Chepultepec,' I stood between them, and to my great surprise felt the hand of the pretty bride clasping my own. She squeezed my hand and I returned the pressure for two or three minutes, when she suddenly discovered her mistake and dropped my hand as though it were a red-hot poker. I merely smiled and said nothing, but she kept her eyes averted from mine thereafter, until I left them at the front door of the rotunda of the Capitol."

In response to an inquiry as to the income Mr. Kennedy said:

"We never charge more than 50 cents for conducting a party through the main floor of the Capitol building. That is, from the Senate floor to the Supreme Court room and through the rotunda, explaining the pictures, then into Statuary Hall, exhibiting the wonderful echo stones and upon the floor of the House. The visitors who are well to do usually hand us $1 or $2 and occasionally we are given a $5 note. But the trouble is there are too many guides in the Capitol building to make the profession lucrative, as it ought to be. There are 12 in all, each eking out a mere subsistence, when there ought to be not more than six or eight, and then each would do very well indeed. As it is now, we have made an amicable arrangement, and six of our number occupy the rotunda one day while the other six are in the Senate and House wings of the Capitol waiting for visitors who may need our services.

"By the way, I was in the rotunda only yesterday when a bridal couple entered the great east door, and it was my turn to seek their custom and serve them. I conducted them through the building, and when I took them into the President's room, opposite the Senate lobby, I explained the beauties and the use of the room and stepped outside, but they did not immediately follow. Standing there awaiting their pleasure, I heard a resounding smack and a giggle, and then a manly voice saying:

"'That's all right, Maria; you can now say that you have been kissed in the president's room.'

"The gentleman was a thoroughbred, for he required me to show him the basement and the crypt and the dome, and, after having spent nearly three hours with him he gave me a $5 bill and said he wanted no change, and if that was not enough he would give me more.

"My receipts averaged $5 a day during the entire 50th Congress. Of course each one of the guides has his friends from his own State or section, but I have been fortunate in making a very wide circle of acquaintances, and therefore my services are very much in demand, and that is probably the reason the boys call me 'The King of the Guides.'"

The guides tell us amusing stories concerning their experiences Mr. Barker says:

"Ladies who reside in Washington frequently bring visiting friends up here and try to explain the beauties of the Capitol themselves, scorning the assistance of guides; for they have lived here so long that they would feel humiliated if it were even intimated that they needed assistance. One of them was in here this morning with two ladies from New York. She stood in the centre of the rotunda and, pointing to that beautiful belt of fresco frieze work by Brumidi and Costaggini, she said: 'Those are all statues, built into the wall. Over there where the work seems unfinished (it really is unfinished) that unsightly scaffolding is used to take out the figures and dust them and wipe them off, so as to keep them bright.' I was unable to control myself and walked away laughing. But I called up a little boy who was near the door and, speaking loud enough for the ladies to hear me, I said: 'There, my little man, is a belt of of the finest painting in this country. That is all fresco work, and those figures which stand out so lifelike from the wall are painted upon the flat surface. Many people come here who think they are marble figures, but they are not.' The ladies then engaged me to guide them through the building."

"You should have seen my specimen from Speaker Carlisle's district last winter," said Mr. Isham, another guide. "He was a fellow 6 feet 6 inches in height, whose heavy weight bowed his knees backward. I escorted him through the building, and spent nearly two hours with him. He entertained me with stories of his intimacy with Jack Carlisle, and when I left him at the door of the library he thanked me. I told him that we guides were not paid by the government, but by the visitors, and he looked down at me and said: 'Well, young feller, I might as well beat you as any one, for I'm beatin' my way on this 'ere trip, anyhow.' And he disappeared."

Johnnie Walsh, who stands away up at the top of the dome, said: 'There was a party of Virginians up there this morning and the old father of the family was explaining everything to his wife and children. When he came to that beautiful representation of Science and Art by Brumidi he pointed to the electric bottles and wires there portayed, and said to his wife: 'Liza Jane, there's a picture of the man who invented the soda water fountain.' I had a notion to throw him over the railing. I have lots of fun with bridal couples who climb the dome. Nearly every day I go to the other side of the immense arched painting, which is a perfect whisper gallery, and hear them spooning. When they get too affectionate I turn my back, look up at the painting and say: 'This is no place for love making.' My voice goes over to them in sepulchral tones and they take away with them a vivid assurance of ghostly watchers in the dome."

Shoes in the Street Car.

[Shoe and Leather Reporter.]

There is no place where feet and footwear, in their quiescent state, can be better studied than in the street car. A little observation will convince one that, so far as their limited scope will permit, there is as great diversity of tastes in this part of dress as elsewhere. The triform in fastenings are all represented, with a close contest between button and congress, and a majority of lace in the heavier and coarser kinds of men's shoes. In men's the greater number consist of calf or its older kindred. In women's, it would, perhaps, be both figuratively and literally impossible to separate the sheep from the goats. In fastenings, the fair sex still incline numerously to buttons. It is noticeable, also, that women are coming down gradually from high heels, and that many now have a broader base of support at this end of the foot. Slightly longer shoes are gaining ground, and this is an indication of good sense. It is not difficult to see when another's shoe is too short for the foot. A glance at the great toe joint, at the inside of the ball, and a mental measurement of the length of shoe allowed in front of it, settles the point. In a foot, say, that wears comfortably a No. 6 shoe, there will be not less than 3½ inches between this joint and the front end of the shoe; in a foot that rests easily in a No. 3 shoe there are at least 2½ inches of space. This applies, of course, to normal feet.

BACHELOR SYBARITES.

Young Men Who Sleep in Silk, and Are Vainer Than Girls, Although They Are Much Less Charming.

[New York Letter to Philadelphia Times.]

An idea that seems to have permeated thoroughly through the masculine world is that women are vainer than men. Now, there is not a word of truth in this. No woman ever lingered with such loving delight before a looking-glass as will a man with the least pretension to beauty, and no woman ever got mad or swore as often as will a man over the kind of soap he uses, or the proclivity of his shirt front to bulge out and give him a feminine bust. Naturally it does not take a man as long to buy a hat as it does a woman, but then he doesn't have to trouble about different shades or shapes, although he is informed to a T as to whether the brim curls a bit more, stands out straight or is gradually growing smaller. He is never so happy as when he is in a house get-up of flannels in which he thinks his figure shows to good advantage. And from the ugliest down to the most perfect Adonis among men, a woman can always govern if she praises his good looks. If he is bearded like the pard he quivers with delight at being told he is manly looking. If he has a few straggly hairs on his chin he likes a woman to emphasize the fact that it's aristocratic not to have much hair on you and that it would make him a great catch—in Japan. If he has quite a smooth face he yearns for the feminine approbation as expressed in her opinion that when a man has a really intellectual face it shows to much better advantage if it is quite smooth; although once a year he may have to use a razor, he likes womankind to think that he sacrifices himself on the altar of intellectuality and has to apply the sharp razor twice a day.

A man will tell you, like a blatant donkey, that if the fire alarm rang he would present as good an appearance if he had to get up in the middle of the night as he would during the day, and I am bound to believe that this is true, judging from some of the retiring robes dedicated to himself, and to be bought for more money than a woman would ever dream of spending on her nightgown. One of the most effective is of white silk, with tiny mauve dots on it. It reaches to the ground, and is beautifully hemstitched; the collar is a broad one, cut in sailor fashion and thrown back far enough to expose the neck very well. The sleeves are full and have deep cuffs, and on the left side is a pocket in which is stuck a white silk handkerchief with a monogram in mauve upon it. The cuffs are of mauve silk caught with white sleeve-links, and the collar is also of the colored silk. A soft white silk tie is knotted in front in sailor fashion. The haberdasher announces that this is perfumed so thoroughly with violet that even two or three visits to the cleaner's will not dispel the odor. A more feminine-looking robe de nuit is of pale rose silk, with its collar and cuffs edged with lace, and a cravat of lawn and lace, such as the gentlemen of the court of Louis Quatorze wore. The height of folly, or harmony, as you choose to call it, was reached by a—a—a something—I should hate to call it a man—who mourned deeply, in a material sense, for an uncle who left him a pile of money. His sleeping robes were of white silk, with cuffs, collar and pocket of black crape, while a black-bordered handkerchief was the other adjunct.

TWO GENUINE WOMEN.

Struggle and Triumph Over a Telegraphic Despatch.

[Washington Critic.]

One was perhaps 25, the other a little younger. They were pretty, and were stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the 14th street entrance of Willard's Hotel, awaiting their pleasure. It could not be supposed that they were in very distressful financial straits.

They sat at a table in the reception-room of Willard's devising, concocting and instituting a telegraphic message to send to some friend. The elder one did the writing and scratching and rewriting, which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener and furnished suggestions at just the right time to make the scrivener tear up blanks.

"We will be there tomorrow."

That was what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very first writing.

"But," said the younger, "if we say we are coming home we shall both have to sign it."

"Carrie and I will be there tomorrow."

That was the result of much mental effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in erasing.

"I guess that will do," said the younger, and the two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great responsibilities unshouldered.

"Hold on," said the elder at the door.

"What?" asked the other.

"Carrie and I will be there tomorrow." One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven words.

"Well!"

"Why, we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for 10."

Here was more difficulty. It would never do to pay for 10 words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and a wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked off a new message on their fingers they found they had either too few or too many words.

"Pshaw!" said the younger one; "Why didn't I think of it before? I have it."

"Have you? Have you?"

"Why, of course! Leave it just as it is and add, 'Yours, very truly.'"

If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and as for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful being.

"Carrie and I will be there tomorrow. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands yesterday afternoon.

Things Best Left Undone.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

Do not write on ruled paper, or on that decorated with printed sunflower or blossoms of any kind.

Do not introduce your girl friend to the gentleman visitor. Instead, say "Miss Brown, will you allow me to present Mr. Jones?"

Do not talk especially to one person when you have three or four visitors. Instead, make the conversation general.

Do not attempt to take care of a man's overcoat—he has a vote and ought to be able to look after his own clothes.

Do not ask people who they are in mourning for. If you don't know, wait until you find out, and in the meantime don't ask after the members of their family.

Do not giggle when a smile would answer, and don't talk in a jesting way about things that are holy to other people.

Do not laugh at anybody's form of worship—respect a toad praying to a mushroom.

Do not say the rules of etiquette are nonsense—they are made up for your comfort and mine, and arranged so that the feelings of every human being are considered.

Do not get into the habit of laughing at elderly people. It is not only unladylike, but it is vulgar.

Do not think it clever to find out by pumping the private affairs of your friend. There is no reason why you should lay bare her heart for an inquisitive daw to peck at.

Do not get into debt, but if you have been guilty deny yourself everything possible that you may be free once more.

Do not believe that all these don'ts are not spoken to you in the kindest manner, as from girl to girl, but one has to suffer and make mistakes one's self to find out into just what pitfalls one is apt to tumble.

Meant to be Gallant.

[Washington Post.]

There is a young member of a diplomatic corps in this city who is disposed to be polite, but who is not always judicious. He was conversing with a lady who combines intellectual and physical graces with a considerable degree of maturity.

"I have enjoyed talking with you very much," he said. "It is a pleasure to be in the society of some one who has observed the world."

"But, Mr. Brown," she said, laughingly, "perhaps I am not so old as I look."

"I was always sure of that," he returned, with all the gallantry of manner that he could muster.

The Ruling Passion.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The balloon had burst, and they were coming down.

"We're leading a rather fast life, I'm afraid," said the professor.

"Fast? Why, this isn't a comparison to New York, where I came from." Thus the ruling passion reigns even strong in death.

Something in the Air.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"There is something in the air; I couldn't sleep a wink last night."

"Sure it wasn't your stomach?"

"Oh, yes. I didn't eat or drink much at the sociable—only a little cider, and lobster salad, and cream, and chocolate cake.

FEMALE DETECTIVES.

Clever Women Whose Business it is to Trap Criminals.

Hundreds of Shoplifters Caught Yearly in the Big Retail Stores.

Interesting Talks with the Female Sleuths of the Great Metropolis.

[New York Morning Journal.]

A prominent police official holds that women are utterly useless as detectives, and that no good woman will engage in the business. He having advanced this theory in a recent conversation with me, my curiosity was aroused, and I set out to make some investigations in the matter.

"Are women useful as detectives?" I asked the head of a detective bureau.

The chief is very diplomatic, and was inclined to be non-committal, but finally said:

"Yes; in many cases women can be used to better advantage than men. In blackmailing cases, in a case of theft or in many civil cases—and by civil cases I do not mean divorce cases, but the ordinary every-day cases of the civic court—women can be made very useful, more so than men. Their best feature is getting hold of the confidence of other women, leading them on to tell what they know."

"Are they often employed in cases of murder?"

"Not often; yet I do not know why they should not be."

"Can they be trusted?"

The detective hesitated a moment and his eyes were fixed upon the floor. At last, in a deprecatory way, he said:

"Well, there is no question that the average woman is not quite discreet. She loves to talk. I have known female detectives whom I could trust—a few."

"Can a woman remain honest in pursuing this calling?"

"I do not see why she cannot. I cannot see why she should compromise herself. Of course there are a great many confidences which a woman can draw from a man. There are a hundred and one tricks at her command which a man knows nothing of. A woman can easily lead a man to a certain point; there is no need to go beyond. Yes, it is my opinion that a woman may be a detective and remain perfectly virtuous."

"Have there been notable examples of female detective work?"

"Yes, there was the case of Mrs. Kate Warren, the spy of the rebellion, who unearthed a plot to murder President Lincoln. She was one of our detectives, and did some very clever work."

"Can women detect shoplifters easily?"

"Ah! that is not in our line. We do not employ any for that purpose."

"Then, as a whole, you favor the idea of women acting in this capacity?"

"Yes, we have some very good workers; women we can trust and women who are perfectly respectable. It is not, however, a very agreeable calling for a woman."

Bidding the gentleman good morning, and hurrying past a pretty yellow-haired typewriter, who stared at me, evidently thinking I had called for an engagement as a detective, I went out through the narrow, crowded street to Broadway. I decided to go over to the big shop on the East Side, Ridleys', and see what they knew about female detectives there.

"Yes," said the manager, when I had stated my errand, "we have been in the habit of employing female detectives for years, although just now we have no regular one. We have found them keen of eye, quick of apprehension, clever in detecting, but not in manipulating. That is, many of them will detect a shoplifter in capital fashion, then get nervous and lose their heads. Our best female detective by all odds was Barbara Fleischaur, who was with us a great many years, and who did capital work for us, saving the firm thousands of dollars. Barbara, alas! is married now, and we have not yet supplied her place. She has a younger sister working for us at our notion counter, who would, with a little practice, be quite as acute and skilful as Barbara. Already she has detected at least 100 cases of shoplifting, and has accomplished the arrests deftly and quickly. I will send for her, and you can talk to her if you like."

I signified my wish to see the young woman, and while a messenger was sent for her the manager showed me an enormous register wherein the record of all shoplifting cases is kept. Opposite nearly all the names appeared that of Barbara Fleischaur, showing that Barbara must have been a very busy young woman indeed.

"You would be surprised if you could see some of the women whose names are in this book," continued the manager. "It is my experience of many years that the bulk of the shoplifting is done by honest thieves—women who are supposed to be respectable. The professional thieves do not operate very much in shops, and if they do it is in the pockets of customers, not on the counters. There is a very pathetic side to shoplifting sometimes, especially at the beginning of winter. Mothers steal for their children. There have been some heartrending scenes in this office when women have been arrested and brought in here and their booty—a pair of baby's socks, some warm flannels or little coats—taken from them."

"What do you do in such cases?"

"We let them go with an admonition. It's the women who steal ribbons, laces, feathers and what not for their own adornment that we send up."

Here a trim brunette entered the room—Miss Hannah Fleischaur, who may become as successful a detective as her sister.

"What was your sister's method of detection?" I asked.

"She was always dressed in street costume, with a purse in her hand and sometimes a transfer card, as if she were buying a large bill. Then when she caught any one at work she would give the word to the officer, whose assistant she was, and who usually shopped with her, and would follow the woman. Generally the shoplifter goes to the retiring-room. My sister would follow the shoplifter in there and watch her, and would often see her conceal what she had stolen about her person. Then when she came out the officer would arrest the shoplifter and Barbara would search her."

"And you—do you have many cases under your notice?"

"Oh, my goodness! yes, every day. It was not so very long ago that a very wealthy lady from Long Island came here to shop. It was in the parasol department that I first noticed her queer actions. I knew the signs perfectly well and I kept a pretty sharp eye on her. Well, what do you think that woman, who was worth thousands of dollars, took? A 15-cent child's parasol! She walked over to the light, as if to examine it, but she forgot to take it back. Then she went to the second floor, where she joined her friend. Then those two women went through the china department and picked up all sorts of little things, like the stopple of a bottle or a little snow scene in glass—odds and ends of very little worth.

"I followed them to the toilet room and I saw them wrap these things up in our paper and then called the officer. When they were arrested they played injured innocence and threatened us, and all that, but I knew what we were doing.

"Another time this winter I saw one of our wholesale customers catching whole cards of buttons on her sleeve up under her dolman. When she was arrested we found that she had a sort of catch fastened on her sleeve which would hook through the thread which passes from button to button on the back of the card, and in that way she was scooping in dozens when we caught her."

"I am decidedly in favor of women detectives for shoplifting," said the manager as I bade him goodby. "They have a keenness of perception and instinct which enables them to penetrate a mystery, and shoplifters have pretty hard work to cloak their movements from a lynx-eyed female detective."

Macy's female detective is a matronly, sedate person of about 45 years. Mrs. Stanley was a hotel and railroad detective before she went to Macy. She is a cool-headed woman with steel-gray eyes.

"She is colder than ice itself," said the quiet, keen-eyed detective who looks after the big shop on 14th street.

"I have never yet seen her excited over anything. She is a capital detective. I would rather have her assistance than that of many men I know. She knows what she is about every time, and can pick out a thief as well as a man. She would do splendidly for any kind of detective work. She goes about with this pocketbook in her hand"—here the detective took a half-moon purse from his pocket. "This I often filled with mock money for her, and she goes shopping. It's a trap, you see. Mrs. Stanley lays down this portmonnaie in an absent-minded manner and then walks away. Pretty soon a shopper catches sight of the purse, saunters towards it, looks around to see if any one is watching and picks up the purse. Then Mrs. Stanley follows her and keeps her in sight while she is in the store. When she goes out in the street, then comes my turn. I never arrest her in the store."

"Why so?"

"Oh, we don't want to make a scene. I simply tap the shoplifter on the arm and ask her to step aside with me—that I wish to talk with her a few minutes. Sometimes she weakens at once, and begs me to spare her and she will restore all she has taken. Then again, she was defiant, and in that case she is brought back in the store and handed over to Mrs. Stanley and searched.

"One of the most remarkable cases ever under Mrs. Stanley's notice was that of a woman of wealth and good family, who, clad in a sealskin ulster, worth at least $500, and wearing at least $5000 worth of jewelry, came into Macy's and stole a nine-cent feather. For two hours was she shadowed. She soon became aware that she was under suspicion, and tried every way to avoid Mrs. Stanley and her conferree or to escape from them in the crowd. But it was impossible. Up and down stairs they followed her. She bought several dollars' worth of goods in those two hours, trying in that way to throw her pursuers off the scent.

"At last she fell to picking the feather to pieces, and as the bits floated to the floor the detective picked them up and put them in his fob pocket. Then she tried to secrete the remains of the feather under some hoisery, but wherever she went she was conscious of this awful presence at her elbow. At last, half-fainting and in desperation, she flung the feather with a nickel and four pennies upon the counter, crying out, 'For God's sake, take it.' Then came the usual denoument."

Summing up all I heard, the result seems to be that women can be useful in this profession if they can be trusted; that a woman may be respectable and yet be a detective, but that men who have been in the business all their lives and who understand its ways and means would not advise an honest woman to select the calling as a livelihood.

ATCHISON ADAGES.

Queer Quips, Quirks and Quibbles Qualified by Quantity and Quality to Quell Querulous Q-riosity.

[Atchison (Kan.) Globe.]

Whether an hour is a late one or not, depends upon whether it is the time the wife comes home from a church social, or the husband from the club.

Some disappointments you care little about, but others sink to the bottom of your heart like lead, and hurt.

Every woman that paints is not an artist.

If you will only keep quiet you can think anything you please.

If a man controls his wrath with the first offender, his temper gets that much the better of him with the second.

Occasionally you see a girl with $5 gold pieces for bangles on her bracelet and a lonely nickel in her pocketbook.

When a man cannot do anything else foolish he lets his finger nails grow long.

When the baby is fretful, the meat burnt, the baking a failure, the dinner late, and the husband cross, a woman knows how it feels to be a man, and have impatient customers come in and kick.

Better to be so foolish that you laugh at everything than to be so wise that everything makes you cry.

When a woman is really an angel she is not one of the recording kind that keeps a lot of books on people.

A man takes more pleasure in saying that he heard Patti than he took in hearing her.

A man's idea of a nice woman is one who pays most attention to the things he says, and the least to the things he does.

The hardest workers do not get the biggest rewards. The tired-out farm horse complains that there never was a tired-out farm horse put in statuary.

If the truth were known the country man is not as ignorant in town as the town man is in the country. The difference is in the size of the audience. When a country man shows town ignorance, there are a great many to see it. When a town man shows country ignorance, no one but a single farmer sees it, and he is very often too polite to tell of it.

How easy it is for a man to persuade himself that the box his new piano came in does not look disorderly in the front yard.

The very little man who marries a very large woman may know more than his wife, but it never looks as if he would dare to say so.

When we hear of the salaries some people are paid for singing, we cannot help thinking of the larger salaries that ought to be paid others for not singing.

It is safe to say that there never was a funeral of a married person that some one on the way back from the cemetery did not say something about the short time it would be before the one who is left would marry again.

CURIOUS MARRIAGES.

Unions of May and December Reported to the English Register.

[Manchester Courier.]

Of the many interesting matters that come under the notice of the register-general, there is nothing more surprising than the frequency with which youth and age try the paths of matrimony together. Of 3366 brides over 50 years of age who were married last year, one secured a youth of 20, three were accommodated by men of 21, and 14 others kept their choice of striplings below 25. In one of the last-named cases the good lady was 40 years older than her partner.

Turning to the veterans among the husbands, there is even greater disparity. There were never fewer than 369 bridegrooms above 70 years of age, and of these one took a girl of 17, another one of 19, and four others kept under 21. Between 60 and 70 years of age, 2084 men married. Three of them took girls under 18, and 27 others were content with partners who had not reached their majority. As many as 4576 males, whose ages ranged between 50 and 60, were also brought to the altar, and here again a score of the wives were in their teens. A hundred were not more than 21, and 248 were under 25.

Among other strange matches was one between a couple of octogenarians, while three ladies of "85 and upwards" got husbands whose ages were 75, 65 and 55 respectively. Taking the gentlemen of "85 and upwards," we find that one of them secured a bride of 45. But even greater contrasts are to be seen in the venerable Adonis of 70 who got a mate of 21, and in the 75-year-old buck who secured a blushing damsel of 19.

At the other end of the scale we have a marriage between a girl of 13 and a boy of 18; another where the contracting parties were 16 each, and a third were men of 21 saddled themselves with wives of 14. Two husbands of 30 took partners, whose ages were under 15, while no fewer than 70 husbands of 40 found wives of from 16 to 20 years of age.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

[New York Weekly.]

Every man should kno sumthing ov law; if he knows enuff tew keep out ov it he iz a pretty good lawyer.

Waiting for a ded man's shoes iz just az mean az stealing the shoes before the man dies.

The best reformers are those who are all the time trieing tew reform themselfs, thus presenting tew the world one good example, worth at least a dozen precepts.

Rum, dice and lasciviousness bring all men tew one common level.

About the only difference between the poor and the ritch is this—the poor suffer misery, while the ritch hav tu enjoy it.

The time tew pray is not when we are in a tight spot, but jist as soon as we git out ov it.

There iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins.

Yu ma make a whissel out ov a pig's tale, but if yu du, you'll find you've spoiled a very worthy tale, and got a devilish poor whissel.

I don't think thare iz ennything that a man iz remarkable for, that is more kultivated than hiz excentricitys.

Thare iz this diffrence at least, between wit and humor—wit makes you think; humor makes you laff.

I luv praze, but despise flattery.

I wouldn't giv a dime a pound for religion that yu kant take ennywhere out into the world with yu, even tew a hoss race, if yu hav a mind tew, without losing it.

Tew do nothing, and tew be ov no use tew ennyboddy, iz the privilege ov wild beasts.

The best way tew convince a phool he iz wrong iz tew let him hav hiz own way.

A Fatal Draught.

[Life.]

Woman—I gave my husband a taste of the broomstick half an hour ago, and he went out swearing he would kill some one. Has he been here?

Saloonkeeper—Yes, ma'am; John was in here.

Woman—Did he kill anybody?

Saloonkeeper—Oh, no. He took two drinks of our best whiskey and then left.

Woman—Poor John! I didn't mean to drive him to suicide.

A Bad Bargain.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Chicago Five-Year-Old Boy (only child)—Mamma, I wish you'd get me a little sister. I'm so lonesome.

Same Boy (at a subsequent period, sitting upright in his bed at 11.30 p. m., and shaking his fist at his sweet little sister in next room—If I'd known what a howler you was going to be, you can betcher sweet life I never would have ordered you.

She was Impatient.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"M-m-y, d-d-dear, I l-l-love you! W-w-will you be—" began M. Pediment.

"That will do," replied the proud beauty. "I do not care to be wooed on the instalment plan."

Quite a Difference.

[Light.]

Jings—I hear you gave $50 to relieve the church debt.

Bings—Oh, no; I just subscribed $50.

RHYMES OF RINGS.

Why Women Wear Gold Bands on Certain Fingers.

A Pretty Widow Who Wore a Thumb Ring and Wrote Sweet Poetry.

Engagement and Wedding Rings and Their Meaning in Different Ages.

[Arthur Wirt in Albany Press.]

Ring lore is certainly a curious subject, and just as entertaining and interesting as it is curious. Searching for information on so odd a subject leads one into all sorts of historical highways and byways. According to an old writer, it was considered in ancient times highly improper for single or unmarried persons to wear circlets on their fingers, "unless they were judges, doctors or senators." For all but these dignitaries such an unwarranted ornament was considered an evidence of "vanity, lasciviousness and pride," and the person who should so far forget himself was thought most presumptuous.

Affianced persons, according to another authority, were allowed this honorable distinction, and cites it as an evidence of the the high honor in which the estate of wedlock was then held, that those about to enter it might be so adorned. But while finger rings have figured in all the political, court and ecclesiastical history of all times, it is their record as love tokens and marriage emblems which lends the greatest interest to these pretty or priceless (as the case may be) baubles of mankind.

Tradition tells us that the first of these mystic circles was invented by Prometheus and forged by Tubal Cain. An Arabian legend relates how King Solomon possessed a magic ring that he once upon a time lost in the sea, whereupon his wisdom vanished, so that for 40 days he abstained from administering justice. At the end of that time the missing jewel was found in a fish and restored to the monarch, who straightway became once more exceeding wise, and continued so until the end of his days.

The ring superstition is notably rich. In most cases where they were supposed to possess especial significance and virtue, these qualities abided in some particular stone, symbol or inscription. There was a popular superstition in Berkshire that a ring made of a piece of communion silver was a sure cure for fits and convulsions. A ring formed of five silver sixpences possessed the same efficacy, provided the coins were contributed by five bachelors. Rings fashioned from coffin hinges were looked upon as a specific for cramps, and so on through a long list of illusions and ills the ring has constantly been put forward as a remedy or preventive.

Herrick writes of the "jimmal ring," which was given as a love token only:

Thou sendest to me a true love knot, but I
Returned a ring of jimmals to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

In later years this ring became one of espousal and was intended to typify community of interest, mutual forbearance, endless devotion, and all the other attributes of the estate of matrimony in its most ideal perfection. The orthography was changed and written with a "g." A jimmal ring supposed to belong to the time of Queen Elizabeth was found as Horsleydown in Surrey and is now preserved in a British collection. It is described as follows:

"The ring is formed of twin or double hoops, which play within one another like links to a chain. Each hoop has one of its sides flat, the other convex, and each is twisted once around and surmounted by a hand issuing from an embossed work mist or sleeve, rising above the circle and extending in the same direction. The course of the twist in each hoop is made to correspond with its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surfaces of the hoops they unite in one ring. The whole device represents the triple emblem of love, fidelity and union, the whole being of fine gold and weighing two pennyweights.

Regarding the language of rings, there is an old rule laid down: "If a man wants a wife, the ring must be worn upon the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, it occupies the second finger; if married, he wears it on the third; but if he is resolved upon celibacy, then it is that it is put upon the fourth or little finger." This rule is also adopted for women, but it is carefully explained that "widows are not subjected to the rules."

There is a woman in Philadelphia who is not guarded by any rule, for she wears a wide band of gold on her thumb. Naturally it attracts much attention and occasions comment. One night at a dinner party, a gentleman asked her why she wore it. Immediately she pencilled upon the menu:

For pleasures past and joys to come
I wear this ring upon my thumb.

Under this her querist promptly wrote:

You've another thumb, my lady dear,
And another lover sitting here,
Who'd give his chance of the world to come
To place a ring on the other thumb.

According to the ancient ritual, in marriage the husband began the ring business by placing it upon the bride's thumb and putting it successively on the next two fingers, pronouncing for each one a person of the Trinity, with a final "Amen," the fourth finger was reached and there the ring remained. The Greek church ritual directs that the ring be placed upon the right hand. Puritan influence sought to abolish the ring as a vain and heathen emblem, but the sweet old fashion of giving and taking the emblem, "for our love's sake," yet remains to us.

Betrothal or engagement rings vary in fashion nowadays, and always depend, or should do so, on the purse of the donor. Where there are no limitations of this sort his taste, if it be perfect, will lead him to choose a diamond solitaire, and of the best he can afford, a small and pure blue-white stone being altogether preferable to a large stone. Some prefer a ring set with three stones, generally a sapphire set between two diamonds. Others select a ruby or an emerald, which signifies promise of happiness. Few people choose pearls for an engagement ring, as the pearls are supposed to typify tears. They are also too perishable to become emblems of love which, in its first glow at least, is always understood to be indestructible. Their beauty is very precarious, being easily dimmed or "aged," as the lapidary expresses it, by contact with impure air, while acid annihilates them completely, like the famous one which the fair Egyptian, "brilliant sorceress of the Nile," dissolved and drank to her imperial lover ages ago.

The wedding ring remains about the same. The Romans made theirs of iron to express endurance, and baser metals have been used since. The ideal marriage token cannot be improved upon—it is a ring of pure virgin gold, neither too heavy nor yet to slender. It is softly rounded so there are no sharp edges. If you hang it on a string and strike it softly, it will ring out an indescribably soft and sweet sound. No other symbol expresses so well the true heart's devotion. Herrick's lines are very pretty:

And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw, or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold forever.

Ladies of the present day wear numerous rings, regardless of their significance. At the present time, according to the Roman rule, one cannot classify by any such token either the young woman in the nursery rhyme who has been immortalized "with rings in her ears or bells on her toes," the Egyptian lady whose portrait on her mummy case represents her two hands covered, thumbs and all, with rings, or the lady of "the court" with costly jewels flashing from every one of her white, tapering fingers.

A Neat Trick.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A pony glass of whiskey and a pony glass of water are placed side by side, both glasses brimming full, and a wager made that the liquids can be made to change glasses without pouring either of them out. If the wager is accepted a thin card is placed over the glass of water, and held tightly on it while it is turned upside down and placed on top of the pony of whiskey. The card is then carefully shoved aside until one end of it is a hair's breadth beyond the rims of the glasses, and the whiskey will then work itself slowly into the upper glass, the water descending to the lower. Care should be taken that both glasses are full to running over, and the card should be thin and moved aside very slightly, or the opportunity for capillary attraction, on which the perfect completion of the trick depends, will be lost.

Brigham Young's Big Family.

[Susan Young Gates in North American Review.]

As a physiological fact, of the 56 children born to Brigham Young, not one was halt, lame or blind, all being perfect in body and of sound mind and intellect; no defects of mind or body save those general ones shared by humanity. The boys are a sound, healthy, industrious and intelligent group of men, noted everywhere for their integrity and for the excellent care and attention bestowed upon their families.

In short, the name Young is a synonyme of a good, kind, faithful husband. Among them are lawyers, merchants, a railroad king, a banker, an architect, a civil engineer, and a manufacturer. One of them is a colonel in the United Stated army, while several have graduated from the Annapolis naval school and from the Ann Arbor law school. The girls are finely developed physically, quick and bright in intellect, high-spirited, and often talented, especially in a musical way. A few of them were beautiful girls, and are still handsome women. All are nice girls, kind in disposition, generous and social in their natures. In short, outside of one or two of either sex, they are a family that any man might well be proud to call his own. This is given by way of argument, not boasting.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Love is Blind.

[Life.]

Her praises loud he used to sing;
Now he is jilted,
He wonders how he loved a thing
Whose nose is tilted.

An Autumn Leaf.

[Williams Weekly.]

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,
"And my arms are the book, you know,
So I'll put the leaf in the book, you see,
And tenderly press it, so."

The maid looked up with a glance demure,
And blushes her fair cheeks wore
As she softly whispered, "The leaf I'm sure
Needs pressing a little more."

Counted Out.

[Vassar Miscellany.]

I thought that I had won her heart,
That she was mine alone;
No more would rivals rouse my fears,
Henceforth her love I'd own.

For she had asked in tender tones,
In which true love sighs were,
If I my latest photograph
Would kindly give to her.

Deceitful wretch! she gave it to
The maid that cleans the halls,
But first she wrote upon the back
"I'm out when this one calls."

Phryne in Hades.

[William Young in The Century.]

To Phryne, wandering by Lethe's brink,
Spake, with rude lips, a phantom at her side;
"Ere of this last forgetfulness we drink,
Who in thy memory doth last abide
Of all who loved thee living?" To and fro
Swayed the fair head, and seemed to ponder long
A doubtful thought: and "Ah, that I might know!
For these with laughter wooed me, those with song,
And all with gifts—save one, and he with tears.
Yet who gave most, most quickly was forgot;
And him who praised me I remember not;
And mirth is but a crackling in mine ears.
Nay"—and a mist across her wan eyes crept—
"Yet must I think of him with whom I wept."

Dorothy.

[Charles Henry Phelps in The Century.]

They tell me 'tis foolish to prate of love
In the sweet and olden way;
They say I should sing of loftier things,
For Love has had his day.
But when Dorothy comes
I cannot choose,
I must follow her
Though the world I lose;
My very soul
Pours forth in song
When dainty Dorothy
Trips along.

It is all very well to say to me
That Browning's noble strain
Rises and swells with the tide of thought
Or throbs with the pulse of pain;
But if Dorothy once
Had crossed his path
Her radiance such
A witchery hath
That across the world
Would not seem long
To follow Dorothy
With his song.

Yesterday and Today.

[Nathan M. Levy in Munsey's Weekly.]

"Last night, dear Antoinette"
('Tis thus a wooer writes,
Whose thoughts are deeply set
On love's profound delights),
"Asleep within my chair
Thy vision I did greet,
And, joy beyond compare,
I dreamed I kissed thee, sweet."

Ah, she was hurt, I fear,
For, seeming ill at ease,
She wrote, "To me it's clear
Thou'rt taking liberties.
Such notions overthrow,
Pray take to other schemes;
'Tis well that thou should'st know
I don't believe in dreams."

Yet strange that when today
I kissed her—oh, the bliss,
The charm, the spell, that lay
In that ecstatic kiss—
No fault she found; it seems,
O maid of mysteries,
That though she likes not dreams
She courts realities!

Sometime.

[Lillian Gray.]

Sometime we shall know why
Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain;
And why our steps are shadowed so by pain,
And why we often lie
On couches, sown with thorns of care and doubt;
And why our lives are thickly hedged about
With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.

Sometime we shall know why
Our dearest hopes are swept so swift away,
And why our brightest flowers first decay;
Why song is lost in sigh.
Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart—
Estrangement, space and death rend heart from heart,
Until from deepest depths the teardrops start.

Sometime we all shall know
Each other, aye, as we ourselves are known;
And see how out of darkness light has grown.
And He—who loves us so
Despite our wilfulness and blind complaint—
Will show us how His kind and calm restraint
Can mould a human soul into a saint.

Sometime our eyes shall see
The silver lining to the darkest cloud,
While silvery echoes follow thunders loud.
Sometime our hearts shall be
Content, forgetting all our restless mood,
And knowing everything has worked for good—
The how, and when, and why, be understood.

Nature, the False Goddess.

[James Jeffrey Roche in the Independent.]

The vilest work of vilest man,
The cup that drugs, the sword that slays,
The purchased kiss of courtesan,
The lying tongue of blame or praise,

The cobra's fang, the tiger's spring,
The python's murderous embrace—
The wrath of any living thing—
A man may fear but bravely face.

But thou, cold Mother, knowest naught
Of love, or hate, or joy or woe;
Thy bounties come to man unsought,
Thy curses fall on friend and foe.

Thou bearest balm upon thy breath,
Or sowest poison in the air;
And if man reapeth life or death,
Thou dost not know, thou dost not care.

Thou art God's instrument of fate,
Obedient, mighty, soulless, blind,
No demon to propitiate,
No deity in love enshrined.

Let him who turns from God away
To Bel or Moloch bend the knee,
Defile his soul to wood or clay,
Or thrill with Voodoo's ecstasy,

Seek any fetich undivine,
Be any superstition's thrall—
From Heaven or Hell will come a sign,
But thou alone art deaf to all.

Of Phillida, Her Inconsistency.

[Frederic Hart Wilson in Time.]

Phillida truly would appear
A most soft-hearted little dear;
Shs really wouldn't hurt a fly.
The sight of mouse traps makes her cry—
Though she's not fond of mice, I'm sure—
She knits warm stockings for the poor,
She's worshipped by her cats. But then—
She's cruelty itself, to men.

A tease, a flirt—she's merciless;
And yet no language can express
Her scorn of boys who tie tin pails
To inoffensive puppies' tails.
Her house a hospital you'll find
For pets—the maimed, the halt, the blind;
And you will want to go there too
If e'er she tries her wit on you.

Heartless—yet see her, on my word,
Nursing a sick canary bird;
How prettily she'll coax and coo
To tempt it to a seed or two.
Her dignity, inspiring awe,
Dissolves when Pug has hurt his paw.
Oh, Phillida! Whence can it be,
This curious inconsistency?

Enigma—How can she be thus—
So kind to them, so hard to us!
And yet—here's some light to be seen—
Phillida's only just fifteen.

MEN AND THEIR HABITS.

Gath Chats About Trifles Light as Air.

How Daniel Dougherty Rose from Humble Surroundings.

Something of Sickles, Forney, Ralston, Kelly and Garfield.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8.—The triumph of habits over talents I am reminded of whenever I see Daniel Dougherty, now of New York, long of Philadelphia. He has survived nearly every one of his associates, and from an humble commencement has raised his social standard without losing a native gentleness and Democratic kindness.

About 29 years ago, Mr. Dougherty, who then had an excellent and well appointed house on Washington square, in Philadelphia, gave a breakfast at perhaps 10 o'clock in the morning to a little company, which I still remember. John Russell Young and myself represented the newspaper press; Mr. Edmund Mench and one other represented the bar: the stage was represented by Edwin Adams and John McCullough, both of them members of stock companies at the time in Philadelphia, I think.

In the interval every person present has perished except Mr. Dougherty and the two newspaper writers.

I suppose that the united earnings of Adams and McCullough would have made a very large fortune had they possessed any thrift, yet one of them died from imbecility and the other after long disease, the result of want of habits. Mr. Mench at the time was the favorite of the rich McCalmonts, bankers, who had control of the Reading railroad and its vast cargoes. He was also an associate lawyer in the office of St. George Tucker Cameron, who was at the time the monopolist of the best railroad business and cases in the whole country.

By attention to his standard, keeping a courageous eye upon the world, and being gentle, yet independent, Dan Dougherty has survived almost everybody of his coterie, and at a considerable age has gone to New York city, to be there received at the bar with consideration and to be chosen as a New Yorker, and not a Philadelphian, to present the name of a candidate for the presidency before a great convention.

Few men could have stood the test of retaining the

Friendship of Edwin Forrest

after a very long acquaintance, for Forrest was moody, suspicious and tyrannical, yet by tact and sweetness Dougherty kept his confidence to the last, and became his executor.

There was an idea in Philadelphia that Mr. Dougherty had been the son of a tavern keeper; his origin was at least plain and quiet. He studied law, married where he was in love, and saw a considerable and healthy posterity rise up, and one of his sons has been at Rome in our legation. In the campaign of 1860 Mr. Dougherty escorted to the Catholic church in Philadelphia the recent bride of Stephen A. Douglass. He was, like most of the Irish, a profound admirer of Douglass, and upon the abandonment and defeat of that candidate about the ultra-Southern element, Mr. Dougherty became a war Democrat and followed his friend, John W. Forney, into the Republican lines, where he remained, I think, until the Hancock campaign of 1880, when he and Forney and Gen. Sickles all returned to the Democracy, but not at the time to be efficient.

Sickles, by the way, is one of the eminent instances of survival in this country. Not excepting Jefferson Davis, he has passed through more crises and trials than almost any living man of record. His habits, however, in certain lines have always been intelligent. I think I never heard of Gen. Sickles being intoxicated. The enemy which destroys the citadel of health quicker than any other is liquor.

John W. Forney had the greatest attachment to both Sickles and Dougherty, but from too convivial habits and inattention to business details Forney surrendered control of one of the most successful and influential journals in the land to accept stewardships, for they were little else, at one or the other end of the Capitol at Washington.

I am always struck in Washington and elsewhere with the capitalization of habits. I was in a bank only yesterday, and it seemed to be crowded with customers, some depositing, some discounting, some buzzing the president; everything was lively and animated, and made a bookish man feel distressed that it costs so much friction to get a

Few Dollars Ahead of the World.

I thought to myself I would not take this bank and be buzzed like that president from morning until night, and keep all these things in my head.

Mr. Ralston, then in the height of his splendor, one of the princes of the world, told me the story of John Kelly and himself when he had been a young banker, under the firm of Kelly, Donohue & Ralston. He said that Mr. Kelly thought too much of Eastern banking and too little of California opportunities. The incidental view, I thought, was that Mr. Kelly had not chosen the better part, yet now we see Mr. Kelly the proprietor of the Temple Court building in New York, one of those sky-splitting structures which lie around the City Hall Park, and he is still an active banker and at a good round age, in the enjoyment of life and society, while Ralston found at last but one friend to assuage his griefs, the mighty ocean, which is said to have drowned the older world. Habits survive talents.

Our later presidents have generally been persons of regular habits. An acquaintance in Washington tells me that when Harrison was United States senator from Indiana he dictated his letters to my friend, who invariably found him at 8 o'clock in the morning at his lodgings, with his breakfast eaten and his cigar lighted, ready to despatch business. This attention met with its great reward in time, and you may notice about President Harrison that in many little things he is the pupil, or some would say the victim, of fixed habits. Persons in Washington tell me that when Hayes was a member of Congress he spent very little time up there in that menagerie howling to get his name into the newspapers or history, but he would be found taking long walks around the conservatories and the botanical gardens. I have often seen

Garfield Footing it Up

Capitol hill on Sundays to attend the Campbellite or Swedenborgian church.

President Arthur was one of our presidents who did not have much habit; he was a good fisherman, but toward the later part of his life he preferred his fish in the second course set before him at the table. Old John Quincy Adams left a definite record here as a swimmer, and was perhaps the last of our presidents who swam in the Potomac river as he would have done in the Charles river. I wonder whether the people of Washington would have any clear idea of John Quincy Adams at the present time had it not been for this independent habit he had of going back of the White House to the river margin and taking his morning swim.

In the present day the social habits of Washington, however delightful, are subversive of adventure and exercise. We have picked up from the English the bad habit of having set dinners, and esteeming these dinners to be a substitute for everything.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

Objects to Whole Ones.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]

An old negro came tumbling out of a cabin and just as he fell into the road, a short distance away, a brick thrown from the house struck him on the head. He lay there for several moments, and then getting up turned to a white man who happened to be passing, and, as he wiped the blood off his head, remarked:

"Dat's jes' zackly whut makes me say whut I does say."

"And what do you say?" the white man asked.

"W'y dat dis marryin' dat de white folks talk so much erbout is er failure sho 'nuff. Now, dar's dat lady in de house (again wiping off the blood) dat I has thought er good 'eal 'o. But now look at me. Is I fitten ter go in s'ciety wid sich er lady fur er wife? Long ez she didn't fling nothin' but brickbats w'y she'd sorter do and I could go in s'ciety wid her, but now dat she is tuck ter flingin' whole bricks w'y I kain't put up wid it. Look out fur dese ladies dat flings whole bricks."

A Man's Idea of Home Comfort.

[Percy Vere in Ladies' Home Journal.]

A man wants some one place in home that he can call his very own, some portion of the house where his will is law, where no conflict of authority can arise. This is not altogether for the purpose of securing solitude, for his family is usually most welcome there, but the need for it springs from the desire for that sense of proprietorship which is his habit abroad, and from the wish to be able to do precisely as he pleases in at least a corner of his own house. Here should be the comforts that the man devises for himself, the lounging chairs, the desk and library, his smoking materials, with license to use them. Here he should be able to feel absolutely at his ease, troubled by no fear of "mussing things," no need to thread his way anxiously through a maze of furniture and various decorative obstructions, trembling lest something should be overturned and broken, and there should be the seat of that admired disorder to which he only has the clew. His books and papers should be left as he leaves them, though to the orderly female eye they may seem to lie in hopeless confusion. His desk may be littered with piles of books, magazines, letters, manuscripts, everything that can possibly find a place there, but if a woman wishes to secure to a man one of his most cherished home comforts she will let that desk alone.

AN IGNORED WEATHER DIAL.

It is in a State-Street Building, and Works Day and Night.

Probably not one out of 10 of the vast number of people who frequent State street ever have noticed the weather dial that is cosily perched within a pediment on the Atlantic bank building.

Those who do notice the dial naturally inquire how it is that the arrow moves as the wind blows and indicates the direction of the breeze on the clock-like face marked with the letters, N. E. S. W.

A careful examination from the street will reveal a big vane stationed several feet behind the pediment. As the wind blows the vane the vane moves the arrow by means of cogs, one at the bottom of the pole to which the vane is attached, working on another connected with the arrow on the dial. This simple machinery is located in the attic.

This dial has been on the Atlantic bank building about 13 years, and the occupants of the building say it has given general satisfaction, although the arrow, when the wind is frolicsome, sometimes revolves with such velocity as to indicate a cyclone.

There are said to be about three of these dials in use in this city.

SELLING HUMAN HAIR.

Where the Crop is Grown and How it is Bought.

[Chatter.]

In remote Swiss, German and French villages, traffic in human hair is as recognized a portion of the commerce as the sale of butter and eggs, and is, to the young peasant girls a very important matter. They grow their hair with a view to selling it, just as their fathers and brothers grow their cereals and raise their cattle for the same purpose. In many cases, where they are fortunate enough to have it of good marketable color and fine texture, they get for their ware more than their male relatives could hope to clear after many years of hard toil.

The great drawback to the lucrativeness of hair farming is the slowness of growth and the fact that the same head is rarely known to produce a remarkably fine crop twice. An objection to it is a dislike, natural in a woman, to part with what is a nature-given ornament. We may feel positive that in the districts where hair is sold it is a proud distinction to be in constant possession of a good crop which is definitely understood to be "not for sale," and which argues well for the amount of worldly goods enjoyed by its possessor.

Here, where there is no recognized commercial value placed on luxuriant locks, it was a year or two ago quite fashionable to have hair short and wavy, like a man's. There, however, the consolation has to be administered in the shape of hard cash, and even with that great consoler in their hands the peasant hair growers can seldom see their shorn tresses gathered up by the indifferent purchaser with equanimity.

One village market is held every second Friday, and is attended by buyers from Paris only. These walk about the street—the village boasts but one long narrow one—while the girls stand about in couples so that they may give each other moral support. The business is transacted in a large room. The sellers, having had their hair combed out and examined, wait for an offer.

If this be satisfactory the buyer takes up a bright pair of shears fastened to his waist and cuts the treasured tresses, papering and pocketing them quickly so that the denuded girl may see as little of them as possible once they have passed out of her possession. She then goes off and uses all the means she knows of to cultivate a new crop, which occasionally is successful up to the third and even fourth transactions, though rarely is the first bargain bettered. The crop, however, is capricious; occasionally a second growth and a third have been known to exceed the first in length and fineness to a surprising degree, though, if the color be fair and particularly of golden sheen, the second crop even is almost invariably not satisfactory in this one particular.

Purely white hair, if long and fine, may be converted into a little fortune by its possessor, supposing she be so minded. Albino women have been known to obtain for a crop of hair white as snow and fine as spun silk the nice little sum of $750, which certainly would make hair farming a remunerative occupation, supposing that only two such crops could be raised and disposed of in a lifetime.

It is said that the French ex-empress paid $200 an ounce for hair to match her own, which was, in her youth, that much-prized hue which is the same as virgin gold. The difficulty of exactly matching hair is much greater than might be supposed by the casual observer, who sees only the four colors known by hair experts as type colors—white, black, brown and blonde. Each of these produce numerous shades, not less than 16 of every type, and the subtle difference in these shades of hair is wonderfully perceptible, as those who have a little and want to match it speedily find out. Hair which is artificially colored to match is most unsatisfactory, as the hue is not stationary.

Hair dyed on the head is a far from enviable possession, as it requires frequent redippings, and its owner (the ways of hair dye being inscrutable) has usually to disappear from social ken during the process. Not alone that fact, but also that medical men declare softening of the brain to be brought on by the use of hair dye as well as diseases of the eye, makes this a most undesirable practice.

A fine head of virgin-gold colored hair will bring from $200 to $500, according to its length and luxuriance, and to those who have it and are anxious to convert it into hard cash it may be pleasing to hear that there are orders in advance for all that can be produced of this description for the next five years.

THE FIRST KISS.

[Emile Pickhardt in Jenness-Miller Magazine.]

Aye, I recall it well—
That hour all other hours holds in a spell.
'Twas in the tender time 'twixt day and night
That you and I stood in the amber light
Of softly waning day.
You stood there with your face turned half away,
In pensive mood and clinging robe of white,
As silent as a spirit of the night.
Your head, bathed in the sunset's fading ray,
Was touched by overhanging ivy spray,
As I so longed to touch with trembling hand,
But dared not touch—your white face, and
Your downcast eye so holy seemed
I knew not or of earth or heav'n I dreamed;
I knew but this:
Breathed gently from the west,
A breeze the ivy and your brow caressed
And moved the wavy masses of your hair,
And touched me with their mingled perfume rare.
I did not see, but felt, you raise your eyes,
As feels the waiting earth the brooding skies;
Nor knew I if 'twere morn or noon or night,
But only knew a swoon of sense and sight—
A silent dream of bliss.
'Twas then my soul
Your inmost soul did see as in a glass—
I knew my dream of dreams had come to pass—
That you and I were one. And then I dared
To fold you close, nor thought of death, nor cared
For aught of life, so I could feel your heart
And know our lives, no more to be apart,
Made one completed whole.
You spoke no word,
Nor I, and yet no sweeter words e'er heard
The list'ning spirits that did hover near,
Than soul spoke unto soul in accents dear.
And now, though years are old, I live in this—
That first fond kiss.

The Secret of a Long Life.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerful and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.

ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC.

Continued from the First Page.

the subject, treating it from a new point of view.

"Although Baudoin's map may be fairly correct," said he, "it is desirable that we should explore the eastern side for ourselves. We have good glasses, which Baudoin did not have, and who knows if we might not see land that he could not? His map makes Charman island a solitary one, and it may not be so."

"Always the same idea," said Gordon, "and you are miserable at not getting away!"

"Yes, and at heart, I am sure you feel the same as I do. Ought we not to do all we can to get home again as soon as possible?"

"Well," said Gordon, "we will organize an expedition."

"An expedition in which we can all take part?"

"No. It seems to me that six or seven of us—"

"That would be too many."

"What then do you propose?"

"I propose to cross the lake in the yawl, and, to do that, only two or three need go."

"And who will have charge of the yawl?"

"Moko," said Briant. "He knows how to manage a boat, and I understand a little about it. With the sail, if the wind is fair, and with the two oars, if it is against us, we might easily manage the five or six miles across the lake and reach the watercourse, which, according to the map, runs through the eastern forest, and we could go down that to its mouth."

"Agreed. I approve of your idea. But who will go with Moko?"

"I will, for I did not take part in the expedition to the north of the lake. It is my turn to be of use."

"To be of use!" said Gordon. "Have you not been of great use? Have you not done more than any of the others?"

"Well, we have all done our duty," said Briant. "So it is agreed then?"

"Yes, it is agreed. But who is to go with you? I should not propose Donagan, for you do not get on well together."

"Oh! I would agree to that willingly," said Briant. "Donagan is not a bad-hearted fellow. He is brave, he is clever, and were it not for his envious character he would be a capital companion. Besides, he will gradually reform when he sees that I really do not wish to push myself forward before any one; and we shall end, I am sure, in being the best friends in the world. But I was thinking of quite another travelling companion—"

"Who is that?"

"My brother Jack," said Briant. "I get more and more anxious about him. Evidently he has done something wrong which he will not tell us. Perhaps if he finds himself alone with me on this expedition—"

"That is so, Briant. Take Jack and begin your preparations at once."

"They will not take long," answered Briant. "We shall not be away more than two or three days."

When the others heard the news of the projected expedition, Donagan was very vexed at not being allowed to take part in it and went to Gordon, who explained that only three boys were wanted to do what was to be done, that the idea was Briant's, whose business it was to see it through, etc.

When Moko heard that he was going to change his employment as master-cook for that of master-mariner he made no secret of his gratification. To go with Briant was an additional pleasure. His substitute would naturally be Service, who revelled in the idea that he would be able to roast and stew as he liked without any one to overlook him. And Jack seemed not at all unhappy at having to leave French Den for a day or two with his brother.

The yawl was got ready. She was rigged with a little lateen sail, which Moko bent and furled. Two guns, three revolvers, ammunition in sufficient quantity, three travelling wraps, provisions, waterproof capes in case of rain, two oars with a pair to spare; such was the outfit required for the short trip—without forgetting the copy which had been made of Baudoin's map, in which the new names were written as they were given.

On Feb. 4, about 8 o'clock in the morning, Briant, Jack and Moko bade goodby to their comrades and embarked. It was a splendid morning, with a light wind from the southwest. The sail was set and Moko took the helm, leaving Briant to look after the sheet. The surface of the lake was rippled by the intermittent breeze, and this the yawl felt more as she got further out.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when the yawl neared the shore at the foot of a bank, above which spread the clustering branches of green oaks and sea pines. The bank was too high for the boys to land and they had to coast along for half a mile or so to the north.

"There is the river marked on the map," said Briant, pointing to an opening in the bank, through which flowed the waters of the lake.

"Well," said Moko, "I think we ought to give it a name."

"All right," said Briant, "let us call it East river, as it flows to the east."

"That will do," said Moko. "And now we have only to get into the stream and drift down it."

"We will do that tomorrow, Moko. We had better camp here. We can start at dawn tomorrow and explore both banks of the river."

"Shall we go ashore?" asked Jack.

"Oh, yes," said Briant, "and camp under the trees."

The boys took the boat into a little creek and scrambled out on to the bank. They moored the yawl to a stump and took out of her the arms and provisions. A good fire of dry wood was lighted at the foot of a large green oak, and they had a meal of biscuit and cold meat and were not at all sorry to get to sleep.

"Come, wake up; let us be moving," said Briant, who was the first to awake at 6 o'clock next morning. And in a few minutes all three were back in the boat and out in the stream.

The current was rather strong—the tide had turned about half an hour before—and the oars were not needed. Briant and Jack were in the bow of the yawl, while Moko, with one of the oars out astern, kept the boat in midstream.

"It is likely," said Moko, "that we shall get down to the sea in one tide if East river is only six miles long, as the current is much stronger than in Zealand river."

"Let us hope so," said Briant. "When we come back we may have to take two or three tides."

"That may be," said Moko, "and if you like we can start with the next tide."

"Yes," said Briant, "as soon as we have seen that there is no land to the eastward."

The boys were in a forest, in which the vegetation was very thick, the tree being similar to those in Trap Woods, with this difference, the green-oaks, cork-oaks, pines and furs were in the majority.

Among others—although his knowledge of botany was much less than Gordon's—Briant recognized a certain tree which he had seen in New Zealand. The branches of this tree spread out in umbrella shape quite 60 fees above the ground, and bore conical fruits three or four inches long, pointed at the end, and covered with glittering scales.

"That is a stone pine," said Briant.

"If so," said Moko, "let us stop for a minute or two. It will be worth while."

A movement of the oar steered the yawl into the left bank. Briant and Jack jumped out. A few minutes afterwards they came back with an armful of the fruits, each of which contained a kernal of oval form, coated with a thin skin, and tasting like a hazelnut. It was a valuable find for the gourmands of French Den, and it was also valuable—as Gordon told Briant on his return—on account of the oil that the fruits yielded.

Towards 11 o'clock the trees began to open out. Here and there little gaps and glades were noticed. The breeze was more and more impregnated with a saline odor indicating the nearness of the sea. A few minutes later, beyond a clumb of superb green oaks, a bluish line appeared. It was the horizon.

The yawl still drifted down with the tide, but more slowly now than at first. The ebb was hardly perceptible now, and East river had become nearly 50 feet wide.

They reached the rocks by the seashore; Moko steered the boat into the left bank, and then, carrying the grappel to land, he stuck it firmly into the ground.

Here was quite a different state of affairs from that on the other side of the island. It was a deep bay, but instead of the wide sandy beach and line of reefs and lofty cliffs as on Wreck Coast, there was a mass of rocks among which, as Briant soon found, there were at least a score of caves.

Charman island seemed to be as lonely in the east as it was in the west.

And that was why Baudoin's map showed no land in that direction. And Briant contented himself with naming the gap in the coast Deception bay.

"Come," said he, "it is not from this side we shall start when we go back."

"I think we had better have something to eat," replied Moko.

"Right," said Briant, "but be quick. When can we get back up the river?"

"If you want to go by this tide, you ought to start at once."

"That is impossible. I must have a good look round the horizon from some high point."

"Then we shall have to wait for the next tide, and that means 10 o'clock tonight."

"Are you afraid to travel during the night?" asked Briant.

"No," said Moko, "and there would be no danger, for we shall have the moon. Besides, the course of the river is so straight that we can steer the boat with an oar all right. And if the stream meets us we can row up, or if it is too strong we can run ashore and wait till it is day."

"Then let it be so," said Briant, "and now we have 12 hours before us let us make the most of them to complete our exploration."

He then turned his glasses to the east, where the horizon was now as clear as could be. Any land within seven or eight miles would certainly have been noticeable. There was nothing in that direction. Nothing but the sea and the unbroken line of sky.

For an hour Briant, Jack and Moko continued to look around them, and they were about to descend to the beach again when Moko suddenly stretched out his hand to the northeast and asked:

"What is that?"

Briant brought his glasses to bear on the spot indicated.

A little above the horizon was a whitish stain that the eye might have taken for a cloud had not the sky been quite clear at the time. Briant kept it in the field of his glasses for a long time, and announced that it remained stationary, and its form did not alter.

"I do not know what that can be," he said, "unless it is a mountain, and a mountain would not look like that."

Soon all three were back at the mouth of East river, where the yawl was moored. Jack collected some dry wood from under the trees, and then he lighted the fire while Moko cooked the roast tinamous.

At 7 o'clock Jack and Briant were walking along the beach, waiting for the tide to turn, and Moko had gone off up the river bank in search of a stone pine from which he thought he would like a few fruits.

When he returned to the mouth of the river night had begun to close in. Away out at sea the waves were still lighted by the last rays of the sun, but the shore was plunged in semi-darkness.

When Moko reached the boat, Briant and his brother had not returned. As they could not be far off he was in no way anxious about them.

But he was surprised to hear a violent sobbing, and then the sound of a loud voice. It was Briant's.

Were the brothers in any danger? Moko did not hesitate to run off at once along the beach and round the rocks which shut in the little harbor.

Suddenly he saw something which made him halt.

Jack was on his knees before Briant. He seemed to be pleading with him, to be begging for pardon. And his were the sobs Moko had heard.

The cabin boy would have run back, but it was too late. He had heard and understood. He knew now what Jack had done, and what he had just confessed, and why Briant was exclaiming:

"You stupid boy! It was you—you who did it! You are the cause!"

"Forgive me! forgive me!"

"That is why you keep apart from the rest! That is why you are afraid of them! May they never know! No! Not a word—not a word—to any one!"

Moko would have given much not to have known the secret. But to pretend not to know it now he was face to face with Briant would never do. And a few minutes afterwards, when he found him alone by the boat, he said to him—

"I overheard—"

"What!" said Briant; "you know that it was Jack!"

"Yes, and you must forgive him."

"But will the others forgive him?"

"Perhaps," said Moko. "In any case, better they should know nothing. I'll keep silence, you may depend."

[Ah!

CHAPTER XIII.

A WOMAN.

During the first week of July the river began to freeze. A few icebergs formed in Family lake floated down with the current. In a short time they became heaped together a little below French Den, and formed an ice pack, above which the smooth water soon bore a thick coat of ice. The cold continued, and the surface of the lake was frozen, and after a short spell of squalls which checked the freezing somewhat, the wind shifted round to the southwest, the sky cleared, and the temperature sunk below zero.

The last year's programme of work was adopted. Briant, who was Gordon's successor in command, kept his position without any abuse of authority. The boys obeyed him cheerfully, and Gordon helped much by setting an example of obedience. Donagan and his partisans showed no signs of actual insubordination. They occupied themselves in their daily task of looking to their traps and nets and snares, and kept much to themselves, talking together in a low voice, and rarely joining in the general conversation. Were they engaged in some plot? That would be seen in time. But no complaint could at present be made of them, and Briant had no cause to interfere. He continued to treat them with justice, and took the more difficult and unpleasant tasks on himself and his brother, who now rivalled him in zeal. Gordon soon noticed the change that was taking place in Jack's character, and Moko saw with pleasure that, since his explanation with his brother, the little fellow took part more frequently in the games of his comrades.

The long hours that the cold obliged them to spend in the cave were occupied in study. Jenkins, Iverson, Dole and Costar got on wonderfully. In teaching them, the bigger boys could not help teaching themselves. During the long evenings readings were made from books of travel, which Service, for one, did not find quite as entertaining as "Robinson Crusoe." Frequently Garnett's accordeon would give forth its exasperating harmonies, as the unhappy melomaniac worked its bellows to the verge of ruin. And the boys would sing songs, and always manage to have a chorus. And then, the concert ended, all would go to bed.

On the morning of Oct. 14, the winter having passed in dissensions, Donagan and his friends were off at daybreak along the shore to the northward. For three miles or more the masses of rock lay strewn between the forest and the sea, leaving at their base a sandy strip about a hundred feet wide. It was noon when the last rock was reached and a halt made for lunch.

Close by a stream ran into the bay, but as it flowed from northeast to northwest, it appeared not to come from the lake. The waters it brought down from the northern part of the island flowed into the sea through a narrow gully, and Donagan named it North creek, for it was not worth calling a river.

A few strokes of the paddle sent the india-rubber boat across it, and then the boys continued their way along its bank. It was about 3 o'clock. In following the creek Donagan had been thrown back towards the northwest more than he cared for, and was about to strike off to the north, when Cross suddenly shouted:

"Look, Donagan, look!"

And with his hand he pointed to a large reddish mass that was moving under the trees between the long grass and reeds of the creek.

Donagan made a sign to Webb and Wilcox not to stir, and accompanied by Cross, with his gun ready for action, he glided off silently in pursuit of the moving mass.

It was a large animal, which would have looked like a rhinoceros if it had had a horn, and if its lower lip had been longer.

There was the report of a gun, followed immediately by another. Donagan and Cross had fired. Evidently at the distance, about 50 yards, the bullets had produced no effect on the thick skin of the animal, which rushed from the reeds and disappeared in the forest.

Donagan recognized it. It was an amphibian, and perfectly inoffensive, a brown-coated "anta," otherwise one of those huge tapirs frequently met with in the neighborhood of South American rivers. As nothing could be done with such an animal, its escape was not regretted, although the sportsmen were not particularly pleased.

In this part of the island the forest was very thick, and as the beech trees were in thousands, Donagan gave it the name of Beech Forest, which took its place on the map alongside those of Bear Rock and North Creek, already given.

As soon as the sun rose the boys were off. There were many reasons for not wasting time. The weather gave signs of changing. The wind, which blew from the west, began to freshen. Heavy clouds were racing along in the offing, and they were high up in the sky, and it was hoped that they would not bring rain. Facing the wind, even if it blew a storm, would not frighten the explorers, but a heavy squall, with its usual accompaniment of a deluge of rain, would have put an end to the expedition, and forced them to return to the shelter of Bear Rock.

They pressed on then, although the wind took them in the flank. The day was a very disagreeable one, and evidently a bad night was to follow. A storm was coming on, and at 5 o'clock the roll of thunder was heard, amid the lightning flashes.

The boys, although very tired, were still able to keep on. They wished to have at east a glimpse of this part of the Pacific while there was daylight. Was it a boundless sea, or only a narrow channel separating the island from a continent or another island? Such a question could not fail to interest them.

Suddenly Wilcox, who was a little in advance, came to a halt and pointed to a dark mass on the edge of the shore. Was it a marine animal, some huge cetacean, such as a whale, wrecked on the sound? Was it not rather a boat, which had been thrown ashore after drifting through the breakers?

It was a boat thrown on its starboard side. And beyond, near the line of seaweed rolled up by the tide, Wilcox pointed out two bodies on the beach.

Donagan, Webb and Cross had at first stopped; but without thinking what they were doing, they ran up to the two bodies on the sand—corpses, perhaps.

And then, seized with terror, and without thinking that a spark of life might linger, and that their immediate help might be necessary, they fled for refuge under the trees. The night was growing dark, although lighted every now and then by the lightning flashes; and in the darkness the growling of the tempest grew louder, as did the roar of the raging sea. The trees were being broken on all sides, not without danger to those sheltering beneath them; but to camp on the beach was impossible, for the sand, driven by the wind, swept through the air as in volleys of grape. Throughout the night the boys remained in this place without being able to close their eyes for an instant. The cold tortured them cruelly; they were not able to light a fire, for it would have been blown about and scattered at the risk of burning the dead branches on the ground.

The first streaks of the dawn appeared in the east. The storm continued, and, as the clouds were low over the sea, rain was to be feared before they could get back to Bear Rock harbor.

But before they started they had to perform the last duty towards the shipwrecked men. As soon as the early morning light had penetrated the thick morning mists in the offing they went out on the beach, struggling not without difficulty against the blasts of the storm. Often they had to hold each other up to save themselves from being blown over. The boat had been left near a low ridge of sand, and they could see by the line of weed that the tide had risen and passed it.

But the two bodies were no longer there.

The boat was empty.

On the stern two names showed the ship to which she belonged and the port of register:

"SEVERN—SAN FRANCISCO."

Were, then, the colonists to pass another winter on Charman Island? Were they to have no help before then? Were not these parts of the Pacific visited during the summer by merchant vessels, and would they see the signal on the crest of Auckland Hill?

The signal was, it is true, hoisted only 200 feet above the level of the island, and could not be seen over a very wide radius. And after trying in vain with Baxter to devise some sort of boat which would be seaworthy, Briant had betaken himself to thinking out some means of raising a signal to a greater height. He spoke of this often, and one day he asked Baxter if it would not be possible to use a kite for the purpose.

But a storm came and the kite would have been smashed if it had been let up in such weather. This was the same storm which had burst on Donagan and his companions in the northern part of the island, and cast the boat and the shipwrecked Americans on the rocks to which there was afterwards given the name, Severn Shore.

On the 16th, although the weather was not stormy, the wind was too violent for the kite. But as the wind dropped in the afternoon there was good promises of an attempt being successful next day. This was Oct. 17, an important date in the annals of Charman Island.

Although it was Friday, Briant was not superstitious enough to wait a day.

The final preparations occupied the morning. At 1.30 the kite was laid on the ground, with its long tail stretched out, and only waiting for Briant's signal to be held up and started. But the signal he did not give.

At that very moment his attention had been called off by Fan, who had rushed off into the forest and began to bark in such a strange plaintive way that every one was surprised.

"What is the matter with Fan?" asked Briant.

"Has she scented some animal in the wood?"

"No! She wouldn't bark like that."

"Let us go and see," said Service.

"Not without your weapons," said Briant.

Service and Jack ran into the cave, and came back with two loaded guns.

"Now come," said Briant.

Briant and his companions had not gone 50 yards before they saw the dog standing in front of a tree, at the foot of which was a human form.

A woman lay there, still as if she were dead, a woman, whose clothes—gown of some heavy fabric, and brown lined shawl tied round her waist—seemed to be in good repair. Her face showed signs of excessive suffering, although she was of robust constitution, being from 40 to 45 years of age.

"She breathes! She breathes!" exclaimed Gordon. "Hunger, perhaps thirst—"

Jack was off to the cave, to return with some biscuits and a flask of brandy.

Then Briant, leaning over the woman, opened her lips and poured a few drops into her mouth. She moved and raised her eyelids. Then her look brightened as she saw the boys round her. Then Jack held out a biscuit which she seized and ate greedily. Evidently the poor woman was dying more from want than fatigue.

Half an hour afterwards Briant and Baxter had brought her into the hall, and were there giving her all the attention they could.

As soon as she felt herself strong enough she told them her story, which was as follows, and our readers can judge how much it interested the young colonists.

The woman, an American by birth, had lived for more than 20 years as confidential servant in the family of William R. Penfield, at Albany, the state capital of New York. Her name was Catherine Ready, though she was generally called Kate.

A month since, Mr. and Mrs. Penfield, wishing to go to Chili, where one of their relatives resided, had come to San Francisco, the chief seaport of California, to embark on the merchant vessel Severn, commanded by Capt. John F. Turner. The ship was bound to Valparaiso, and Mr. and Mrs. Penfield and Kate, who was, so to speak, one of the family, took passage in her.

The Severn would doubtless have made an excellent passage if the eight men of the crew who had recently joined had not been scoundrels of the worst description. Nine days after sailing one of them, Walston, helped by his companions, Brandt, Rock, Henley, Cook, Forbes, Cope, and Pike, had broken out into mutiny and killed the captain, the second mate and Mr. and Mrs. Penfield, the object of the murderers being to seize the ship and use her in the slave trade, which then still existed with a few provinces of South America.

Only two persons on board had been spared; these were Kate, saved by the intercession of Forbes, who was less cruel than the rest, and Evans, the first mate of the Severn, who was kept to navigate the ship.

This horrible affair took place on the night of Oct. 7, when the Severn was about 200 miles from the Chilian coast.

On pain of death Evans was forced to lay the course towards Cape Horn, and cross the Atlantic to the west coast of Africa. But a few days afterwards—why, no one ever knew—a fire broke out on board. In a few moments it became so fierce that Walston and his men found it hopeless to save the ship. One of the men, Henley, jumped overboard to escape the fire, and was drowned. The Severn had to be abandoned, the long boat was launched, and a few stores and weapons were thrown into her and she had only just time to sheer off when the burning vessel foundered.

Two days after the loss of the ship a violent storm had come on, and the boat, with her sail torn to ribbons and her mast carried away, was driven on to Charman island. And on the night of the 15th she was thrown on the beach, and her side stove in.

Walston and his companions, exhausted by their long struggle with the storm, suffered so from cold and fatigue that they were almost dead when the boat ran on to the reef; five of them were swept out of her by a wave, and a moment or so afterwards the two others were thrown on to the sand, while Kate fell on the opposite side of the boat.

The two men remained senseless for some time, as also did Kate. When she returned to consciousness she remained quiet and still, thinking that Walston and the others had perished, and waiting for daylight to begin her search for assistance in this unknown land. About 3 o'clock in the morning she heard footsteps near the boat.

Walston, Brandt and Rock had not been drowned in the wave that struck the boat when she was crossing the reef. They had come along the rocks to the help of their companions, Forbes and Pike, and were now in conversation with them, while Evans remained a few hundred yards away under guard of Cope and Cook.

And this is the conversation that passed—which Kate heard distinctly.

"Have you got the firearms?" asked Forbes.

"Yes, and the ammunition is all right," said Walston, who took out of the locker five guns and several packets of cartridges.

"That is not much," said Rock, "in a wild country like this."

"Where is Evans?" asked Brandt.

"Over there," said Walston, "watched by Cope and Cook. He'll have to come with us, whether he likes it or not; and if he resists I'll settle him."

"What has become of Kate?" asked Rock.

"Kate?" replied Walston. "There is nothing to fear from her! I saw her go overboard before the boat ran ashore, and she is at the bottom of the sea now."

"That's a good job," said Rock. "She knew rather too much about us."

"She wouldn't have known it long," said Walston, of whose intentions there could be no doubt.

Kate, who had heard all this, made up her mind to escape as soon as the men went away.

It can now be understood why Donagan, Wilcox, Webb and Cross found the beach deserted when they returned to perform the last duty towards the shipwrecked men. Walston and his people had gone off to the east, while Kate, taking the opposite course, fled towards the northern point of Family lake. There she arrived in the afternoon of the 16th, exhausted by hunger and fatigue. A few wild fruits were all she had had to sustain her.

She had then followed the left bank, walking all through the night and all through the morning of the 17th, when she sank to the ground, where she had been found half dead.

Such was Kate's story—and a very serious state of affairs was revealed by it.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WALSTON IS THERE."

Only one thing Briant thought of—that Donagan, Wilcox, Webb and Cross were now in great peril. How could they be on their guard if they did not know of the presence of the survivors of the Severn in the very part of the island they were then exploring? The report of a gun fired by one of them would be enough to reveal their presence to Walston.

"We must go to their assistance," said Briant, "and let them know before tomorrow."

"And bring them back to French Den," added Gordon. "More than ever it is necessary for us to be united, so as to concert measures against an attack."

"Yes," said Briant, "and as it is necessary they should come back, they will come back! I will go after them."

"You, Briant?"

"Yes, I, Gordon!"

"And how?"

"I'll go in the yawl with Moko. In a few hours we can cross the lake and go down East river, as we did before. There is every chance we shall find Donagan at its mouth."

"When will you go?"

"This evening," said Briant, "as soon as the darkness allows us to get across without being seen."

"May I go with you?" asked Jack.

"No," said Briant. "It is imperative that we all come back in the boat, and we shall not have room for six."

It was in fact the best thing to do, not only for the sake of Donagan and his companions, but also for the rest. Four boys more, and those not the weakest of the party, were a reinforcement not to be despised.

There was now no talk of letting up the kite. It would be a signal, not to passing ships—if any were passing—but to Walston and his accomplices. Briant even thought it best that the mast on the Auckland Hill should be lowered.

Moko, whom no danger could frighten, was delighted at having to accompany Bryant. The two embarked, taking with them a few provisions and a revolver and cutlass each. When the sun set a gentle breeze had sprung up from the north, which, if it lasted, would suit the yawl, both outwards and homewards.

About 10.30 Briant, who was in the stern of the boat, touched Moko's arm. A few hundred feet away from East river a half-extinguished fire shed its expiring light through the darkness.

The yawl ran alongside the bank and Briant jumped ashore, after telling Moko to wait for him. He had his cutlass in his hand and in his belt was the revolver, which he had resolved not to use except in the last extremity. He climbed the bank and glided under the trees.

Suddenly they stopped. About 20 yards away, in the half light of the fire, he saw a shadow crouching in the grass. Immediately a formidable growl was heard and a dark mass leapt in front of him.

It was a jaguar of large size. Immediately there was a shout of—

"Help! Help!"

Briant recognized Donagan's voice.

Knocked over by the jaguar, Donagan was struggling, unable to use his gun.

Wilcox, awakened by the shout, jumped up and brought his gun to the shoulder, ready to fire.

"Don't fire! Don't fire!" cried Briant. And before Wilcox could see him he had sprung at the wild beast, which turned against him and left Donagan free to get up. Luckily Briant was able to step aside and give it a thrust with his cutlass. The jaguar was mortally wounded, and rolled on to the ground as Webb and Cross rushed to Donagan's assistance.

But the victory might have cost Briant dear, for his shoulder was torn by the animal's claws, and began to bleed profusely.

"How did you come here?" exclaimed Wilcox.

"That you will know soon!" said Briant. "But come with me! Come!"

"Not till I have thanked you, Briant!" said Donagan. "You have saved my life!"

"I only did what you would have done in my place," replied Briant; "but don't say any more about that. Come with me!"

Briant's wound, however, was noticed. Although it was not a serious one, it had to be bound up tightly with a handkerchief, and while Wilcox was doing this Donagan was told what had taken place.

And so these men they had taken for corpses were alive! They were wandering about the island! They were scoundrels stained with murder! A woman had been wrecked with them in the boat; and this woman was now at French Den! There was now no safety on Charman island! That was why Briant had told Wilcox not to fire at the jaguar for fear the report would be heard, and that was why Briant had trusted only to the cutlass!

French Den was in serious danger. It was exposed to the attack of these seven well-armed scoundrels; obviously, Walston's best course was to leave the island as soon as he could; but if he came to suspect the existence of a little colony well provided with all that he wanted, he would not refrain from an attack in which he had almost every chance of success. The boys would be obliged to be most careful not to go far from Zealand river or the lake so long as he was in the island.

Donagan was asked if he had seen any trace of the sailors on his journey back to Bear Rock.

"No," said he. "But when we went back we did not go the same way as at first."

"But we are sure that Walston went off to the eastward," said Gordon.

"Agreed," answered Donagan, "but he went along the shore, while we came through Beech forest. If you look at the map you will see there is a very bold curve just above Deception bay, and there is a good stretch of country there where the men could take refuge without going too far away from their boat. But perhaps Kate can tell us whereabouts Charman island is?"

Kate had already been asked by Gordon and Briant, and could tell them nothing. After the burning of the Severn, Mr. Evans had laid the course of the boat straight for the American continent, and consequently Charman island could not be very far away from it. But the name of the island on which he had been cast he had never mentioned during the storm. The numerous archipelagoes on the coast must be within a short distance, and there were very plausible reasons for Walston to try and reach them, and in the meantime to stay on the eastern shore. If he could only get his boat into a seaworthy state, he would not have much trouble in reaching the South American coast.

"Unless," said Briant, "he comes to the mouth of East river, and finding there traces of your camp, Donagan, resolves to search farther inland."

"But what traces?" replied Donagan. "A few cinders! what would that tell him? that the island is inhabited! and if so, the scoundrels would only think of hiding themselves."

"Exactly," said Briant. "Until they discovered that the population of the island consists of a parcel of boys. We must do nothing to let him know who we are. And that reminds me, Donagan, did you fire your gun on your journey back to Deception bay?"

"No; and that is rather strange," said Donagan, smiling. "For I am rather inclined to burn too much powder. When we left the shore we had a good supply of game, and no shooting took place to reveal our presence. Last night Wilcox was going to fire at the jaguar, but luckily you arrived in time and saved my life at the risk of your own."

"You need say no more about that, Donagan," said Briant. "But don't let us have another gun fired; let us keep away from the Trap woods, and let us live on our reserves."

November had begun, and there was still no trace of suspicious characters round French Den. Briant even doubted if the survivors of the Severn were still on the island. But had not Donagan seen with his own eyes that the boat was in a bad way, with her broken mast, tattered sails and shattered side? It is true—and Mr. Evans would know this—if Charman island had been near a continent or archipelago, the boat might have been sufficiently put to rights and gone to sea. It was possible for Walston to have left the island. Had he done so? That would have to be discovered before the usual round of life was resumed.

It will be remembered that the flying of the kite had been postponed. After the arrival of Kate with the news of the survivors of the Severn at large on the eastern shore, the project of sending up into the air something that could be seen from all points of the island had been abandoned.

But if the kite could not be used as a signal, could it not be used for the purpose of a reconnaissance so necessary to the colony's safety?

Yes! And that is what seized on Briant's imagination. He remembered having read in an English paper of a lady being lifted from the ground hanging to the tail of a kite specially made for the purpose. Well! what a lady had done surely a boy could do!

That there was a certain danger in the attempt mattered little. The risk would be nothing compared to the result which might be obtained. If all precautions were taken that prudence required, was there not a chance that the operation would succeed? That is why Briant, although he was not in position to calculate mathematically, the ascensional force required by such an apparatus, convinced himself that the apparatus would do if made larger and stronger than it had been. And then in the middle of the night he could be lifted a few hundred feet in the air, and perhaps detect the light of the fire somewhere in the district between the lake and Deception Bay.

It was the evening of the 4th of November when he asked Gordon, Donagan, Wilcox, Webb and Baxter to come and talk over something with him.

He told them he proposed to make use of the kite.

"What use?" asked Wilcox. "By letting it up?"

"Certainly," said Briant. "It was made to be let up."

"During the day?" asked Baxter.

"No," said Briant, "for Walston would see it, while during the night—"

"But if you hang the lantern to it," said Donagan, "it will attract his attention just as much."

"But I am not going to send up the lantern."

"Then what are you going to do?" said Gordon.

"I am going to see if the Severn people are still on the island."

And then Briant, not without some uneasiness, lest his plan should be received unfavorably, unfolded it in a few words.

His comrades did not laugh. Gordon asked if he was speaking seriously, and the others seemed to approve of the notion. They saw nothing impossible in a nocturnal ascent of such a character. If everything was done that could be done to ensure safety they were willing to try it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ODDITIES

An Atchison girl, 18 years old, has just been divorced from her third husband.

There are five New Yorks, nine Philadelphias and 12 Bostons in the United States.

"Two feet of shine for five cents" is the way a West Chester, Penn., bootblack puts it.

Volapuk is now 11 years old, and it is asserted that 5,000,000 persons are able to use it.

A working philanthropist at Grass Valley, Cal., saws wood for poor women of that place free of charge.

The spread of culture is attested by this sign on a Philadelphia sidewalk outfit: "Shoe-blacking cafe."

There is a female garbage collector uptown and a milkwoman serves a big route in the southern part of the city.—[Philadelphia Record.

A Yankee genius has invented and patented a machine for buttering bread. The machine cuts and butters 750 loaves of bread in an hour.

Palmer Cox's Brownies, familiar to the readers of St. Nicholas, have been purchased by a patent medicine vender and set to work in his service.

Squire Massie Bearley, who lives at Aberdeen, Ky., has tied the marriage knot for 4076 runaway couples in 19 years. His fees have ranged from "Thank ye" to $50.

It is said that there were once in New Bedford two smart boys, who, being confined alone in a room half a day, made a dollar each simply by swapping jackknives.

Runaway marriages are so common in Georgia that many parents deposit injunctions with the licensing officials, forbidding the issuing of marriage licenses to their children.

A one-legged negro in Egbert county, Georgia, has produced the first bale of cotton every season in that county for several seasons. He is prosperous, and is accumulating a handsome independence.

A Blue Springs, Ky., paper says that in a recent lawsuit in that town Col. Colby, in addressing the jury, brought down the house by singing a comic song as an illustration in making a point in the case.

The theme of the Japanese national anthem, as recently rendered into English, is: "Oh, that the reign of our emperor might continue for thousands and thousands of years—until oyster shells become rocks."

James Gordon Bennett gave his check for $24,400 in settlement of a libel suit which had been pending against the New York Herald for 10 years. This is said to be the largest sum ever recovered in a libel suit.

An actress in New York has entered a claim that a particular pose, which she assumed while being photographed, "is all her own," and that no other actress or photographer has the right to appropriate such pose.

A petrified tree was found recently in a coal mine at Osnabruck, Germany. The trunk is almost four feet through, and the roots cover a surface about 15 feet square. The tree has been set up in a special room in the Berlin School of mines.

A grocer at Lynchburg, Va., who had been in business for 13 years without making a cent, couldn't figure out how it was until his head clerk was taken sick, thought he was going to die, and owned up to having embezzled about $17,000.

A locomotive on the Atlantic & Pacific railroad was run a long distance a few days ago without a smokestack, a barrel being substituted. The engineer says all he needs to pull a train is a steam chest, a pair of driving wheels and a fireman.

Well diggers on the Crowley place at Little Prairie, Wis., find indications of a buried forest. The cedar or pine found at a depth of 35 feet appeared to be branches of a tree; at 40 feet the growth was larger, as if near the trunk; at 45 feet larger still.

A curious character in Paris is a man who makes his living by strolling along the boulevards and making wagers with men at the cafes that he can answer correctly any question that related to the history of France. He always wins the bet, it is said.

Latin ceased to be spoken as a language of the people in Italy about 581. It was first taught in England in the seventh century, and speedily became the learned language of the kingdom, and the one in which English literature and law were expressed.

Queen Victoria has a fancy for Vienna and French bread and rolls in all sorts of odd shapes. Besides having it made up in a score of fancy twists and curls, she always has some baked in the form of little dolls. These are for her grandchildren when they eat at her table.

A member of the Maryland Legislature had contracted a marriage with a lady and journeyed to the county seat to procure a license, when he made the painful discovery that his rival had filed a caveat against the issue, and before he can get it the case will have to be argued.

A gentleman at Poona, India, recently received a letter that had been posted at a station 20 miles away two years and four months before, accompanied by the explanation from the postal authorities that the delay was owing to the fact that it "had been posted by the wrong train."

An advertisement was printed in a New York paper calling for a "bank burglar, first class, must have 'done time,' and be 'well up' in nitro glycerine and other modern explosives," to call at 1115 Broadway at 3 p. m. One was found who filled the bill. He was wanted by a theatrical troupe.

A consignment of nine tons of mummified cats from the great Egyptian cat cemetery has been sold at auction at Liverpool. The bulk of it brought £5 17s 6d per ton, but some single pieces went for fancy prices, such as 40s 6d for a head, and 5s 6d for a perfect body without the head.

Because the Prophet Mahomet has been represented upon the Paris stage the Mahometans of some of the Indian provinces have been forbidden to attend theatrical performances of any nature whatever under penalty of heavy fines for the first two offences and excommunication for the third.

The police rules of London forbid an officer to arrest a drunken person unless the latter is trying to do some one an injury, and it is not an uncommon thing for an officer to have six or eight "drunks" asleep at intervals along his beat. They may all sing, whistle or shout, but he cannot arrest them.

"Sadlier's Catholic Directory" for 1890 estimates the Catholic population of the United States at 8,277,039. There are 8332 priests, 7523 churches, 3302 chapels, 35 theological seminaries with 2132 students, 102 colleges, 635 academies, 553 charitable institutions and 3194 parochial schools, with 633,238 pupils.

The pope is having his own monument made. It is to consist of a large sepulchral urn upon which will be a life-size statue of himself. At either side are two colossal statues of religion and justice. The statues are of Carrara marble, and the urn of porphyry. The work will take three years and will cost $25,000.

The new cantilever bridge across the Colorado river, 13 miles below Needles, Cal., will require 3,200,000 pounds of iron to complete it. It rests upon two massive stone piers that are 65 feet below the bed of the river, and the centre span is the longest unsupported one in the world—660 feet between the cantilevers.

From the wallet of a murderer, robber and burglar recently captured in New York was taken a slip of paper on which was written: "Keep good company or none." "Honesty is the best policy." "Drink leads to ruin." "Honor thy father and thy mother." "Civility costs nothing." "Do not mock at sacred things."

"I recall," said Dr. Lyman Abbott at the New England dinner in Philadelphia, "an old cartoon in the Harvard Lampoon, which depicted two ladies looking at a mile stone near Boston, which was marked, 'I m. from Boston.' One of the ladies remarked to her companion, 'What a noble epitaph—I'm from Boston.'"

The last venture that we read of in the use of human hair is a fan valued at $250. Deft fingers must have fashioned this unique curiosity, for what appears to be costly lace fringing the sticks is really human hair—baby curls, like unto fairy thistle-down, we doubt not, yielding to the gentle wooing of summer's softest breezes.

In a recent sale of old books and manuscripts in New York a letter written by Christopher Columbus sold for $2000. It consisted of 116 lines and 84 words, and very easy words at that, were spelled the most convenient way. Mr. Columbus was good at sailing, but mighty poor at spelling, though in his day it was just as proper to spell cat with a "k" as in any other way.

A New York shoemaker suggests that if men would adopt the English fashion of keeping boots on trees they would get 10 times the wear out of them. When the shoes are taken off they should be put on a tree at once. The leather is stretched to its full extent then, and all the wrinkles smoothed away. There is no chance for the leather to crack, as it does if the leather is allowed to remain in one condition long.

A traveller has found in an inn at Sheffield, Eng., a nickel-in-the-slot machine that has been in use more than 150 years. It is a tin tobacco box, which can only be opened by dropping a penny through a hole in the cover. The defect in the apparatus, compared with the modern device, is that it does not limit the supply to the customer, who, if so disposed, may help himself to all there is in the box.

The subject of sunken treasure reminds one of the heaps of gold carried in the galleons of the past. In 1769 a ship of war from Lisbon had on board 9,000,000 of crusades in diamonds and about 100,000 "crowns turnois" in piastres, making the whole 29,050,000 livres tournois. In 1774 two Spanish ships from Vera Cruz and Havana arrived with 22,000,000 of crowns, exclusive of merchandise valued roundly at 27,000,000 crowns. Of the cargo of an English Indiaman in 1771, one item alone—a diamond in the rough—was valued at £100,000.

A jeweller named Lucky, in Baldwinsville N. Y., has been burned out twice since November last.

Joseph Sheetz of Germantown, Penn., is 80 years old, and is about to wed a young woman of 27.

A paper has been started in Melbourne called the Policeman. It is to be edited by a policeman.

Mr. Greville Walpole of London, Eng., says that the earth weighs 5,874,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

On a half acre of land in Middlesboro, Ky., the town which is now having a boom, there are 24 distinct varieties of trees.

Fifty-seven thousand dollars a ton is the assay from a two-inch vein of tellurium ore out of a mine on Elek creek in Oregon.

At a moderate calculation there are 10,000 young inhabitants of Charleston, S. C., who saw snow Sunday for the first time in their lives.

The coat shirt is said to be the latest. It is open in front all the way down, is made to fit the figure, and does not have to be pulled on over the head.

The postage on a letter from the United States through England to India is five cents. The postage on a letter mailed in England for India is 10 cents.

The will of Mrs. Mary E. McDonald, who died recently at Flushing, L. I., bequeaths $100 to Dr. Louis A. Stimson, with the request that he buy himself a dog.

In Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri you can bore a hole in a stick of firewood, plug it up after filling with powder, and leave it where a thief may get it and blow his house up.

The first block of tin produced from an American tin mine has been received in Pittsburg. It came from the Black hills, where the ore is found in inexhaustible quantities.

A novel invention has been introduced by a shirt vender of Brussels. To every undergarment which he sells is attached a musical instrument which can be secretly played by the wearer.

In Siam you can get good board for 45 cents a week, and this includes washing, the use of two servants to run errands, tickets to shows, three shaves, and all the cigars you can smoke.

The colored bell boys of the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, publish a paper called the Black Herald. The paper is written in pencil, and gives a summary of the day's doings of the hotel employes.

Beerbohm Tree, the London actor, gave a dinner to a number of friends recently, at which, instead of nosegays, false noses were furnished to the guests, which they were requested to wear during the banquet.

Edwin Booth was playing "Richelieu" in Charleston, S. C., a number of years ago, and when he came to the lines, "Who will proclaim divorce 'twixt France and me?" an impious gallery god yelled out "Chicago."

The Emperor of China visits the empress dowager at the Nanbai palace every five days to inquire after her majesty's health. The visits are always made early in the morning, attended by a vast retinue of personal followers.

A billiard table was lately sold at Cassel which formerly belonged to Jerome, whilom king of Westphalia. The cues, balls, markers, etc., were all intact and all marked with the royal crown.

At a recent great ball at the Russian court all the ladies appeared in white, without any other ornament than diamonds, pearls, and their own beauty. The empress herself was present and danced in nearly every dance.

The Turkish man-of-war Erzegroul, bearing a decoration for the Mikado of Japan, is detained at Singapore because her captain has not money enough to pay the port charges or to buy coal with which to continue the journey.

The postmaster of Owosso, Mich., has been so pestered by local dudes gossiping with his pretty clerks that he has placed over each window a printed card which reads: "This window for P. O. business only; not for visiting."

This sign, seen over a Brooklyn store, can be construed as you please: "Angel Feathers dyed and cleaned at the shortest possible notice." The ordinary citizen recognizes the fact that the sign painter didn't divide Mr. Angel from his occupation.

One London belle who is going to attend the carnival at Nice has ordered her black satin evening dress to be trimmed with jet snakes. These snakes are to be life-sized, and they will be coiled about the bodice and skirt in as natural a manner as possible.

Bernhardt Pollak of Scent Andras, Hungary, recently celebrated his 90th birthday by giving a party to the 155 members of his family. There were present his 27 sons and daughters, 27 sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, 54 grandchildren and 46 great-grandchildren.

The highest meteorological station in Europe is on top of the Sounblick, in Austria, 10,168 feet above the level of the sea. The operator is Peter Lechner, who lives there with no human companion, and with no communication with the outer world except by telegraph and telephone.

A theatre in Algiers shut up during the reign of the grip, and the actors sued for their wages, the manager refusing to pay, as he was not making any money, and the court held that it was evidently the desire of God that the house should be closed, wherefore the actors had no redress.

The use of nitro-glycerine in cases of emergency instead of alcohol is recommended by an English physician. A drop on the tongue rouses a fainting man, and it may restore life in case of apparent death, as from drowning. It has quickly relieved headache, heart pains and asthma, and strengthened weak pulse in fevers.

Luminous paint absorbs light during the day and gives it forth at night. The ceiling of an English car painted with the composition lights the vehicle at night. England had the only factory and charged $3 a pound for the paint, but a new factory in Triesch, Austria, is selling it for 50 cents per pound. It is made of roasted oyster shells and sulphur.

A few days ago John Ball, of Rochelle, Ga., had a log rolling, and about 12 o'clock, while the men were at dinner, an old hen came in the house, jumped upon the bed, deposited an egg, which one of the small children took to carry to his mother, and on the way he accidentally dropped the egg, which was broken, and to the astonishment of those present, it was found to contain a chicken fully developed.

A pompous swell hit a newsboy over the back with his cane near the Grand Central depot, in New York, the other day, for the offence of offering him a newspaper, and was astonished to find himself immediately in the grasp of a vigorous old gentleman, who, with a malacca stick raised over his head, asked indignantly: "How dare you hit such a boy?" The vigorous old gentleman was David Dudley Field.

In New York a life insurance company has lent $120,000 to a church, and the church has had the lives of a number of its members insured in favor of itself. The life insurance company agrees every time one of the members who is thus insured dies, it will reduce the debt of the church by the amount of his policy. Every time the church has a funeral of one of these it tops off a slice of debt; in other words, members and debt disappear together.

There is always a "rag" ball in Vienna, Austria, at the close of the carnival season. This time it was a great success and netted $9000 for the poor of the city. The highest members of the local aristocracy in costly caricatures of ragged costumes danced at the ball, grand ladies assisted as beggars, there were ragged quadrilles of honor, three imperial archdukes figured as scavengers, and military officers, disguised as blind beggars, danced a can-can.

The bolo flower, discovered by Dr. Schadenberg, growing upon a volcanic mountain in one of the Philippine islands, is perhaps the largest flower in existence, being as large as a carriage wheel, or, to be more precise, about three feet in diameter and 22 pounds in weight. The proper name of the plant is Rafflesia Schadenbergia. The flower has five oval and creamy white petals, which grow around a centre filled with countless long violet-hued stamens.

A man and a woman in Pennsylvania lived together as man and wife and regarded themselves as virtually married, and were to have had the ceremony performed in a few days, but the death of the man prevented. The woman petitioned for the rights of a widow, and the question came before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. The holding of the court is that while there were cohabitation, marital recognition and good intention, the actual agreement which is essential to marriage was incomplete and the woman is not a widow.

What a Lady Does Not Do.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

There are several things always absent in a true lady which girls will do well to notice and remember.

A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it.

Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

Fail in answering letters or returning visits, unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun or the rain, the air or the lack of it.

Make an engagement and then not be on time.

Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers.

Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather and herself. She believes in the golden rule, and endeavors as far as possible to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.

HOWARD'S LETTER.

"Times Change and We Change with Them."

Preacher Joseph's Sermon on Mutability.

How Cyrus Field Got Ahead of Vanderbilt.

NEW YORK, March 8.—A most familiar Latin quotation, freely translated, reads: "The times are changed, and we are changed with them."

Now what is spring?

Right here, by the way, occurs to me the effect of early observation, and, to a certain extent, of early training. I was brought up in a very church-goey family, and when I, as a boy, was compelled to share the worshipping tendencies of my domestic groupings, wearied with the apparently endless talkativeness of a good old dominie, I amused myself by studying his method.

His matter was stupid, his manner was dull, but his method was as easy to comprehend as falling off a log.

For instance, preaching on the text "The Love of God," he would say, "And now, my brethren, let us consider first what love is," and then he would branch off into the different phases of the divine passion and describe the various sorts of love as well as a dry old stick could, and then secondly, "Who and what is God?"

It requires very little imagination to see what an unhorizoned field that branch of the subject afforded, and he would divide and sub-divide, describing God in his various attributal conditions, as the all wise, the all powerful, the all seeing, and venturing as near as he dared to the subsequently developed Beecherian doctrine that God is not only great and powerful, but he is also all love.

Love Divine All Love Excelling.

He rarely got on to firm, substantial ground there. He had an idea in certain directions that the Heavenly Father was anything but a God of love. He had to picture him as a God of hate, of animosity, of such extreme justness that He had to bend backwards, so in thinking of occupation I used to say that I would be a preacher, because all one had to do was to learn a few texts, memorize a few hymns, look solemn, take a simple text and divide it and sub-divide it, and talk until it was time to go home. Of course I know better now.

But to recur.

Spring is the vernal month in which the juices start and the leaves in their greenings join the early carollings of the mating birds.

Is it now?

On the other hand, spring, if we may judge by what I see from my windows, is an occasion of whirling, blustering, blinding storms. The heavens are filled with snow, the clouds are heavy with leadenness, feathery in outcome, tremendous in aggregate substantiality. Spring is a time when mufflers and arctics and heavy topcoats, thick winter gloves are needed. Springtime with us means thicker underclothing, heavier stockings, cork-lined boots and heavy wear of all description. Springtime with us is a season of suffering among the poor, of gayety among the rich. In the springtime dealers in furs expose their costliest wares. Sleigh bells jingle on our streets, and the merry music of the carnival causes the hoofs of the very horses to dance and prance along the ice-bound avenues of our Central Park.

"Hail gentle spring," sang the poet.

And

The Poet Was a Prophet,

for all day long winds have blown sharp hail stones against the panes of our metropolitan homes. Poverty hand in hand with beggary stalks the streets, crouches in our areas; piteous appeals from frozen lips fall unheeded on ears benumbed. The life currents in our veins according to our temperaments, our changes, our conditions, are made to bound cheerily and with enthusiastic fervor, or sluggishly move like molasses chilled.

Nash sang, "Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king."

Is it?

"Laud the first spring daisies, chant aloud their praises, send the children up to the high hills top."

Where are your daisies? And if you sent the children up to the high hill's top tell them to take their sleds along. Charles of Orleans wrote, "Time has laid his mantle by of wind and icy chill, and dons a rich embroidery of sunlight poured on lake and hill." Well, if time has laid his mantle by I pity him, and candor compels me to say that the lakes and hills hereabouts are frozen, the one snow-clad, the other frozen.

The poets of old sang according to their light.

Spring was to them indeed the vernal month.

The spring did mean daisies, and violets, too, with sunlight casting shadows on the hill. All that is changed, and the seasons are moved forward perceptibly. Ever thing in nature is today changed from everything in nature 25 years ago. We all remember very well when a sleighride and a bout upon the ice, and snow-balling games, with rough foot ball encounters, were the order of Thanksgiving day afternoon. We all know what

An Ice Bound Season

old winter was. Now and for the past few years our winter months have been the pleasantest, freed from storm, freed from biting blasts, freed from physical inconvenience of any sort or name, pushing along into February, at the earliest, the storms that used to howl and rage during bleak November days, making the fireside the place of places in the long nights of December, and inducing Santa Claus himself robed in furs from top to toe, with his tiny sledge drawn in that memorable night when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse, his sledge drawn by reindeer who tossed their horns proudly in the clean, crisp air, and danced jauntily upon the roof, while the old gentleman descended the chimney and filled the stockings of our good boys and girls with nuts and balls, with toys and trinkets, with substantial evidence of cheer and good will, charity for all and malice for none.

We expected an unpleasant February and a nasty, dusty March.

How is it with you today, brother?

This is the month of spring, of which the poets sang then, but which is now the bleakest, dreariest month of all the year. Look ahead. Our hotel proprietors at the seaside have been for many years in the habit of opening their vast hostelries in June. Who that saw it can forget the picture of desolation presented on Coney Island and Long Branch and Long Beach, hereabouts, as doubtless in your own places of resort, last summer? Why we wore our overcoats in June, yet these palatial

Architectural Extravagances

were furnished with an army of waiters and with batallions of employes of various name, their expenses running on save in the cateristic department, that is the literal purchasing of fresh meats and so forth, at the same rate as when their income was from $3000 to $5000 a day. We all remember the time when the third or fifth of June was the day for general outgo, when people hied them to the seashore and the mountains to spend the months of June, July and August, coming home on the first of September to set their homes in order and send the chicks to school. The dog days of July, in years gone by—let the tombstones in our graveyards tell their tale. Yet now, July, with now and then an exceptionally hot day, is one of the pleasantest months of the year in New York, and it is not until we get along toward the middle of August that we begin to appreciate the torridities of genuine summer, which reach their fiercest extremity between the 10th and 25th of September.

The times are unquestionably changed.

Are we changed with them?

I don't see any way of getting around the fact that as nature is in a totally different, a diametrically opposite mood to that of other years, so the habits, the customs, the manners, the tendencies of mankind are shifting, changing, altering. What would have been thought years ago of a newspaper which dared direct the officers of the law in their duty? What would have been done to the editor who should

Dare Publish Criticism,

whether it be offensive or laudatory, in the case of a judge engaged in the trial of a certain cause? What would have been thought, what would have been done to an editor who dared put his reporters on detective duty to follow jurors into bar-rooms, to their homes, to their offices or stores, to engage them in conversation and to ascertain, to find out the probable outcome of a verdict they were sworn to give on the evidence as produced? What would have been thought of an editor who dared say in his columns day in and day out to a judge engaged in the trial of a cause and the jury sitting before him, "there is no doubt of the guilt of the accused, and a verdict other than guilty will be evidence of corruption, which we will take hold of and follow to the end." Yet this is the habit today, and as people become hardened and calloused by corporate encroachments, as they become used like the eels even to skinning, so have our great communities—New York in chief, become reconciled to a condition of affairs which I am not now characterizing, but which I now show to be in diametric opposition to conditions previously existing.

Men today are permitted to take liberties with public property, which if taken years ago would have ensured them an instant lodgement in the State's prison. Happy combinations of capital and audacity can, in this community at all events, accomplish whatever end industry intelligently directed may seek. No man appreciates the enormous benefit to this community conferred by the establishment of our elevated railways more than I. New York has grown immensely during the past 10 years, and a very conspicuous factor in its upbuilding and extension is the elevated railway system. It would, however, be like saying that two and two make seven to insist that

The Elevated Railway System

is managed as it should be, looked at from the public spirited point of view, and on that point I would like to say a word.

A very intelligent young woman, following the cant of the day, made use of a very offensive expression when discussing the monumental wealth, the phenomenal prosperity of certain gentlemen connected with the Standard Oil Company, and turned to me for confirmation.

Now it seems to me that the Standard Oil Company is a felicitous combination of capital and brains, rather than of capital and audacity pure and simple. The poorer people of New York city use oil in enormous quantities, millions of gallons a year. How could they get it here from Ohio, Indiana or Pennsylvania? Men who were smart enough to recognize the desirability of just such an article right here, as in all other great cities, and in greater proportion indeed in small places, took the risk, investing millions of dollars in building pipe lines from the oil fields to distributing centres, through which this essential factor in domestic economy could come at apparently small expense.

The consumers took no risk. They put no money in pipes, none in refineries, none in uninsured tanks, none in the oil fields the selves, none in the employment of armies of laborers. All they do is to send a servant to

The Peripatetic Reservoir

and buy their gill, their pint, their quart, their gallon of oil at a price considerably less than half the original price. It so chanced that the brains of the men who initiated and carried to successful fruition this great project were level, and their anticipations were realized. Had they failed would the community have come to their relief?

When, as is frequently the case, 50,000 barrels of oil are burned at a single conflagration, does anybody chip in? Across the river, in Hunter's Point, are great reservoirs. There is no sight absolutely more common to New Yorkers than the burning of some of those great tanks, the fire illuminating the firmament, which otherwise would be obscured by great volumes of black and nasty smoke.

Does anybody contribute?

When Cyrus W. Field became interested in the elevated railway system, recognizing the moral force of William H. Vanderbilt's millions, he went to him and offered him an opportunity to come in with him half and half on the ground floor, whereupon William looked at him with a characteristic half smile half sneer, and said: "Why, Field, your project's foolish. Do you suppose the people of New York are sufficiently idiotic to ride through the city on stilts?" That's a capital illustration, it is an admirable illustration.

Vanderbilt didn't go in, Field did.

Field made a phenomenal fortune, because he had that felicitous combination of brains and capital, brains which taught him that the great, the chief, the significant need of the constantly increasing population of this ever-growing city was transportation from point to point. He saw

The Surface Cars Loaded

to distraction at every trip, and he knew that any system of even comparatively rapid transit must inevitably meet a great popular demand, and therefore prove a tremendously profitable operation.

But pass that.

It is possible in this city, as it never used to be, for men with money and audacity and with intelligently directed industry to accomplish whatever end they may desire. All that is needed is to manipulate our authorities, to ignore the press, to defy public sentiment and to keep at it long enough to wear out the patience of the grumblers. The unprofessional conduct of some of our newspaper men at first set the community by the ears.

People were amazed that respectable appearing individuals would dare print the filth, the scurrility that was published day after day. They regarded at first with awe the thick-hided audacity which shielded these men from the contempt of their fellows, as they handled roughly and rudely the sacredness of the bench itself. They regarded with astonishment the effrontery with which these fellows entered the domestic circle, put the eye of scrutiny to the peep hole of possibility, and glued the ear of desire against the keyhole of disclosure.

At first the community rebelled.

Audacity continued.

Repeated rebellions meant no opposition, but audacity continued, until now it is a cold day when some family secret is not exposed, it is a cheerless occasion when some tidbit of scandal, of noisesomeness is not laid upon the table with the breakfast, and the community has settled down into a condition of indifference such as warrants these newspaper editors and publishers to write and give forth anything on any subject which their prurient minds may devise, their dirty hands indite, and

Their Avaricious Pockets

utilize for the increment of their ill-gotten wealth.

The most significant change in affairs human is the extraordinary lack of moral sensibility to the off-colored sensationalism of certain presses of the country. Some imagine that the chief change is in material prosperity. I don't so regard it.

That is a great change, unquestionably, because where once the unquestioned possessor of a hundred thousand dollars was rich today a man must have several hundred thousands to be even well off, and millionnaires are much more numerous today than possessors of a hundred thousand dollars were 30 years ago. The phenomenal fortunes, the extraordinary accumulations of capital make a very interesting illustration of change; but it seems to me there is something higher, nobler, broader, deeper, more significant, and better entitled to be considered the chief illustration of the certainty that, as even the seasons are changed, so has humanity changed, in that it lacks morale.

We have more churches than ever, and more people go to service, but what does it amount to?

Is it not a fact that the capital of this country seeks alliance with audacity and brains, rather than with honor and brains? Is it not a fact that a universal conviction abides with the people that "corporations have no souls?" Is it not a further fact that as I said in a previous communication: "The pulpit is lax in its teachings as to the life of today;" that the bar is tainted in many of its conspicuous members; that the bench is amenable to flattery on the one hand and abuse on the other of the press, and that the

Sacred Precincts of Our Law Makers

are invaded by men with money in one hand and with illicit desire in the other?

On the whole, I guess the man who wrote that sentence knew what he was about. You'll find it in the back of your dictionary and it reads as follows: "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis." HOWARD.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Nearest Approach Which Has

Yet Been Made Toward Reproducing Beautiful and

Various Shades of Nature in the Camera.

Orthochromatic or correct color photography is the nearest approach which photographers have yet made toward reproducing the beautiful and various color shades of nature in the camera. We can photograph the color values in almost a true relation, but, as yet, the problem to photograph exactly the colors themselves remains unsolved.

Perhaps no other branch of photography has received so much attention as this. No other is so interesting or so full of promise. It has been the dream of photographers to reproduce with their cameras the beautiful colors of nature as accurately as they are able to depict its form and lights and shadows, ever since Daguerre, the ambitious young scene painter of Paris exclaimed, on successfully completing his first wonderful photographic experiments: "Why cannot I retain these inimitable wonders which the son's rays draw to the focus of my lens? Why cannot I fix the image, engrave it forever?"

Experiments have been numerous and continuous in this direction ever since the birth of photography, 51 years ago. Often it has been announced that at last the great secret was discovered, but always to result only in disappointment: for as yet there has been found no way by which the colors themselves can be photographed

Much has been accomplished, however, even if the natural colors themselves cannot as yet, be exactly reproduced by lens and dry plate. We can photograph yellow green and red so that they can easily be distinguished in the finished picture; whereas, formerly, no difference whatever could be seen between these colors in the photograph. In like manner blue, violet and indigo may now be photographed so that a difference is shown in the color values, instead of reproducing them all perfectly white, which was formerly the case.

A bright yellow color on the old ordinary plate was always photographed a dull black, and very dark and dull blues would appear clear whites, though in the natural subject they were much darker than the yellow, which appeared quite black in the photograph. This untrue result was obtained on the old plate because yellow, like green and red, are non-actinic, or photographically inactive colors, while blue and the colors at the other end of the spectrum are very

Powerful in Actinic Rays.

It therefore happened that the non-actinic colors, whether bright or dull, impressed the sensitive plate but feebly and in the same degree, because so little photographic light was transmitted from these colors; while the blue, the violet and the indigo shades, no matter how dull they might appear in nature, being very active photographically, impressed the sensitive plate to a great degree, and came out in the photograph much brighter than the yellows and reds, which were in reality more brilliant colors.

So it was that the beautiful tints of autumn foliage or the glorious colors of an October sunset could not at all be accurately depicted by the camera. For the same reason a painting could not be truthfully copied; and a great defect was apparent in a process otherwise quite perfect.

The problem was to prepare a sensitive surface so that the different colors, while not impressing their exact shades on the plate, would at least impress themselves differently, and in a way that they could be distinguished one from another. This has at last actually been accomplished.

There are several methods by which the correct values of nature's beautiful coloring may be preserved in a photograph, but perhaps the most effective as well as the simplest process is the one perfected by Prof. Charles Ehrmann of the Chautauqua School of Photography, and associate editor of the Photographic Times. By his method any plate may be rendered orthochromatic, or color-sensitive by simply bathing it in certain solutions and exposing it in the camera, with a color-screen interposed between it and the lens. The process originated in Germany, but was greatly improved by Prof. Ehrmann.

Two solutions are required: One a preliminary bath, consisting of one dram of ammonia to seven drams of water; and the other, the "color" bath, which contains one and a half drams of erythrosine—a dye—two drams of ammonia and five and a half ounces of water.

The plate is first immersed in the preliminary bath, and allowed to remain therein for about three minutes. It is then removed from this solution and allowed to drain. Without washing it is then plunged in the coloring bath, where it is allowed to remain not longer than 75 seconds. The plate is then set up in a dark dry place until ready for use.

It may be exposed in the camera while still wet, if necessary, and will be found to be more sensitive while in that condition; but as a general thing it is safer to wait until the plate has become perfectly dry before

Exposing It in the Camera.

Plates thus rendered color-sensitive are developed in the usual manner and fixed and washed in the ordinary way; but being extremely sensitive to red, orange and yellow—the colors which ordinarily do not impress the photographic surface—great precaution must be taken in preparing and developing these plates, to have the light very much subdued and of a dark brown color rather than a red. A light suitable for working orthochromatic plates is easily made by covering a ruby lantern with several thicknesses of dark brown tissue paper.

These color-sensitive plates will photograph very accurately all yellow shades, greens and reds; but for subjects in which the blues, violets and indigoes predominate, a yellow color screen must be interposed between the plate and the lens. The length of exposure is then increased from three to six times that required for an ordinary plate. By this means not only may beautifully colored landscapes be photographed so that the shades appear true and harmonious in the finished picture; but brilliantly colored pictures may be accurately reproduced.

A friend may be photographed so that the color of hair, eyes and clothing appear natural in the portrait; and this, after all, is the achievement which has been most desired by photographers, both professional and amateurs, for so long a time.

The dye used in this particular process to color-sensitize the plates, renders their surfaces so sensitive to the yellow and red rays that photographs can easily be made with them by electric or gas light. And this can be done in a short time, where the ordinary plate would require an impracticable length of exposure. In fact erythrosine-bathed plates will photograph as quickly by gaslight as an ordinary plate in good daylight.

There are a great number of dyes used to color-sensitize ordinary dry plates. Sometimes they are mixed with the emulsion before the plates are coated, but the method just described is now generally conceded to be the most effective. Then, too there are orthochromatic plates in the market which have been color-sensitized in the factories where the plates were made, and these work very well, though scarcely as well as those made freshly in one's own dark room.

The color screen is easily made by coating a thin piece of plain glass with the yellow xanthine collodion, which is sold with the orthochromatic solutions. It is then placed in a light frame, and suspended in the camera immediately behind the lens and in front of the focusing glass. As the yellow color fades by long exposure to light, it may easily be

Restored by Simply Recoating.

A great deal depends upon the color screen, of course. F. E. Ives, an authority on the subject of correct color photography, says that commercial orthochromatic plates when exposed through suitable color screens, give correct color values of all colors except the reds but it is a mistake to suppose that they will give anything like correct results without the color screen. "Ordinary plates," he says, "exposed through a yellow screen that cuts off all of the violet and ultra-violet, and nearly all of the blue rays, give distinctly better results than commercial orthochromatic plates used without any color screen."

So it will be seen that any one can make orthochromatic photographs by simply exposing a color screen between the lens and an ordinary dry plate!

And it is a very easy matter to make suitable color screens. "I have made hundreds of them," writes Mr. Ives in "The American Annual of Photography," "of various shades and colors for special purposes. I first select crystal plate glass with a plain collodion, and then, when it is steady, with an orthochromatic solution of a suitable dye or mixture of dyes. When dry I mount with Canada balsam against another plate glass and bind with paper."

The first experiments in color photography date back to 1810, before photography itself was perfected. Dr. Seibeck of Jena in that year was engaged in repeating certain experiments first made by Ritter in 1801 upon the existence of photographic rays of light. For this purpose Seibeck passed a beam of white light through a prism (which, of course, separated it into the seven prismatic colors), and received a band of colored light upon the sensitive surface of chloride of silver which he had prepared to receive it. Upon this substance he was afterwards much surprised to see the distinct colors themselves, though he was unsuccessful in all his attempts to retain them there.

In 1839, Herschel, Daguerre and Talbot noticed that colors were produced on certain sensitive surfaces by the action of colored light, Daguerre, especially, observing that a red house gave a reddish image on his ioized silver plate in the camera. But these investigators, like their predecessors, were unable to fix the colors which they obtained.

Between 1840 and 1843, Robert Hunt tried many experiments on the production of colored images by light. By exposing a sensitive paper to the prismatic colors he was able to catch the colors themselves and retain them about two months, beautifully clear and distinct, but after that time they gradually faded and disappeared. It will thus be seen that while all these early experimenters were able to produce the colors by photographic means, they could not retain them for any great length of time.

Perhaps the most successful reproductions of color by means of photography which have ever been made were obtained by a French physicist named Edmond Becquerel. This was in 1848, but he too failed in fixing the colored images, though they lasted longer than those which had previously been made.

The difficulty is not to obtain the colors themselves but to fix them in such a way that they will not fade on exposure to light, and so that they may be printed from as desired. In a certain way we are as far from photographing the natural colors themselves as the early investigators were, though, as we have seen, wonderful progress has been made in photographing the color values. Whether or not the process will ever be discovered by which natural colors may be reproduced in the camera, one thing is probably certain, and that is that when the discovery is made it will not be by accident. The question must be studied and the conditions mastered before any attempt can be made with even the least chance of success. But there are many able investigators now at work who are experimenting in this line, and from such as they we may hope to realize some time our fond expectations.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

CIGARS THAT COST BIG MONEY,

Yet Are Made for the Small Sum of 10 Cents or More.

"The highest priced cigar," said an old smoker, "I ever put in my mouth cost me $3. It was called the Gen. Grant, was of enormous size, and, of course, was made of pure Havana tobacco—filling, binder and wrapper. I confess I couldn't smoke it all in one sitting. I think it might have lasted me a week, if I were disposed to smoke on the instalment plan. But, somehow or other, when you've laid a cigar down and it has gone out, it never tastes the same after being relighted."

"Does anybody smoke such expensive cigars nowadays?"

"I rather think not; few care for a big cigar. Gen. Grant was, however, an admirer of a big cigar at one time, and he had a special brand made for him in Cuba that must have cost nearly $5 apiece."

"Who smokes the costliest cigars today?"

"The Prince of Wales, I believe. He gets a thousand at a time from Cuba, and they cost him just $1000. Of course they are done up in fancy boxes, with valuable labels, are made with extreme care, and a workman cannot make more than a dozen of them a day. They are book-rolled, that is, the filler, carefully folded instead of crumpled, and every portion of the work is done with the nicest skill."

"But what can make a cigar cost $1 or $1.50?"

"Well, that's hard to say. The material can't be worth much over 10 cents. Perhaps the labor, or the boxes, or the fact that the purchaser has more money than sense, may account for it."

"Can you get as good a cigar made in Boston as you can in Cuba?"

"I can; but whether another man can is a different thing. You see it all depends on what you call a good cigar. A New Englander calls a cigar with remedios filling, or remedios and a little vuelta good. A Westerner will have nothing but vuelta, which makes a strong smoke. The average Bostonian is satisfied with a cigar that has remedios and vuelta filling, seed or Sumatra binder and Connecticut wrapper. But your connoisseur, or hard-to-suit, will have vuelta filling, Havana binder and Havana wrapper."

"Are such cigars as the last you mention made in the United States?"

"Oh, yes, in Florida, by Cuban workmen. New Yorkers claim to make them, too and swear at Philadelphia cigars. Hence a Philadelphia cigar if labelled New York, will sell readily. For my own part, I prefer the cigar made in Havana, because I believe it is made with the greatest care. And, generally speaking, the way a cigar is made increases or decreases its value to me. And some men will pay big prices for cigars if they are made in some peculiar shape."

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

[New York Weekly.]

Alwus foller yure own advice, and let other folks foller theirs.

People who haven't got ennything tew say kan alwaya find the most tew talk about.

Most folks think, if they were to live their lives over agin, they would do different, but I hav never heard enny ov them propose to liv better.

One man of good 40-hoss power common sens iz worth more in the world than a whole drove of geniuses.

Fools and drunken men alwus make this mistake—the one think they are sensible, and the other alwus think they are sober.

Deference iz the best kard I know ov tew play; it iz not only eazier, but a grate deal more profitable to make 10 men think they are abuv you than tew make one think you are abuv him.

Don't forgit, young man, that excesses in youth are a mortgage in favor ov disease by and by, which will not fail to foreclose and enter on the premises.

I hav made a kluss kalkulashun on it, and I find that there ain't more than three men now on earth, nor never hain't been, who kan kultivate an eccentricity with suckcess.

I hate a crowd, bekauze crowds are made up ov people who ain't ov mach ackount, only tew help make up a crowd.

Don't borry nor lend; but if you must do one, lend.

Giv me an inkum ov 10 thousand 500 a year, and I will agree tew be a philosopher the rest ov mi days.

He whom prosperity humbles, and adversity strengthens, is the true hero.

Faith beats both wisdum and learning.

Envy and jealousy are two passunz which no man haz ever yet been free from, and yet no man ever admits he iz possessed ov them.

Take all the good luk out ov this world, and millionaires and heroes would be dredful skarse.

Dismounting at the Right Moment.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

He was a muscular countryman, and his greatest talent lay in the direction of riding untamed horses. It was a Texas pony, full of the characteristics of that renowned breed, and standing listlessly by, awaiting the arrival of some one to try his mettle.

He found the animal without a man daring enough to mount it, and at once asked for the job, saying that he had never yet heard of the horse that could get away with him.

The owner's consent was given immediately, and the bold man sprang into the saddle, and the pony sprang into the air, bounding off like a rocket, with the man clinging to its mane.

Straight down the street the animal sped, and probably the man would have maintained his reputation had the pony not taken a sudden notion to turn into a cross street.

This idea occurred to it, and without consulting the rider the pony wheeled into the side highway, while the rider kept on in the course they were before the change of schedule occurred to the pony.

The crowd arrived just as the man was picking himself up, and were met with the remark, as the man limped toward the drug-store:

"By Jimminy, boys, I b'leeve that dratted horse ud er killed me, ef I hadn't er got off when I did."

Unpleasant Remarks.

[New York Ledger.]

Never tell anybody an unpalatable truth when it can answer no good purpose. This sort of unnecessary candor is sometimes prompted by malice, sometimes by a mere looseness of tongue, like that which Iago imputes to Cassio when asleep.

Sydney Smith says, and very justly, that friendship is frequently made an excuse for unpunishable impertinence by people who pride themselves on speaking their minds freely. The truth, maliciously spoken, may be libelous; and when volunteered in relation to matters with which the utterer has no concern, it is very often unmannerly.

As surely as pleasant truths, kindly meant and said, are passports to friendship and affection, so surely do bitter ones provoke the enmity and hatred of those to whom they are addressed. If you have a taste for sharp repartee, restrain it. It is better to lose a jest than a friend—to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing" than to make an enemy.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

By getting your friends and neighbors to subscribe to The Globe. If you cannot get subscribers yourself, your wife, son or daughter can do so in their leisure hours, and earn an honest penny. The Globe gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly.

COLD CASH ABROAD.

English Money is Confusing to Travellers,

While Continental Spondulix is as Simple as Uncle Sam's.

Description and Value of the Coins Used in Europe at Present.

Few American travellers have not experienced the inconveniences of English money, and many who have not travelled may need some enlightenment on the general subject of foreign coins.

In Great Britain, the sovereign has a likeness of the reigning monarch stamped upon it. Its denomination is not indicated, and is so much like the guinea that strangers often confound it with the latter, which is a rare coin.

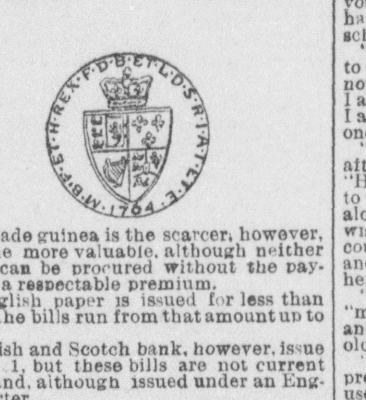
The sovereign is worth in our money about $4.84, but the value fluctuates with demand and supply, just as wheat or any staple article of merchandise does.

In 1887, on the 50th anniversary of Victoria's accession to the throne, the coins of the realm were struck from a new die and this issue is known as the jubilee money. The old coins represented the queen at about 18 years of age, the head uncrowned. The new jubilee coins show her as an elderly matron wearing a crown, as in the cut.



Besides the sovereign there are half-sovereigns, two-pound, four-pound and five-pound pieces in gold coined, and on none of them is the denomination or value stamped. One must judge of that for himself. Travellers complain bitterly of this, because it is the means oftentimes of their being unmercifully cheated.

Another almost obsolete English gold coin, one that is much sought for watch charms, is the guinea, a coin struck in the time of the Georges, and valued at 21 shillings. There are two varieties of this coin, the guinea and the spade guinea. Both are alike in intrinsic value, differing only in the shape of the shield on the reverse of the coin, as shown in the cut.



The spade guinea is the scarcer, however, and is the more valuable, although neither variety can be procured without the payment of a respectable premium.

No English paper is issued for less than £5, and the bills run from that amount up to £1000.

The Irish and Scotch bank, however, issue bills for £1, but these bills are not current in England, although issued under an English charter.

The English silver coins are the threepenny bit, the sixpence, the shilling, the two-shilling piece or florin, the two-and-six piece and the five shilling piece. The three largest pieces are most inconveniently made, like the gold, with no mark to tell their denomination except upon the two-shilling piece, which has the word "florin" in one corner where it 's hardly noticeable.

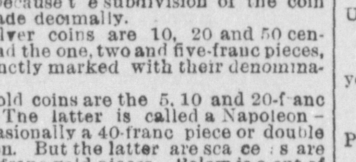
To a stranger this word is of little value, since the coin is always called a two-shilling piece. This and the two-and-six piece are so nearly alike that strangers invariably are confused by them.

Next to the English coin in importance, omitting of course the mighty dollar of our own country, is the French coinage. Italy France Belgium and Switzerland all use this system, with the difference only that what Italy calls centissimo and lira the other countries call centimes and francs.

This is in sharp contrast to the English, perhaps the simplest system of coinage in the world, being rivalled only by the dollars and cents of Uncle Sam. It uses a much smaller unit than the American system, having the franc, or lira, valued at about 20 cents in our money as a basis, and dividing the franc into hundredths (i. e., centimes). Both this and the United States systems are simple because the subdivision of the coin is all made decimally.

The silver coins are 10, 20 and 50 centimes and the one, two and five-franc pieces, all distinctly marked with their denomination.

The gold coins are the 5, 10 and 20-franc pieces. The latter is called a Napoleon—and occasionally a 40-franc piece or double Napoleon. But the latter are scarce as are the 100-franc gold pieces. Below is a cut of the 20-franc piece commonly circulated.

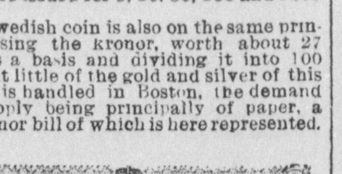


Bills are issued for 50, 100, 500 and 1000 francs.

The German coinage is equally as simple as the French, being upon the same principle but using a unit, the mark being valued at about the same as our quarter. The mark is divided into hundredths (as are the francs), each of which is called a pfennig.

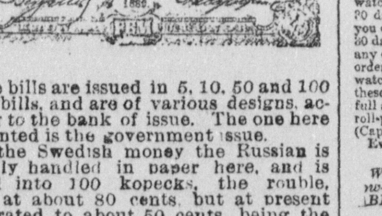
The silver coins are: Fifty pfennig, one, two, three and five marks and a few smaller pieces, called silver, but so much alloyed that they will turn black in a short while, and will not stand an acid test.

The gold coins are the five, ten and twenty mark pieces, the latter of which is here represented:



Bills are issued for 5, 10, 50, 100 and 1000 marks.

The Swedish coin is also on the same principle, using the kronor, worth about 27 cents, as a basis and dividing it into 100 ore. But little of the gold and silver of this country is handled in Boston, the demand and supply being principally of paper, a five kronor bill of which is here represented.



These bills are issued in 5, 10, 50 and 100 kronor bills, and are of various designs, according to the bank of issue. The one here represented is the government issue.

Like the Swedish money the Russian is generally handled in paper here, and is divided into 100 kopecks, the rouble, valued at about 80 cents, but at present deteriorated to about 50 cents, being the basis.

Intrepid Female Explorer.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

One of the most intrepid explorers of the day is a French lady by the name of Mme. le Ray, mother of the Duc d'Abrates, who has been for several months engaged in Eastern travel. After having visited Babylon and Nineveh she traversed the Persian deserts, amid terrible privations, in order to reach India. For five days and nights her little caravan had to encamp in the wilds without meeting a living soul, or even discovering the slightest trace of a human being. During all this time the cold was so intense that Mme. le Ray's fingers were frost bitten and her guides became seriously ill. She managed at last to reach the Persian gulf, where she embarked for India.

NITA.

BY LOUISE WARE.

"O, mamma, what shall I do when you leave me: whatever shall I do?" and the little golden head dropped despairingly on the pillow, and a small arm crept about the sick woman's neck.

Poor little Nita had lived a sad, lonely life, and the thought that she must soon lose her only friend seemed almost unendurable to the little 16-year-old girl, and with another cry of anguish she buried her face in the pillow.

"Nita, my darling, it is very hard to leave you," said Mrs. Newton, passing her hand caressingly over the bowed head; "but you must remember who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless. He will not forsake you. You are young, and will recover from this early sorrow and see many happy days."

"O, mamma, I cannot let you go. I shall be all alone; no one to love me, no one to care for me, not one friend," and the young girl's sobs broke forth afresh.

Mr. Newton, Nita's father, had been a well-to-do merchant in the large city, but being generous to a fault, and believing in living well while he did live, had neglected to provide for the future of his wife and one child, Nita. After a year of misfortune and illness Mr. Newton died, leaving the mother and child friendless and almost penniless. Mrs. Newton bravely did what she could to support herself and Nita, but being of a frail and delicate constitution, had, after a few years of struggling with poverty, succumbed to disease, and was now patiently awaiting to be released from her sufferings.

In another week Nita was called upon to follow all that remained of her precious mother to the potter's field, and saw her laid to rest with a calmness and composure which was mistaken for indifference by the few who were present.

"Mamma said I must not sorrow for her," said Nita to herself, "and she would grieve if I disobeyed her, so I must not," bravely checking a rising sob. But when the poor child returned to the cold, cheerless room, and realized that her mother was gone from her forever and that she was indeed alone, with a cry of anguish she threw herself upon the bed where her mother had died, and sobbed and moaned until she fell into a deep sleep. She awoke much refreshed, but with a dull pain at her heart.

"Oh, if I were only old and ugly I might find something to do," sighed the lonely girl, as she came home to her desolate room, day after day after a weary search for work.

She succeeded at last in obtaining employment in a large shoe factory, where she earned barely enough to keep body and soul together. Bravely Nita toiled on through the cold winter, sometimes cold, sometimes hungry, and sadly missing her mother. But with spring came better times.

One evening, returning home from her work tired and almost discouraged, she caught sight of a face in the crowded street that set her heart in a flutter. A frank, manly face, and earnest brown eyes, which met hers for a second with a half glance of recognition, and then vanished in the ever-hurrying throng. The face reminded Nita of one of her playfellows of her childhood, and that night she saw it again in her dreams.

The next day was warm and sultry, and as Nita walked slowly toward home, feeling unusually tired and lonely, her hands were suddenly grasped in a pair of large, firm ones, and she looked up to see the owner of them gazing into her face with merry, laughing brown eyes.

"Nita, Nita Newton, have you forgotten your old playfellow Harry Denton? Where have you been all these long years since our school days?"

"O Harry, is it really you? I am so glad to see you. I met you last night, but was not quite sure and dared not speak to you. I am all alone, Harry. Mamma is dead and I am so very lonely without her. I have no one now."

"Poor little Nita," said Harry to himself, after bidding her good night at her door. "How pale and ill she looks. Such a child to take care of herself! She shall not be alone and lonely long if I can help it. I wish I could get her to go out into the country and stay with mother a few weeks and see if the roses would not come back to her cheeks."

"Nita," said Harry a few evenings later, "mother has sent you an invitation to come and spend a few weeks with her on the dear old farm. Will you go?"

"Oh, I cannot, Harry," said Nita, with a pretty blush spreading over her face. "I used to love your mother dearly in the old days, but I cannot go."

"Why not, Nita?"

"Harry, it would seem like a little bit of heaven, with the woods, and the birds, and the green fields. But I should be all the more lonely when I came back to my work again. I thank you and her, Harry, but I cannot go."

"Nita," said Harry, tenderly, "look up at me. Do you remember our school days, when I used to call you my little wife and we used to play at keeping house? I loved you then, and I love you now. I think I have a claim on you, and I want you. My studies are finished, and I am going back to the old home. Will you come with me as my wife, Nita? I love you very dearly, and will try to make your life a happy one. Can you love me well enough to be happy as a country doctor's wife. Mother will love you for your own sake as well as for mine. Will you come?"

Harry read his answer in the blushing face which was raised to his, and what happened then or what was said, will be left for the reader to guess. A few weeks later, however, there was a quiet wedding, and in all the country round there was never a lovelier or happier bride, or a prouder bridegroom.

Unable to Come to an Understanding.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Footpad (presenting pistol)—Fork over your rhino, and be quick about it!

Near-sighted Bostonian—Beg pardon?

(Sternly) "No monkeying! Unlimber! Produce the scads!"

"Pardon me, but I do not exactly apprehend the drift of your—"

"Cheese your patter! Don't you see I've got the drop? Unload your boodle!"

"I am totally at a loss, my dear sir, to perceive the relevancy of your observations or to—"

"Clap a stopper on your gab and whack up, I'll let 'er speak! Turn out your bundle quick! Get a squirm on you!"

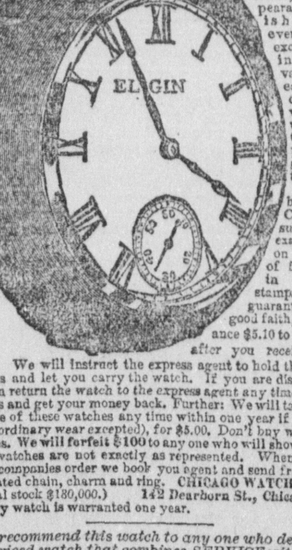
"Is there any peculiarity in the external seeming of my apparel or demeanor, sir, that impels you, a total stranger, to—"

"Once more, you dash-bedashed bloke, will you uncork that swag?"

(Hopelessly bewildered.) "My friend, I confess my utter inability to gather any coherent idea from the fragmentary observations you have imparted. There is something radically irreconcilable and incapable of correlation in the vocabularies with which we endeavor to make the reciprocal or correspondential interchange of our ideas intelligible. You will pardon me if I suggest that synchronization of purpose is equally indispensable with homogeneity of of cerebral impression, as well as parallelism of idiom, and—"

[But the highwayman had fled in dismay.]

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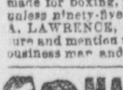
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